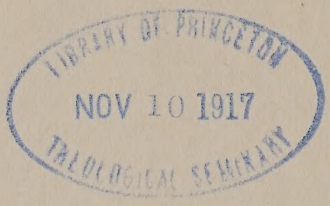

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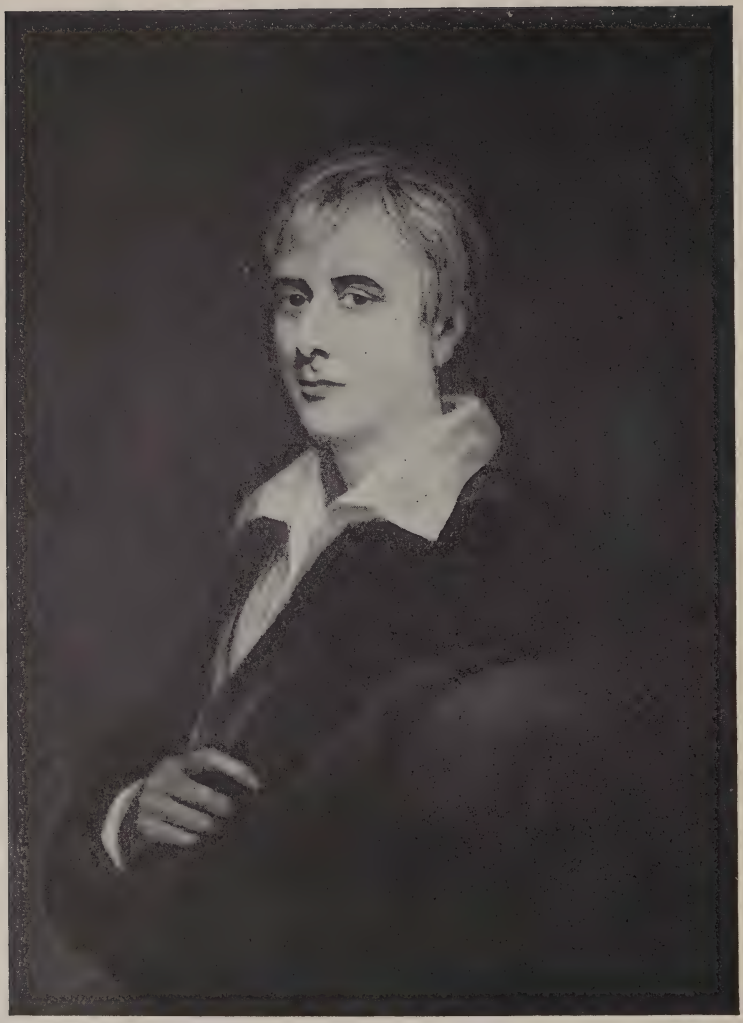
LIFE, WRITINGS, AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

GEORGE BORROW



PORTRAIT OF GEORGE BORROW.

From the portrait by T. Phillips, R.A., in the possession of John Murray.

NOV 10 1917

LIFE, WRITINGS

AND CORRESPONDENCE OF

GEORGE BORROW

(1803–1881)

AUTHOR OF "THE BIBLE IN SPAIN," "LAVENGRO"
"ROMANY RYE," "WILD WALES," ETC.

BASED ON OFFICIAL AND OTHER AUTHENTIC SOURCES

BY

WILLIAM I. KNAPP, PH.D., LL.D.

AUTHOR AND EDITOR OF FRENCH AND SPANISH COLLEGE TEXT-BOOKS
EDITOR OF "LAS OBRES DE BOSCAN," "DIEGO DE MENDOZA," ETC.
AND LATE OF YALE AND CHICAGO UNIVERSITIES

IN TWO VOLUMES

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PREFACE

THE present work is the development of a pamphlet drawn up at New Haven in the autumn of 1887, and reprinted in the month of December in the same place and year for private distribution. That paper contained the first and, I may add, the only exact statement of the leading facts in the life of George Borrow that has ever been published. In the Introduction I stated the following points:—

That the notices of him found in the Biographical Dictionaries and Encyclopædias of Great Britain, America, and the Continent of Europe were inferred from his works, or from the reviews of them, and, as a consequence of such guess deductions, were generally erroneous. That no one seemed to have gone behind his own vague assertions, or to have taken the slightest pains to inquire whether he had left any materials for his own biography. That my own acquaintance with his writings dated from the year 1852 or 1853—about the time of my entering College. That the enthusiasm for linguistic and gypsy studies with which he inspired my youth has never suffered any decline these fifty years, or allowed my love for his memory to grow dim. That during a long residence in the Peninsula, his lines of travel were trodden over by me many times.

At his death, in 1881, I made a collection of his printed books, the magazines that contained his early fugitive pieces, and the articles that discussed him and his works. Eventually I also secured his papers, the correspondence

of half a century and more, his note-books of travel, his manuscripts, and the scattered remains of his library. From this mass of authentic records it now became possible, for the first time, to give a full and reliable account of his origin, his early struggles and employments, his later triumphs, his withdrawal from the "trumpery society of London," and also to explain his disinclination to furnish correct data for his personal history.

Then I added as a *pledge:* That these materials would yield a volume or so of Biography, with another of Correspondence and selections from his unpublished manuscripts, to be issued in due time in London and New York. Besides, a new and revised edition of *Lavengro* and *The Romany Rye*, as one continuous work, was to be prepared, with the omitted passages and episodes restored—the whole carefully annotated and illustrated from contemporaneous sources.

Thus far the Introduction to my pamphlet. Now, by comparing the items of that paper (which I could not repeat here) with the Table of Contents in these two volumes, I shall be absolved, it seems to me, from the pledge I gave more than a decade of years ago. But why, you ask, this long interval of apparent inaction—of silence, at least? If the paper could be written near the close of '87, why should the book be delayed till the close of '98?—I answer: Simply because it could not have been done *correctly* at an earlier date, for reasons that will be manifest. The development of the pamphlet into a book at that time would have been attended with errors of the most serious character—errors that were inseparable from so extended a period and such a vast array of details, that could only be indexed in the memory. Furthermore, there were scores—rather, hundreds—of names and things in the correspondence and extracts and references which entered into the *dossier* of Borrow's life, to which I had no key or clue at all. My knowledge was shadowy on a

multitude of points; and, before I could begin to construct the narrative, and think of submitting it to the indiscriminate perusal of the public, I must first thoroughly understand the story myself in its every detail. Hence, I must advance "with leaden foot and wary eye,"[1] for there would be many a curious revelation requiring a crutch in reserve to support it, or—to defend it.

It came, therefore, to be more and more patent to my mind that the *Life* could only be written in Norfolk, and that, too, after a considerable sojourn in its metropolitan centre. There would be something in the atmosphere of Norwich that would disclose Borrow. I should see him in his iconoclastic youth, dashing through Cockney Lane on his way to "Billy Taylor's," or, bowed with age, leaning on his staff at the Chapelfield corner, contemplating the past glories of the spot where the old Bowling Green once stood.[2] But better than all I should have access to the local element in its libraries; to the newspaper files from the commencement of the century; to nooks and crannies where the memorabilia of other generations still linger in their unique repose; and finally to those dumping-places of extinct families and unclaimed archives, lying in the lofts of "antiquity" shops, or amidst the miscellaneous residua of forgotten auction sales.

It was this necessity of going to England that occasioned the long hiatus of waiting—waiting, too, for the *hoard* to grow—during which the work was suspended from '88 to '95. The termination of the septennate found me domiciled in Norwich, exploring its mute memories and its treasures.

The first year was devoted to a careful reading of the *Chronicle*, the *Iris*, and the *Mercury*, from 1800 to 1833;

[1] *Andar con piés de plomo y con miradas de reojo*, to proceed slowly and cautiously.

[2] *Lav.*, 95–96.

in testing the " fictions " of *Lavengro* in the light of " the truth " of contemporary data, and in familiarising myself with the places and traditions, the abodes and haunts of my hero.

The second year (1896) saw the composition of the *Life* half completed; but, alas! on a scale much too minute and exhaustive, as the publishers were not slow to assure me. Bowing to their cooler judgment, as the thermometers of opinion, against my own enthusiasm, the whole was rewritten in '97 and concluded the present year, on a more conservative scale.

This is all I need to tell of the history of the book—*Con lo dicho, basta y sobra!*

The object I have always kept before me in these pages has been to present in a continuous narrative, and in the natural chronological order, the *facts* in the life of Mr. Borrow, without criticisms or appreciations of my own. The time has not yet arrived when his place can be definitively assigned to him in English literature. The general outcry against him near fifty years ago has long been proven to have been a stupid blunder. Borrow will stand in his lot, at last, and we may be sure that it will be without your aid or mine. It is no prophecy to affirm that his Brompton tomb will one day be a *romería*, and that the pilgrims will be a fitter survival than the "critics" of '51. His family made the great mistake in suppressing " Lavengro " from his monument—*his* monument!

Some, I suppose, will look for a word on Mr. Borrow's philology, or knowledge of languages—a delicate task indeed. However, the Bible Society praised it, and pronounced it *tov tov*, " very good." His Homilies in Manchu I cannot judge; his Homilies in Russian I can. They are written in his own hand, correctly, and the version is good. The *Sleeping Bard* is admirably done, and so is his version of Klinger's *Faustus*. That he knew Hungarian well is declared by his inedited specimen—the

historical novel entitled *Grob Tanko*. But his careless habits of writing his foreign names and words and phrases often do him great injustice. *Il savait parfaitement son grimoire*, but in writing he suffered from Babel. He confused his tongues most strangely in all his books. Still, the faults did not grow out of ignorance; he only needed a friendly eye over the pages before he delivered them to those betrayers of secrets—the magicians of the press. However, I must not forget what he wrote to Usóz in '39—in very good Spanish too!

"Too much reliance must not be placed on the words of a philologist when the reputation of those who pursue the same calling is at stake; for, as I have often told you, a more jealous and contemptible lot do not exist."

And now for a few figures. Mr. Borrow's correspondence, in so far as it fell to me, numbers 937 letters, including six belonging to his father, dated from 1798 to 1812. The letters I have written and received on the subject of this book number 786. These letters, and the documents, records, certificates, extracts, and other matter designed to sustain my statements, are pasted into large quarto files, aggregating 2578 pages. I have read or examined 1075 distinct books, exclusive of those cited in my volumes.

The help I have received from several countries has been considerable. In England the list of correspondents has grown to such proportions that I must consign it to a final sheet specially added to this first edition. To Norwich this applies more particularly than elsewhere, since I resided there from February '95 to July '98. For the local archæology, I owe much to the Rev. Mr. Hudson. Dr. Bensly and the Rev. Dr. Jessopp introduced me among the old families connected with my subject, thus enabling me to get at or trace important sources of

information. To Mr. Murray the reader is specially indebted for the data contained in some three score and ten autograph letters of George Borrow, and to Professor Langley for much original matter inserted from his collection so generously placed at our disposal. Many others I have mentioned in the book, in the passages where their services were rendered, and the rest will not be forgotten in the proper place.

OXFORD, *November* 1, 1898.

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION

THE PARENTS

(1758–1803)

CHAPTER I. (1758–1783)

PAGES

The Borrows of St. Cleer, Cornwall—Thomas, the Father of George Borrow—Malt, Mill, and Drill—The Menheniot Fair—Knocks the Headborough down—Runs away and Enlists in the Coldstream Guards 3–13

CHAPTER II. (1783–1803)

The Coldstream Guards—The West Norfolk Militia—The Preferments of East Dereham—Ann, the Mother of George Borrow—The Marriage—The Birth of John and George 14–23

SECTION I

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

(1809–1823)

CHAPTER III. (1809–1813)

East Dereham in 1809–10—Norman Cross in 1810–11—Dereham and Colchester, 1811—The Tramp of 1812 from Harwich to Sheffield—The March of 1813 from Sheffield to Berwick-upon-Tweed and Edinburgh 27–35

PAGES

CHAPTER IV. (1813–1816)

George in Edinburgh—The High School—"The Respectable Carson"—William Bowie—David Haggart—The Peace of 1814—Return to Norfolk—Mustered out—A Year in Norwich—The Hundred Days—The Campaign of 1815—Norwich to Ireland—Harwich—Cork—Clogheen—Clonmel—Templemore—Norfolk . . 36–44

CHAPTER V. (1816–1818)

Settlement at Norwich—Willow Lane, St. Giles—Grammar School—Edward Valpy—Schoolfellows—Languages—Rev. Thomas D'Éterville—Haunts about Norwich—John Thurtell—Tombland Fair—Marshland Shales—Ambrose Petulengro—Mousehold Heath—Romany 45–52

CHAPTER VI. (1818–1819)

The Escapade—"An Idyll of the Roads"—The "Cat"—Prejudice—A Profession—The Law—Simpson and Rackham—Tuck's Court—The Upper Close 53–60

CHAPTER VII. (1819–1821)

Law and Languages—William Taylor of Norwich—His Influence on Borrow—John Bowring at Norwich—The Translation Mania—John Thomas Borrow—Old Crome—Norwich Society of Artists—Death of Crome—John Studies with Haydon in London . 61–69

CHAPTER VIII. (1822–1824.)

Captain Borrow's Last Will—"What do you propose to do?"—Prospects—Introspection—Corporation Library—"Olaus"—"Six Foot Three"—First Literary Efforts—The Magazines of 1823—Jack Thurtell—The Murder of William Weare—Borrow's Moral State 70–76

SECTION II

EARLY STRUGGLES

(1824–1833)

CHAPTER IX. (1824)

Death of Captain Borrow—End of George's Clerkship—Goes to London—Sir Richard Phillips—The *Monthly Magazine*—The *Universal Review*—*Newgate Lives and Trials*—The Publisher's Philosophy—John's Visit—The Artist Haydon and the Ex-Mayor's Portrait—Morbid Melancholy—Friendship of Kerrison . . 79–88

PAGES

CHAPTER X. (1825)

The Break with Sir Richard—The *Celebrated Trials*—*Faustus*—Carob Diet—Greenwich Fair—"A Tale Wanted"—The Authenticity of *Joseph Sell*—The Gypsy Tramp—Its Chronology and Topography—"Loquitur Petulengro" 89–98

THE VEILED PERIOD. (1826–1833)

CHAPTER XI. (1826)

The Publication of the *Romantic Ballads* 99–108

CHAPTER XII. (1826–1829)

The Mysterious Journey—The Correspondent of the *Morning Herald*—Tombland Fair and Marshland Shales—John Borrow's Mexican Letters—The Entry in the Cash Book—Memoirs of Vidocq . 109–116

CHAPTER XIII. (1829–1830)

Dr. John Bowring and George Borrow—The Literary Project: *The Songs of Scandinavia*—Other Irons in the Fire: The Highland Society, The Exeter Codex, the British Museum, Greece, and the *Grito del Alma*—"Drifting!"—The *Foreign Quarterly Review*—The "Sleeping Bard" 117–124

CHAPTER XIV. (1830–1832)

The Return to Norwich—Employment—The Army Pay Office and the *Hokkanó Baró*—John in Mexico—His Letters Home—"You can't be living on nothing"—Political Articles—Radicalism and Toryism—"He said in '32"—Origin of the Word "Tory" . . 125–133

CHAPTER XV. (1832)

The Skeppers of Oulton Hall—Rev. Francis Cunningham of Lowestoft—Joseph John Gurney, Esq., of Earlham Hall, Norwich—These Two Gentlemen Recommend George Borrow to the British and Foreign Bible Society, who Send for him—Borrow Walks up to London—Is Promised Employment if he will Learn the Manchu-Tartar Language—Returns to Norwich—The Manchu Scriptures, Translated by the Russian Lipóftsof 134–142

PAGES

THE VEILED PERIOD ENDED!

CHAPTER XVI. (1833)

St. Luke in Nahuatl—Manchu Studies—Triumphant Examinations in London—Appointment to Russia—Preparations—"Letters to the Princes"—Departure for St. Petersburg *viâ* Hamburg and Lübeck—The Voyage—The Arrival—V. Galernoi Úlitze—Vida Nueva 143–153

SECTION III

RUSSIA

(1833–1835)

CHAPTER XVII. (1833–1834)

St. Petersburg—The City—Friends: Hasfeldt; Gretch, Father and Son; Adelung; Baron Schilling—Transcription and Collation——The Permission to Print—Rejoicing in London—Over Land to China—"Noble Offer" 157–166

CHAPTER XVIII. (1834–1835)

Preparations for Printing—Cleansing the Type—Beneze's Plant—Pundit and Compositor—Strikes and *Na Vodku*—Home Letters—The Society Complains—"What is Mr. Borrow Doing?"—The Answer—Great Satisfaction—Mrs. Clarke of Oulton—The Conclusion—Eulogy—On to Kiakhta!—The Imperial Veto—Novgórod and Moscow—Russian Fanaticism 167–177

CHAPTER XIX. (1834–5)

The Last Night in St. Petersburg—The Brorskål and the Shekel—The Passport—The Departure—The Review—Extracts from Epistles (1833 to 1834) 178–185

CHAPTER XX. (1835)

The Review continued—Extracts from Epistles (1834 to 1835) . 186–198

CHAPTER XXI. (1834–5)

The Review concluded—Extracts from Epistles (1835)—The *Targum* and *Talisman*—The Autograph Notes of Pushkin and Zhukofski to George Borrow 199–209

PAGES

SECTION IV

PORTUGAL AND SPAIN

(1835–1840)

CHAPTER XXII. (1835)

The Return to England—Misgivings—Visit to Oulton—Bible Society Hesitates—"What do you think of China?"—*Ad Interim* Commission to Portugal—Sudden Departure for Lisbon—Captain Heyland—Cintra—Isabel de Belem—Letters Home—Journey to the Alemtejo—Political State of Portugal 213–222

CHAPTER XXIII. (1836)

"Probing the Wound"—Journey to Spain—Badajoz and the Gitanos—St. Luke in Caló—The Wild Ride to Castile—Madrid—Plans—New Testament in Spain—The Spanish Scriptures in and out of the Peninsula 223–233

CHAPTER XXIV. (1836)

Permission to Print—British Minister—Spanish Cabinet—Changes—Interview with Mendizábal—"No, No! Come again in Six Months"—Writes for Instructions—Discretion Accorded—Istúriz Cabinet—British Minister's Kind Offices—Revolution of La Granja—Borrow at Granada—To England—Return to Spain—Cadiz—Seville—John Wetherell—Zohar—Cordova—Madrid . . 234–243

CHAPTER XXV. (1837)

Madrid—María Diaz—Andrés Borrégo—Five Thousand Spanish Testaments—Ride over "Poor Spain"—Don Quixote y su Buen Escudero—Antonio Bouchino—Luis de Usóz—Chronology—Return—*Notulæ:* Rey Roméro and Benedict Moll—Borrow in Business—The Vision of Prince's Street—Bátyushca's Empire Threatened—Two New Missiles (Missals)—Heber and Cush—St. Luke Preaching in Romany 244–254

CHAPTER XXVI. (1838)

Reaction in Madrid—Tories to the Front—Ofalía, Gambóa, and Entréna—Borrow Offers Battle—Coloured Posters Passant and Statant—The Battle Accepted—Bomb No. 1: Bible Suppressed—No. 2: Egypt Attacked—Masked Batteries: Rule at Cadiz and Graydon at Malaga—Bomb No. 3: Arrest and Imprisonment—The Carcel de Corte in 1838—Intervention of the Powers—Borrow Liberated 255–266

PAGES

CHAPTER XXVII. (1838)

The Further History of the Imprisonment of George Borrow in Madrid —A Chapter of Documents 267–277

CHAPTER XXVIII. (1838–1839)

Suburban Bible Tours—The Sagra of Toledo—Ocaña—Segovia—Veláyos—Peremptorily Recalled to Cover Graydon's Expulsion from Spain—Home by France—Breach Mended—Third Journey—Lisbon—"Judah Lib"—Cadiz—Seville—Preparations for *Zincali*—Madrid—The Outlook—Sidi "Mustard"—Colportage Renewed —Alcobendas—Carabanchel—The Alcarrais—Daddy Rampant—Roma Victrix—£ *s. d.*—Departure for Seville—The Manchegan Prophetess—Queen's Inn 278–286

CHAPTER XXIX. (1839)

An Eye-Witness of Borrow at Seville in 1839—Preparations for Housekeeping—Rev. Mr. Brandram's Criticisms—Borrow Takes his Measures—An Expected Guest—Mrs. and Miss Clarke in Seville—A Review—Continuation of Chapter XV.—The Three Consecutive Deaths—Oulton Hall Estate—"Mortgagee in Possession"—Chancery Proceedings—The Disappearance of Mother and Daughter—WANTED: an Offensive and Defensive Alliance . . . 287–296

CHAPTER XXX. (1839)

Compromising Situation—Antonio Dismissed—Borrow Starts for Cadiz —Consul Brackenbury—Gibraltar—The "Scorpions"—Tangiers—"Englishmans, my Lord"—Joanna Corrêa—Dalzel, "Son of the Celebrated Greek Man"—Consul General Hay—Stern Chase—Mrs. Clarke at Gibraltar—Borrow at Tarifa—Recalled to London —Consul Brackenbury to Mr. Brandram—A True History—"Expected Soon" 297–305

CHAPTER XXXI. (1839–1840)

Zincali—Pourparlers on the Azotea—La Seña Biúda y el Brujo—New Conditions—Pro et Contra—Slack Water—Pobre España—Siriem Zkiez—Vengeance is Time—Congratulations—Norwich Tradition —Homeward Bound — Arrest — Prison—Madrid—Satisfaction—Don Luis—Spain and Africa—The Trimester—About Marriage —*Zincali*—"Where 's Borrow?"—Messrs. Jackson and Brackenbury 306–314

PAGES

CHAPTER XXXII. (1840)

The Departure—The *Royal Adelaide*—The Cid Takes a "Sling"—"*No jase ná*"—The Incident at Lisbon—General Córdova—The Story of a Gibraltar Cigar—"*Calla, Bribón!* Fill your Hat"—Life a "Puff of Smoke"—London—The "Spread Eagle"—The Marriage—Bible Work over—The Last Report—"That Land of Distraction and Woe"—A Clean Portfolio 315–321

CHAPTER XXXIII. (1840)

Souvenirs, Reviews, and Rehabilitation—"George Borrow in Spain"—The Marqués de Santa Coloma—Borrow *not* a Foreign Correspondent—An Old Story Misplaced 323–331

CHAPTER XXXIV. (1840)

Reviews concluded—Menéndez Pelayo—Dissenting Pixies—The Folk-Lore of Nonconformity—Travels of George Borrow—The Hoity-Toity Quaker—Sadly Gulled—Don Luis de Usóz y Rio, the Friend of Borrow—His Life—Correspondence—Works—The Originator, Collector, Editor, and Publisher of the *Reformistas Antiguos Españoles*—A Statement and a Vindication 332–341

SECTION V

RESIDENCE AT OULTON

(1840–1853)

CHAPTER XXXV. (1840–1841)

Oulton Cottage, Lowestoft—The *Gypsies of Spain*, 1841—Origin, Composition, and Reception of the Book 345–355

CHAPTER XXXVI. (1841–1843)

The *Bible in Spain*, its Composition and Publication . . . 356–366

CHAPTER XXXVII. (1841–1843)

The *Bible in Spain*, Continued—Letter to Dawson Turner and his Reply—Public and Private Reception of the Book . . 367–376

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
PORTRAIT OF GEORGE BORROW, FROM THE PORTRAIT BY T. PHILLIPS, R.A., IN THE POSSESSION OF JOHN MURRAY . . . . . *Frontispiece*	
PLAN OF THE PARISH OF ST. CLEER, CORNWALL . .	4
THE HOMESTEAD, TRETHINNICK	6
PLAN OF DUMPLING GREEN	16
EAST DEREHAM CHURCH	28
THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, NORWICH	42
HOUSE IN WHICH BORROW LIVED IN NORWICH . .	46
PLAN OF THE BORROW HOUSE	48
PLAN OF PARISH OF ST. GILES', NORWICH . . .	50
"NORMAN" BRIDGE, NORWICH	52
AUTOGRAPH SLIP TO ROGER KERRISON—FACSIMILE OF BORROW'S WRITING	87
A SPECIMEN OF THE MOUSEI ECHEN ISUS GHERISTOS I TUTA PUHA ITCHE GHESE, OR, THE NEW TESTAMENT IN MANCHU-TARTAR	166
OULTON COTTAGE IN 1840	346
OULTON BROAD IN 1834 (TAKEN FROM THE COTTAGE) .	348

INTRODUCTION

THE PARENTS

(1758–1803)

LIFE, WRITINGS, AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

GEORGE BORROW

CHAPTER I

(1758–1783)

The Borrows of St. Cleer, Cornwall—Thomas, the Father of George Borrow—Malt, Mill, and Drill—The Menheniot Fair—Knocks the Headborough down—Runs away and Enlists in the Coldstream Guards.

IN the County of Cornwall, about two and a half miles north of Liskeard Station, there lies a busy mining town of some four thousand inhabitants, called after St. Clare, but written St. Cleer by the natives. This place, like all others in the duchy which bear a saintly title, is the centre of a parish, and its venerable church, whose spire rises a hundred feet into the air, dates its origin far back in the thirteenth century.

A short distance from the town, in the direction of Liskeard, a "Down" or bluff, seven hundred and fifty feet in height, commands a noble view. From its summit, the eye ranges over a rugged landscape, stretching from Plymouth in Devon to the blue waters of Bristol Channel, catching in its sweep the peak of "Brown Willie" and the foreland of Pentire. In the more immediate vicinity of the Down, the scenery is diversified

with rolling land, moor, and mountain, dotted here and there with quaint settlements perched on breezy monticles, or couched in the folds of the wavy outline.

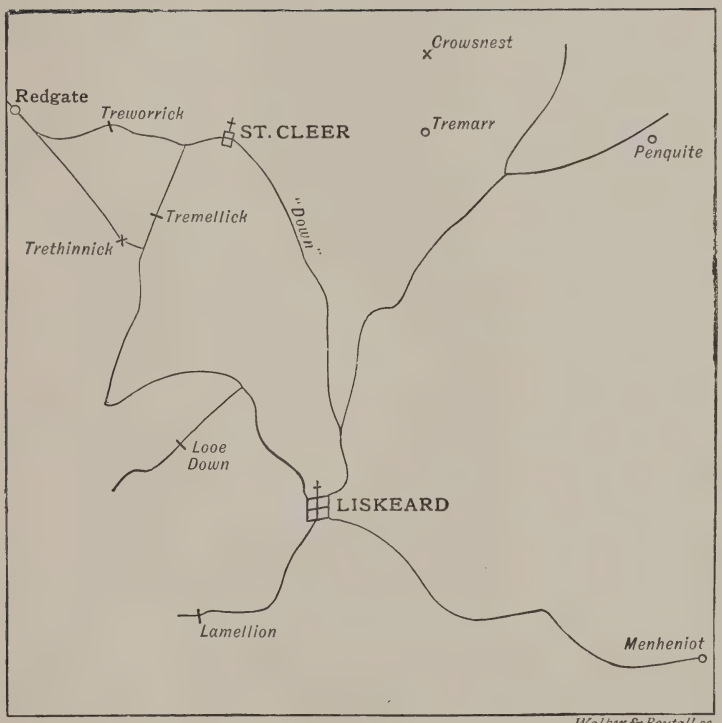
Somewhat more than a mile to the south-west of the parish church we have mentioned, stands, almost buried from sight among cultivated slopes, one of these groups of buildings, hoary with age, situated on the left-hand side of the road to Redgate and Jamaica Inn. It consists of a long, old-fashioned farmhouse of stone, a couple of cottages, some barns and sheds, and, till within a score of years, a blacksmith's shop. This sort of settlement constitutes the historic evolution of the Celtic *trev* or homestead—the *mas* of Provençe, the *cortijo* of Spain, and the *ranch* of America. From its location it received the appropriate designation of *Trethinnick*, that is, the "Homestead of the Knoll," in days when Cornish was the spoken tongue.[1]

At this place there lived in the latter half of the seventeenth century, and presumably long prior to that period, a plain substantial family of yeomen, furnished with an ample store of sound judgment and practical intelligence. Their name was a topical one, early written *De Burgh*, the orthography of which, however, yielded many varieties —even Borough, Burrough, Borrow, Burrow, with their patronymics in *s*.[2]

These good people had always been persistent royalists and members of the established Church. Like the

[1] From *trê* (Welsh *trev*); *dinn*, a hill, and *ic*, the diminutive affix. (See Zeuss: *Grammatica Celtica*, I., 303.) By the Celtic law of euphony, an initial *d* after a fem. noun becomes in Cornish *th* as in *weather* (Welsh *dd*, Irish *dh*)—hence *Tre-thinn'-ic*. View of House, chap. xliv.

[2] See *Chronique du Mont-Saint-Michel* (1343–1468), *publiée par Siméon Luce*. Paris, 1879. In the first volume, the name, applied to members of an English family in command at Avranches, is spelled in different ways, but represented phonetically once by the true form *Borrow*. Thus, p. 124: Thomas-le-*Bourg*; p. 165: Robert of *Borowe*; p. 130: Jean and Richard *Burgh*—"tous parents," says the Chronicle.



PARISH OF ST. CLEER CORNWALL.

vast majority of their county brethren, they stood firm for Charles during the Revolution, and suffered loss for their fidelity. Just before the battle of Broadoak or Bradock Down (1643), they had been plundered by Oliver's men, who burned the gates and fences around their dwellings. The old homestead is described as of stone and the floors of slate from Bay-Tree Hill. There was a parlour for special occasions and a large apartment that served as kitchen, dining-hall, and common sitting-room. Both were provided with huge open fireplaces in which peat and wood were consumed for fuel, supplemented by the Yule-log at Christmas tide. Their lofts were well stored in winter with the Cornish apple—the rich-flavoured Gillyflower and the "Tom Knight." There was abundant provision of ale and cider for a vulgar beverage, and of usquebaugh and Geneva for a blustering day. But their English was local and defective with reference to foreign parts. In Cornwall it was current; in London it required an interpreter. If any came to see them, they must not be "over-gorgious"; they must take them as they found them. Should it be a rainy day, their kindly greeting, "Be'nt got wet, ha' thee?" must be accepted as their parlour vernacular. They feared God, honoured the king, and believed in "piskies" and Holy Wells.[1]

The direct branch of the Borrows of St. Cleer dates from the year 1678—not because the pedigree begins at that point, but because the present parish registers were opened then, after the confusion and disasters of the times, in which the old ones had perished.

On those records the earliest of the name is John Borrow. He married Mary Lyne, May 29th, 1690. They had three children: John, Richard, and Henry.

Henry, the third son, married Elizabeth Sibly, Novem-

[1] Allen's *Liskeard*, and George Borrow's *Note-Book on Cornwall*, MS. of 1853–54.

ber 21st, 1721. Their eldest boy was baptised with the Borrow name John on the 16th of October, 1722. This third John in the direct line married into the same good stock as the father had done, taking Mary Sibly to be his lawful wife on the 18th day of May, 1746.

John and Mary had a family of eight children born as follows:—

	(*Settled at*)
Mary and Elizabeth	1747
Henry	1748—Trethinnick.
John and Nicholas.	1750—Truro and Liskeard.
Samuel	1753
Joan	1755
Thomas	1758—the soldier.[1]

Thomas, the father of George Borrow, was a posthumous son. He was born in the month of December, 1758; but, for good and sufficient reasons, no doubt, his baptism was delayed three months. That ceremony was administered, at last, of a Sunday, March 18th, 1759, in the parish church of St. Cleer.

Some account of his career through a laborious and faithful life is indispensable to our task, in view of its direct influence on the character of his distinguished offspring.

The premature death of John Borrow in the thirty-seventh year of his age, left Thomas, at the very beginning of the race for bread, deprived of that sterner example and protection, the need of which infancy and childhood, alike, share with the mother. There were, moreover, six or seven other sons and daughters to be fed and clothed and guarded from youthful accidents and suicides. But the energetic widow was equal to the duty which fell to her lot, caring for her little ones with affectionate solicitude till they should be capable of providing for themselves. Then she, too, was taken from them in March, 1773, and laid in the peaceful churchyard at St.

[1] See the Genealogy of this branch of the family at the end of the volume.

THE HOMESTEAD, TRETHINNICK.

Cleer. So one generation passed away and the new one arose to fill its place.

Henry succeeded to the estate and became the patriarch of the name, gathering about him the women and the under-aged brethren. From this time forward, the eldest and youngest, Henry and Thomas, will live together in the tender relation of father and son.

The days of mourning ended, Henry fortified his patriarchate by an alliance with a neighbouring power. The Trennimans of Looe Down were as venerable a house as the Borrows of Trethinnick. Their *trev* as it stood (and stands) was known to be four hundred years old. Oliver had honoured it with a call, and, like his colleague of Gaza, had borne off the gates. So Henry married Temperance Trenniman on the 8th of December, 1773.

The next five years were spent by Thomas at the homestead. He worked on the farm, and, as occasion offered, attended the parish school. But this state of things could not continue long. As his brothers had already done, he too must go forth into the world and perform his part. The trade that was chosen for him was not a promising one, but it was a start. His environment will doubtless be in harmony with that of his earlier years, and he will grow up in the spirit of his time as we grow up in the spirit of ours.

In 1778, when he was nineteen, his brother took him to Liskeard, and bound him for five years to a maltster by the name of Edmund Hambly. This gentleman was likewise a local functionary denominated *Headborough*, or constable of the Hundred, and a highly respected citizen.

The same year Thomas inaugurated his military history by entering the Yeomanry Militia, an arm of the service cultivated at that period by the government with special benevolence. This new affiliation, made popular, if not occasioned, by the American war (1775–1783), did not

interfere with his obligations to his master, save during a brief season each year devoted to exercise and training. Besides, it had the advantage of affording him technical instruction and service, which will eventually be credited to him.

Thomas had developed into a tall handsome lad, endowed with unusual physical strength. Even at this early date he was known throughout the Hundred of West as a "proper man with his hands." Still, such was his good nature and the attractions of a fine open countenance and manly bearing, that he was everywhere a favourite; especially since it was understood that he never initiated a quarrel, and that his exploits with the pugnacious were stimulated more by the overplay of youthful energy than by the virus of budding evil in his character.

This tendency of the young man was excited, perhaps, certainly was promoted, by the traditional love for violent sports which had been handed down in Cornwall from remote antiquity. The ring-bolts in the market-place of Liskeard, to which bulls to be baited were fastened by ropes paid for out of the borough funds, witnessed to the public fondness for brutal pastimes.[1] The populace raved with delight over the revolting spectacle of dogs tossed by the infuriated animals and dashed in their descent against the pavement. Badgers tied by their tails, through which nails had been driven to secure the cord, were forced through packs of hounds till bitten and worried to death. Cock-fighting was likewise a popular diversion at inns and alehouses throughout the eighteenth century. These and certain other local festivals were entertained and even supported by the contributions of the

[1] "Protectorate, 1649–50: Paid for a rope to [beat] bait the bull two times, 8*d.*"—"1650–51: Paid for cleansing the Market bell-rope after they had use of him for beat a bull with, 4*d.*"—Mayor's Accounts in Allen's *Liskeard*, pp. 242–3 and 343–7.

influential classes. Hence we are not surprised to read that, on such occasions, lawlessness compelled the shopkeepers to close their doors and windows in the broad day, lest their property should be invaded by the irresponsible revellers.

When, therefore, the "noble art of self-defence" was evolved in the past century, and the immense superiority of this "craze" over its predecessors of the stick and sword is taken into the account, it is not strange that idle youth, conscious of their brawn and vigour, should be led into provincial imitation of the London athletes with whose praises all England was then resonant. As a consequence, amateur practice was carried on in a modest way in country places, while in the large towns the sport was caressed by the nobility, who assisted at the ring in their landaus and nodded patronisingly to the bruisers. Figg had died in 1740; Broughton was retired in 1750; Slack reformed in 1760. But at the time of which I am speaking, Mendoza, Belcher, Johnson, and Ben Bryan—the Big Ben of pugilists—were the rising stars. The last was five or six years older than our Thomas, who will signalise his exit from the Guards by a "mill" with the man "whose skin was like that of a toad." The great lights of the next generation—Cribb, Spring, Oliver, Randall, Turner, and Molineux—were still in the background of time, not even then foreshadowed. The *son* will immortalise them.

The five years of malt and of drill, to which Thomas Borrow was pledged, had simultaneously run their course, when an incident occurred, which, by its consequences, was to determine his destiny, drive him from his native Cornwall, and convert him into a serious, useful man.

The regular annual Fair was held at Menheniot, a village near Liskeard, on the 28th of July, 1783. Among the vast throng that attended the Fair were large numbers of young men from Liskeard, and with them, but

not in their company, their fellow-townsman, Borrow. It fell out then, as it always does and will, that the strangers being on the ground and the natives seeing them there, a "bicker" arose as a logical sequence. Just as in 1813 it will happen on the Nor Loch of Auld Reekie, when the Old Town lads and their contemporaries of the New Town meet to prove their blood in a question of topographical jurisdiction, so now the Menheniot boys beheld their visiting brethren and accepted the challenge intimated by their mutual presence. The Romans attacked and the Sabines defended. A great contest ensued, of course. Both sides rushed in as only young people can, and, in the *mêlée* that followed, stalls and booths were overturned, tables were cleared of their merchandise, dislocated or annihilated, while the shrieks and the billingsgate of victimised dealers mingled in wild confusion with the outcries of the combatants.

The Liskearders were at length evidently losing ground, and the enthusiasm of the Menheniotes accumulated volume and intensity in proportion to their hotly contested gains. Reinforcements were in order and must be promptly forthcoming or the day would be irretrievably lost. Thomas Borrow was accordingly acclaimed and summoned in haste at the instance of the now discomfited forces, and placed at their head with dictatorial powers. By dint of rallying cries and telling blows, the men of Liskeard repulsed Menheniot, compelling her to beat a precipitate retreat all along the line.

At this point, to the surprise of all parties, a new element intervened. The clamour of the vanquished, blending with the wild chorus of the exultant victors, furnished an occasion for the local constables to exercise their office. The din attending the retreat was not more boisterous than the shouts of triumph had been when Menheniot drove Liskeard; but it was the retreat and not the tumult that was out of order. Therefore, when the constables

came forward to detain the scandalous leader, they were promptly felled to the ground by the vigorous blows of the maltster, who regarded this intrusion of the *bâton* as an unwarrantable assumption of power, betraying inhospitable partialities.

But our Boanerges was soon to be disillusioned as to his mission to define and correct injustice on the part of the authorities. He was forced to learn the bitter lesson that victory is destined to a short-lived triumph, when the representatives of the law are the victims in the contest.

Under these circumstances, Mr. Hambly, perceiving the audacious behaviour of the Trethinnick champion, now stepped up and threatened him with arrest. The latter, glowing with indignation, and still flushed with his recent successes, coolly dared his master to put his menace into execution. A movement was accordingly made to take Borrow into custody; but with surprising agility he struck the headborough to the ground. A second effort yielded still more serious mortification; for Hambly, having regained his feet and again attempting to secure Thomas, received a more decisive blow than before, which put him in the plight of performing sundry involuntary evolutions in the presence of a delighted audience. Rising once more from so painful a situation, he ventured no further steps that day towards effecting the arrest, and prudently retired from the scene.

But legal proceedings were sure to be instituted against the young man, who could not escape the reflection that swift condemnation and condign punishment awaited him. An appeal to his brother produced no other result than to convince him that he need count on no hope of mediation from that source.

Left to himself, therefore, Thomas decided to evade the immediate danger by disappearing from Trethinnick and Liskeard. The itinerary of his wanderings for the next five months has remained faithfully veiled from the

argus-eyed inquisitors of personal history. We only know that on a very cold Monday, at the beginning of the terrible winter made historical by Dumas's *Collier de la Reine*, he suddenly presented himself at a recruiting station—probably at Bodmin—and asked to be enrolled as a common soldier in the service of his sovereign. It was the 29th of December, 1783.

The recruiting party that chanced to be stationed in that part of the country was composed of a detachment of the Coldstream Guards, under the command of Capt. William Morshead, subsequently the celebrated General and the intimate friend of the Duke of York. The Morshead family were Cornish people from Cartuther near Liskeard. The father married a sister of Sir Christopher Treise of Trenant, and their children were Sir John and William, the latter of whom entered the Guards as ensign in 1771, at the age of twenty-three.

Capt. Morshead sought, by every argument that suggested itself to his mind, to deter Thomas from joining the army. So says reliable tradition; and although in the sequel no word of regret or complaint ever escaped his lips, there are mute witnesses to show that he did not approve for others the choice that circumstances had compelled him to adopt.

The entry made in the regimental books of that day's enlistment is still intact, and runs as follows:—

"*Coldstream Guards—Company C.*

Name	Burrow, Thomas.
When enlisted	29th December, 1783.
Where born	St. Clear, Cornwall.
Years old	23 [just 25].
Size	5 ft. 7¾ in.
Hair	Light brown.
Complexion	Fresh.
Trade	Maltster.

By whom enlisted.... Capt.-Lt. Morshead.
Where..... in Cornwall.
Former service..... 5 years—0 months.
What corps..... Cornish Militia (Yeomanry)." [in pencil]

Thomas was sent up to London, and his life was merged into the military machine of the time.

CHAPTER II

(1783–1803)

The Coldstream Guards—The West Norfolk Militia—The Perfrements of East Dereham—Ann, the Mother of George Borrow—The Marriage—The Birth of John and George.

THOMAS BORROW remained in the Coldstream Guards eight years, mostly spent in London in the routine work of his profession. He was not long a private soldier; but being without wealth to purchase a commission, or social influence to claim one, he rose slowly, grudgingly, so that fourteen years had elapsed before he attained his highest office, that of Adjutant with the rank of Captain.

In 1792 Serjeant Borrow was transferred by the Duke of York to the First or West Norfolk Regiment of Militia. The whole force of the regular Militia for that county was divided, from its very inception in 1759, into two regiments, the Eastern and Western. The head-quarters of the former were at Yarmouth under Lord Wodehouse, and those of the latter were at East Dereham under the Earl of Orford or some member of the Walpole family. We have only to do with the Western regiment, in which Capt. Borrow served for thirty-two years and in which he brought up his two boys.[1]

While occupied in recruiting and drilling in his new

[1] *Service of Capt. Thomas Borrow*—1778–1824.

Private in Cornish Yeomanry Militia (1778–83)— 5 yrs. 0 m.

Coldstream Guards :—

Private in Co. C,	appointed	Dec. 29, 1783—	0 yrs. 9 m.
Corporal in Co. C,	"	Sept. 17, 1784—	5 " 1 "
Serjeant in Co. H,	"	Oct. 18, 1789—	2 " 4 "

field, Borrow occasionally permitted himself the diversion of the play-house. The Theatre Royal of Norwich used to send out companies of actors who presented comedies in the smaller towns of the county, for a few weeks every two years. Very often it happened that in these exhibitions, graceful specimens of local talent (never rare in Norfolk) were temporarily employed for the minor parts.

One of these companies was now playing at Dereham, and one of the pretty supernumeraries—a young woman of twenty—attracted the attention of Mr. Borrow and left a deep impression on his heart. In due time he made her acquaintance, and they were soon engaged to be married. The name of the maiden was Ann Perfrement, albeit the people of those parts persist in pronouncing it *Parfrement*, precisely as the same class say *Dareum*, *Arlum*, *bard*, and *farm*, for Dereham, Earlham, bird, and firm. But I follow the original spelling of the parish registers and the inscriptions on certain tombstones, as well as the advice of the late Vicar, Mr. Benjamin J. Armstrong.

Ann was a resident of the parish, but not of the town. Her father lived on an isolated farm, situated in a tract of high table-land, one and a half miles south-east of the market-place of Dereham. From the general configuration of the district, it enjoys the euphonious designation of *Dumpling Green*. It may be roughly bounded on the north by the town; on the east by Badley Moor; on the south by the brook Tud; and on the west by the highway to Yaxham, which skirts the Wells and Wymondham (Windham) line of rail. In Ann's day there were no roads, no hedges; the whole territory was unenclosed,

West Norfolk Militia :—

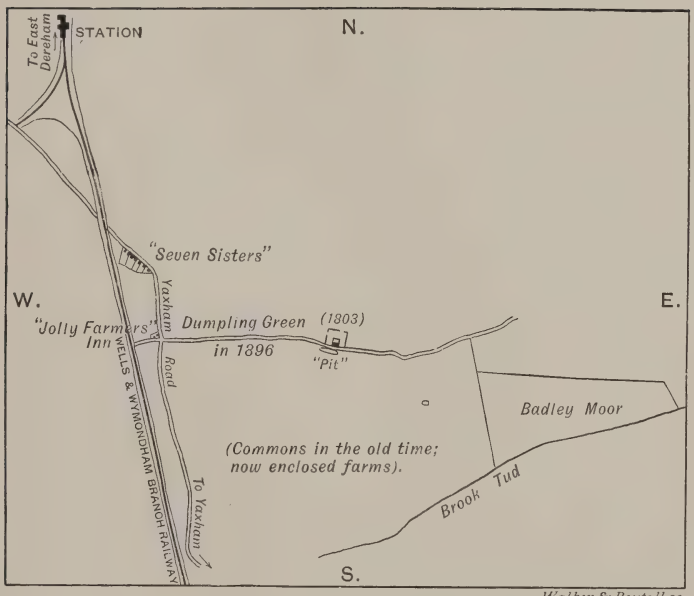
Serjeant Major, appointed	Feb. 25, 1792—	3 yrs.	3 m.
Quarter Master, "	May 27, 1795—	2 "	9 "
Adjutant W.N.M., "	Feb. 27, 1798—	26 "	0 "
		Served 45 yrs.	2 m.

Retired on full pay, July 23, 1819. Died, Feb. 28, 1824.

that is, technically, "commons." The Enclosure Act, which gave England her beautiful hedges, was little observed in those parts. Even now, widely scattered over its surface, may be counted only five farmhouses and eight cottages.

To reach the spot where the family lived, the pilgrim must pursue the method which cost us several visits to discover in 1895 and 1896. From the "King's Arms" on Dereham market-place, take High Street and turn to the left into the one labelled "Norwich," leading to the station. Just before you arrive, cross into Commercial Road on your right. Follow blindly the direction it carries you, over the metals or railway track, on to the Yaxham Road. Pass seven small cottages known as the "Seven Sisters," and pause not till you reach a place where four ways meet. You are now at *Dumpling Green*. Looking up to the humble building on your right, observe a sign swinging in the breeze. On the sign note the Englishman's idea of happiness, and the words "Jolly Farmers" painted there. Step in; *he* would have done so. Call for a "pint," and sit down in the strangers' comfortable chair by the open fire. Pay for the old man's half-pint who is sitting on the bench against the wall with a deal table before him. He 'll say "thank 'ee" and enter into conversation with you.

"It 's a cold day."—"No, you have no cold weather in England."—"No?"—"No."—"Ar' n't you from hereabouts?"—"I 'm from a land of extremes—very hot and very cold."—"From America, mebbe" (meaning Canada).—"From the States."—"Oh! ah! I have a son there."—"Indeed! What does he do?"—"He 's a farmer."—"Hired man, eh?"—"That 's right."—"Where is he? What part?"—"Near a place called Binghamton."—"Ah! I know it well, and the whole Chenango Valley."—"Fancy! World ain't very big, is he, master?"—"Not so big as it was, and shrinking every



PLAN OF DUMPLING GREEN.

day as we grow old."—" Sure!"—" Say, did you ever know a fellow hereabouts by the name of Parfrement?"—" Parfment, Parfment? Why, yes; I knew a *Philip* Parfment."—" How long ago?"—" In the forties."—" That 's the man. He was a brother of hers."—" Whose?"—" Ann's."—" Who 's Ann?"—" The sister of Philip. By the way, can you tell me where Badley Moor is?"—" Oh, yes!"—" And the brook Tud?"—" Oh, yes!"—" Do you know a farm about here with a small pond before the house?"—" A *pit*, we call it. Aye, I was born close by it."—" Who owns the farm now?"—" The Vincents of *Dareum*."—" Who is in occupation?"—" Mr. Blyth."—" Is there an old oak growing beside the pit?"—" There was one when I was a boy, but it fell or blew down, don't remember which."—" That 's the house."—" Beg pardon?"—" Ann Parfrement lived there."—" Did she?"—" Philip lived there."—" Did he?"—" George Borrow was born there."—" Who 's he?"—" Come, if you want to earn a florin."—" This is the way, master."

We proceeded due east, at right angles with the road I had come, along a straight, narrow, hedgeless path, till we seemed to have advanced three quarters of a mile from the alehouse. My man tottered on and talked; I heard nothing. Presently we reached a pool of pure limpid water. On one side of it there was the stump of a large tree. Opposite, or nearly so, on the other side of the way, stood a neat-looking, good-sized farmhouse of brick. I took out of my handbag the old Norfolk Poll-Book for 1806, containing the lists of voters who then held land in the county.[1] On page 169, I read:—

Name.	*Place of Freehold.*	*Occupier (tenant).*
Robert Cooper.	East Dereham.	S. Parfrement.

[1] *The Copy of The Poll for Knights of the Shire for the County of Norfolk, taken the 13th–19th days of November, 1806.* Norwich (1806), 8vo, pp. 252. Free Library, Norwich.

"That 's the man," exclaimed I, "Samuel Perfrement, the father of Ann, the grandfather of my George!" I had just been at the office of George Halcott Cooper, Esq., the well-known solicitor of East Dereham, who kindly showed me an immense Award Map of 1815, with every farm in the parish painted or traced upon it; and there, on the Dumpling Green territory where I now stood, it said: "Farm No. 200, belonging to Elizabeth Coe, formerly *Cooper*." A pond or pit of water was represented standing before the house. I then took out a manuscript of George Borrow's, written in 1842, and read a long episode of something that occurred to his mother when she was twelve years of age, an episode which he suppressed from the book *Lavengro*, evidently because it gave too realistic a glimpse of his mother's family. "Yes, this is the spot," said I to myself, "and here are your two shillings, good man," I added aloud; "now, pray go your way and leave me alone."

And I sat down on the trunk of the old oak tree, under whose umbrageous canopy Elizabeth and Ann had washed the mysterious garment in the pool at my feet one hundred and thirteen years before. Blessed England, where landmarks remain! And the story I read was related to the old soldier by his wife, as they sat at the door of their home in Willow Lane, Norwich, one summer evening in 1820.[1]

The statement has been made as far back as 1856, and often repeated since, that George Borrow's mother was a gypsy, or, fairly quoted, that he was "supposed to be of gypsy descent by the mother's side."[2] This unworthy and unjustifiable slur, which was a very common resource of the enemies of *Lavengro*, seems to require that new

[1] Given in my edition of *Lavengro*, chap. xx., from which it was suppressed in the MS.

[2] Passages from the English Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne, under the marginal date of May 24, 1856.

stress should be laid on the origin of his mother's family.

There is no reason to doubt the authenticity of his own account, that they were descendants of French Protestants from the neighbourhood of Caen in Normandy. The very composition of the name attests this.[1] The grandfather of Samuel Perfrement, like Paul Colombine of Dauphiné, Gaston Martineau of Dieppe, and others of their fellow-countrymen, withdrew from France shortly after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and took refuge in England. Several of those Nonconformists found their way to Norwich, then a great manufacturing centre till the French War destroyed it. The Perfrements represented, doubtless, a large class of the unrecorded members of that emigration, and ever remained the plain, humble people they had been in their own land.[2]

Samuel Perfrement, the father of Mrs. Borrow, was probably never a proprietor, for his name appears as such in no edition of the Poll-Books for the last century. At the opening of the present century he was registered, as we have already seen, as the tenant of Robert Cooper, on whose farm he was residing, we may infer, as far back as the year of his marriage in 1766.

The children of Samuel and Mary Perfrement were:—

Elizabeth,	bapt.	August,	1767.
William,	"	Sept.,	1769, d. 1778, at D. G.
ANN,	born 23rd	Jan.,	1772, d. 1858, at Oulton.
James,	bapt.	Nov.,	1773.
Samuel,	"	Apr.,	1776, d. 1864, near Holt.
Mary,	"	June,	1778.
Philip,	"	Oct.,	1779, d. 1857, at Scarning.
Sarah,	"	Mch.,	1783, d. 1807, buried E. D.

The mother died in 1814, aged 72.

[1] *Père Frément*, Norman for *Froment*, wheat, corn—as we say, "Uncle Barleycorn," originally a farmer's epithet or nickname. See Métivier's *Dict. Franco-Normand.* London, 1870, *sub voce.*

[2] Correspondence with the Rev. B. J. Armstrong, Vicar of East Dereham, 1887.

Thomas and Ann were married at the parish church on a Monday, February 11, 1793. The bridegroom was in his thirty-fifth year, and the bride had recently celebrated her twenty-first birthday. The ceremony was performed by the vicar, the Rev. George Thomas, and the witnesses who affixed their signatures to the register were Elizabeth, the bride's eldest sister, and James Philo, the famous church clerk of Dereham.

The ensuing decade was passed in camp, in barrack, and on the highways of England. It constitutes the first station in the long struggle with regenerating France. Thomas Borrow will be found where the regiment is found. His address will be the West Norfolk Militia, and that of the West Norfolk Militia will be like the Court of Spanish Sovereigns in the Middle Age—"*Do quiera que Nos seamos*," wheresoever We may chance to be.[1]

In the interval there were two staff promotions—the second, the Adjutancy with a Captain's rank. The time-worn commission from George the Third, written on parchment, lies before me. It is addressed "*To Our Trusty and Welbeloved Thomas Burrow Gent*," bearing the date of February 27, 1798, and signed "*Portland by His Majesty's Command.*"

Next, a child was born to the Captain and Ann his wife, as if to celebrate and confirm their new dignity. This scion of an ancient house made his *début* on the stage some time in the year 1800. The font over which he was held is to us unknown. It must be sought either at Chelmsford or at Colchester. But in the latter town the barracks stood in the three parishes of St. James, St. Leonard, and St. Mary Magdalen. In the present de-

[1] The W.N.M. was at Colchester in 1793; Norfolk in 1794; in 1797 at Sheerness, Sandgate, and Dover; in 1798 and 1799 at Colchester; in 1800 in Essex and Kent; in 1801 in Essex; and in 1802–3 at East Dereham.—*Regimental Records, Mousehold Barracks, Norwich.*

cline of Peter's pence and rise of parochial fees, experience has taught its lesson. *Natus est*—he was born. He was likewise duly named: first, after his paternal grandsire, *John;* then after his sire, *Thomas,* and finally after the whole family, *Borrow.* He was his father's special favourite and pride. Like all first—begotten *inter arma*—he was the *enfant du miracle,* the child of the regiment. He grew up safely, even among the militia; became a soldier—an ensign at a bound, a lieutenant the same year. Then the war came to an end; promotions ceased, save for those who needed them not. But we shall not forget to trace his record, to follow him in his art studies with Crome and Haydon, and at last in his distant exile sketch his toil and trouble, till the tomb closes his history.

The dispersion of the militia in 1802 was the echo of the Peace of Amiens. Captain Borrow returned to Dereham, but not to rest. So long as there are warriors there will be war. Those who had enlisted "till the peace" were now released from their oath by the advent of peace. A new regiment must be gathered and trained, for the fight was not over. As long as Bonaparte stood up, arms could not be laid down.

In 1803, Captain Borrow was busy recruiting in Norfolk from January to August. While thus engaged, the Continental war broke out afresh and the militia were again embodied. In the month of May the regiment marched off to Colchester in Essex, leaving their adjutant behind to complete the ranks. In the interim his second son was born on the 5th of July.[1] He woke to life at the outburst of that terrible conflagration which will go on raging for the next twelve years, till it is quenched in the blood of Waterloo.

On the 17th, the child was brought to the parish

[1] The register of Dereham records, p. 305: "A.D. 1803. *Borrow, George Henry*, son of Thomas and Ann his wife (late Perfrement), born July 5th, baptised 17th." Attested by the Vicar, B. J. Armstrong, November 14, 1887.

church where the remains of Cowper had been laid away to rest only three years before, and was baptised with the name *George Henry Borrow*. The first name expressed the father's admiration for the reigning monarch, and the second was given him in memory of that eldest brother who may be said to have fostered Thomas Borrow. It was seldom used throughout the life of the bearer, save in signing legal, or other important official, papers. It is, however, often found on the fly-leaf of his earliest books—his Welsh Grammar of 1819, his Hebrew Psalter, 1821, and a few others. In 1823–4–5 he affected the signature "George *Olaus* Borrow," for reasons that will duly appear. At all other periods his literary and epistolary designation was simply "George Borrow." In Russia he conformed to the custom of that country, using his father's Christian name as a patronymic—"Yegór Phómitch Borrou," *i. e.*, George Thomson Borrow. In Ireland he was Shorsha, in Italy Giorgio, and in Spain Don Jorge.

As to his age, he persisted in giving it wrong during the long period that reminded him of his struggles and failures. He declared that he was nineteen at his father's decease, whereas he was twenty and seven months. In January, 1830, he remarked in a letter to Bowring that he was four and twenty; he was twenty-six and six months. In September, 1835, his Russian passport makes him twenty-eight; he was thirty-two and two months. In January, 1836, he told the old crone at Elvas, Portugal, that he was near thirty; he was thirty-two and six months. In May, 1839, he gave a gentleman at Seville to understand that he was thirty, when he was thirty-five and ten months. Even his relatives did not know his age; for the register of his burial in August, 1881, declares him to have been at his death (July 26th) seventy-nine years old; he was seventy-eight years and twenty-one days!

No wonder that the early reviewers and critics were mystified in this regard; the common date *à quo* was not then easily obtained. Read those delectable summaries of his supposed career made up "from various *obiter dicta*" in 1842 and 1881. And yet Borrow certainly knew his own age, for the MS. *Lavengro* and the printed proofs of 1849 both open thus:—

"*On the fifth day of July, 1803, at East D., a beautiful little town in the Western division of Norfolk, I first saw the light.*"[1]

Captain Borrow rejoined his regiment at Colchester barracks in August, with his little family. The further "route" I must consign to a note.[2] We pass over the well-known accidents and exploits of our bantling at Pett Camp, Hythe, and Canterbury, because the interesting period (to mothers) of the evolution of a tot into something intelligent does not stimulate our enthusiasm. In short, it is a time when the animal is most admirable to its friends within the four walls of the nursery.

[1] See also his letter to Mr. Murray of July 4, 1842.

[2] In 1803, the regiment was at Colchester. In 1804–1807, on coast-defence duty in Sussex and Kent. In 1804, at Coxheath Camp, Kent, and Silver Hill Barracks, Sussex. In 1805, *ibid.* In 1806, at Battle, Blatchington, Hastings, Pett Camp, Winchelsea (not Winchester, as in *Lavengro*), Rye, Hythe, Sandgate, and Dover. In 1807, in and about Canterbury; thence to Chelmsford and Colchester in 1808 and 1809.

SECTION I

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

(1809–1823)

CHAPTER III

(1809–1813)

East Dereham in 1809–10—Norman Cross in 1810–11—Dereham and Colchester, 1811—The Tramp of 1812 from Harwich to Sheffield—The March of 1813 from Sheffield to Berwick-upon-Tweed and Edinburgh.

FROM June, 1809, to April, 1810, Captain Borrow was once more stationed at Dereham, while the regiment was quartered at Norwich and other towns in Norfolk.

Those were the plastic days of childhood, when George Henry, at the age of six and seven, began to shake off the slumbers and torpor of infancy and emerge to the kaleidoscopic wonders of sense perception; when every glance is a beatific vision, every incident a formal presentation to some novel experience, and when impressions from without stamp themselves with ineffaceable tenacity and distinctness on the mind.

He attended the old flint church of a Sabbath day, and listened with ever-increasing admiration to the sonorous tones of the High-Church clerk, "James Philo, the cordwainer of Dereham," who, as he had no peer in beating hides on week-days, brooked no competitor in beating ear-drums on Sundays, and who died at the respectable age of eighty-four, triumphant over most of his enemies, after having laudably discharged his sacred office for fifty years. His unpretending monument still greets you as you enter the porch, to visit (if you are a stranger) the tomb of William Cowper, in the quiet chapel of St. Edmund à Becket.

JAMES PHILO,
CLERK OF THIS PARISH 50 YEARS.
BORN OCT^{r} 3rd, 1745.
BURIED DEC^{r} 17th, 1829.

Behind the church a little way, there is a Holy Well, or rather, Spring, of limpid water, enclosed by an iron railing, with stone steps leading down to the peaceful Siloam. As you descend, this charitable inscription confronts you:—

The Ruins of a Tomb which contained the Remains of
WITHBURGA
youngeſt Daughter of
ANNAS
King of the Eaſt-Angles,
who died A:D: 654.

The Abbot and Monks of Ely
ſtole this precious Relique
and tranſlated it to Ely Cathedral
where it was interred near her three Royal Sifters,
A:D: 974.

Of course the spring bubbled up in the spot where the tomb had been, and thus indemnified the outraged citizens for their lost palladium.

The "Bell Tower" (to adopt loyally the indigenous name) stands, not *on* the church, like most of its contemporaries, but beside it. It was also used as a lock-up or temporary prison in the days when French captives were marched from Yarmouth to Norman Cross, and passed a night at Norwich and Dereham on their way. One October evening in 1799, a batch of these poor fellows were lodged in the hospitable precincts of this Bell Tower. A prisoner of war by the name of Jean de la

EAST DEREHAM CHURCH.

Narde, twenty-eight years of age, the son of a notary of St. Malo, thought he would try to escape during the night. He was discovered, however, by the sentry, pursued by the guard just as he had succeeded in climbing into a large tree, and was there shot dead. A neat stone was erected over his remains by the kind-hearted vicar and renewed by the Rev. B. J. Armstrong in 1856.

Among the objects that fixed the eye of George Henry as he walked along the market-place by the side of his mother—for his father was always a busy man—was the figure of the local "Lady Bountiful, leaning on her gold-headed cane, while the sleek old footman followed at a respectful distance behind." This was the excellent Dame Eleanor Fenn, relict of Sir John Fenn, celebrated as the editor of the *Paston Letters*, who had died in 1794. Lady Fenn passed almost fifty years of her pilgrimage at Dereham, where she was known to all for her unostentatious charity and goodly deeds. She was the founder of the Sabbath School there, and wrote comfortable volumes for the young under the *noms de plume* of Mrs. Teachwell and Mrs. Lovechild. She was sixty-six years old at the time the lad Borrow received those vivid impressions which he bore with him through life.

NORMAN CROSS

In the first days of April, 1810, the West Norfolk Regiment was ordered to Norman Cross in Huntingdonshire, and thither the little family soon followed.[1]

The Great North Road, the Ermine Street of Ancient Britain, leads from London to the Scottish border. Near Yaxley in Huntingdon it is traversed by a cross-road trending south-west from Peterborough, seven miles dis-

[1] The "Cross" was the place where the two roads met. "Norman" indicated a mark or boundary dating from the Conquest. Indeed, the Lode through Yaxley from the county line is still called the "Conquest Lode."

tant. At the north-west angle formed by this intersection of the two ways, the Government bought in 1796 forty acres of land. On it they erected sixteen great buildings of wood for the accommodation of some six thousand French prisoners of war, together with barracks for the militia, and houses for the commandant and other officers.[1]

The sixteen prisons were laid out in four groups, each containing four buildings occupying one side of as many quadrangles. The whole was separated from the outside world by lofty and heavy palisades.

During those long years of reclusion, the captives employed their enforced leisure in the manufacture of toys, ornamental boxes, and toilet articles, some of them beautifully inlaid with *bits of straw*, which visitors were allowed to purchase. I have seen and inspected specimens of these at the houses of old residents of Norwich, and can attest that they are exquisitely wrought.

But in the manufacture of straw-plaiting for hats and bonnets, their work was so superior that the English engaged in that industry made complaint, and it was at length forbidden. As a consequence, it had to be carried on surreptitiously in the prisons, which occasioned the famous "straw-plait hunts" so vividly depicted in *Lavengro*. It went on, nevertheless; and Borrow, in the pencilled notes to his rambles in *Ellan Vannin* (the Isle of Man), shows how the very guards or sentries of the poor French captives contrived to aid and abet the traffic. Furthermore, the Regimental Records fully sustain his statements by the evidence therein given in Court Martials against the soldiers. By this evidence it appears

[1] Those who desire further information on this subject may consult the Rev. Arthur Brown's curious and useful book, entitled *The French Prisoners of Norman Cross: A Tale.* London, Hodder Brothers (1894 or 5), 8vo, pp. 180. Plans and Plates.—Would that others of the rural clergy might bestir themselves and set forth the curios of their parish in which England so abounds!

that they picked up the bundles of straw-plait which had been tossed over the palisades in the night, and carried them to Yaxley or Stilton, where the contents would be sold at a high price, and the money delivered on occasion to the interested party. These depositions, *which I have read*, effectively dispose of Mr. Brown's strictures on Borrow's veracity.[1]

The great riot of the prisoners, which took place on the 10th and 11th of October, 1804, is given at length by Mr. Brown, and in general correctly. A full account was published in a Norwich newspaper of the time, and, being contemporary with the event, is perhaps preferable.[2] Still, we can only allude to both.

According to the authority of the Mannin *Notes* already cited, a French general once succeeded in effecting his escape from Norman Cross by a rather uncomfortable contrivance. He secured a box or chest large enough to admit his person, and attached to the inside of it a mechanism whereby the lid would open at the touch of a spring. Then he obtained a piece of pipe, and so fitted it in the chest that the pulmonary functions might not be paralysed. When all was ready, he got into his coffer (evidently with the help of confederates), and at the opportune moment was lifted into the common dust-box or refuse tank which was nightly tobogganed beyond the pale. Thus the tank was shot out of the prison—refuse, coffer, Frenchman and all. Arrived *sub Jove frigido*, he manipulated his button, and—*sapristi!* our general, he "ran away, And lived to fight another day."

The lovers of *Lavengro* will recall his wanderings in the fields about Yaxley and Whittlesea Mere; his conversations with the snake catcher, and his first acquaintance with Ambrose Smith, the Norfolk Gypsy, whom he subsequently made so famous under the name of Jasper Petu-

[1] Pages 32, 33 of Mr. Brown's *Norman Cross*.

[2] The *Iris* of October 20, 1804. Free Library, Norwich.

lengro.[1] But we cannot dwell on this early period of his life, since it has been so amply and correctly portrayed in what we shall always persist in terming his Autobiography, and because much work lies before us in connection with what is more or less unknown in his career.

EAST DEREHAM AGAIN

The tarry at the Cross had lasted fifteen months. Towards the end of July, 1811, the regiment marched back to Norfolk and on to Colchester in Essex, while Adjutant Borrow resumed his recruiting at East Dereham.

George Henry now entered upon the study of the Latin language as contained in Old Lilly's *Brevissima Institutio*,[2] or such part of it as an urchin of eight summers could be expected to memorise during the four months of his sojourn in the place.

There is only one passage, and that in manuscript, in which this return to his native town is alluded to. It is true that in the published *Lavengro* he mentions it indirectly in speaking of the clergyman who kept "a seminary at a town the very next we visited after our departure from 'the Cross.'" We know positively which place that was, and the dates, by the official records of the West Norfolk Militia, now preserved in the Adjutant's room, Infantry Barracks on Mousehold Hill, Norwich.

[1] "Jasper" was an afterthought; the MSS. always give *Ambrose*, the true name. So in Borrow's MS. list of "Gypsy Names of Men and Women," we have: "*Ambrose*, Anselo, Ferdinand, Priamus [Piramus], Sylvester, Camillia (*sic*), Clementina, Ercilla, Leviathan, Lydia, Lavinia, Morella, Sanpareil, Sinfye [Slavonic form of Cynthia], Union"—no "Jasper" anywhere. The passages in *Romany Rye* (i., 93, 94; ed. 1872, p. 28) should read:—"And what pretty names, brother; there 's my own, for example, *Ambrose;* then there 's Sylvester," etc. And again: "Some of your names, *Ambrose*, appear to be church names; your own, for example, and Sylvester," etc.

[2] William Lilly, the "scolemaster," was born in 1468 and died in 1523.

But the autograph *Lavengro* is corroborative testimony as to the boy's whereabouts at this time. In the narrative of the gypsy escapade of 1825, while under the roof of the "Author," the following conversation was omitted in the printed editions (ii., 314):—

"'John,' said my friend, 'fetch a bottle of the comet wine, and be sure you decanter it yourself.'—'What is meant by comet wine?' said I.—'Wine of 1811, the comet year—a celebrated year for wine, especially port.'—'Ah!' said I, 'I remember that year well, and well I remember gazing at the comet from the market-place of pretty D. It had a tail like that of a kite, so at least it seemed to me when people told me to look at the tail.'"

Now was there a comet visible in Norfolk in 1811 at the time young Borrow was in "pretty D.," that is, between July 22nd and November 18th? Let us open, at the date, that wonderful volume, the *Norfolk and Norwich Remembrancer* of 1822, and run our eyes along till we reach page 119:—

(1811)—"Sept. 5.—A beautiful Comet observed in the north-west, the tail of immense length (from 12 to 14 degrees) and the whole brilliant beyond description. It was visible till October 24th."

This example—trivial in itself—of the method we have adopted in the preparation of this work, goes to show, with the many others we shall adduce, with what precision the autobiography called *Lavengro* was written, when one takes the trouble to sift its data in the light of contemporaneous records. Only names and places were often purposely mutilated, changed, or suppressed; but the carefully preserved originals nearly always supply the key.

THE TRAMP OF 1812

The year of grace 1812 was spent by the West Norfolk Regiment of Militia in a series of movements extending over the Midland Counties, with a uniform trend towards the North. At no time since his earliest memories in Sussex and Kent had the youthful Borrow experienced the excitement, and, in a boy, the exhilaration, of so many changes.

In February they were at the port of Harwich in Essex; in March and April at Leicester and Melton Mowbray; in May at Tamworth in Stafford and Macclesfield in Cheshire; in June and July at Stockport; in August at Ashton by Manchester; at Huddersfield from the end of August to the middle of December; and for the next three months at Sheffield.

Thus the opportunities for instruction which were placed within the lad's reach at this important epoch of his life were meagre indeed. It is true that at Stockport he had two consecutive months at his disposal, but at a season of the year that was hardly favourable to any appropriate course of study. At Huddersfield and Sheffield, setting aside the disadvantages of a variation of masters and method, something might be done in the five or six months available to him there. We know by his own confession that he attended school at the first-named place,[1] and at the latter we infer that he was graduated in "Lilly." But that such a condition of things would yield satisfactory educational results needs scarcely the formality of a query.

THE MARCH TO EDINBURGH

On the 16th of March, 1813, the order was promulgated at Sheffield that the regiment would "proceed to Berwick-

[1] "I have seen them at Huddersfield when I was a boy at school there."—*Wild Wales*, i., 243.

upon-Tweed in two divisions." Of course it was understood that the objective of this weary tramp of more than two hundred and fifty miles was the Scotch capital. On the 19th they filed out of the barrack yard and took the highway for Barnsley and Leeds. Captain Borrow was on horseback; Mrs. Borrow and her two sons followed in a post-chaise.[1] Their itinerary led them through Leeds, Wetherby, Boroughbridge, North Allerton, Darlington, Durham, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Morpeth, Alnwick, and Berwick to Edinburgh. The only barracks on their route were at Newcastle and Berwick, where they rested the second and third Sundays, the first catching them at Leeds; for in those days the British army refrained from marching on the Sabbath. On the evening of the 6th of April they wound up the Castle Hill of Dun-Eidin, which the Saxon has translated Edwin's Burgh. They had been nineteen days on the way.

Arrived at the barracks, the regiment was at once incorporated into a brigade. By a reference to the Order-Book of the time, a faint conception may even now be formed of the brilliant entertainments, the dress parades, the tramping of horses, the rolling of drums, the blaring of trumpets, the shrill notes of the fife, and the measured tread of soldiers, which must have characterised those days and months on the grand old Scottish stronghold.[2]

[1] Autograph MS. of *Wild Wales*, iii., 160.

[2] The West Norfolk Militia consisted at this period of the following officers, in so far as their names will interest us in the due course of this history:—

		Last appointment.
Colonel	Earl of Orford (since 1809)	May 19, 1792.
Lieut.-Colonel	George Nelthorpe	April 2, 1799.
Major	James Barnham	(about 1806).
Adjutant	Thomas Borrow, *Capt.*	Feb. 27, 1798.
Quar.-Mast.	William Betts, *Lieut.*	April 24, 1803.
Surgeon	Thomas H. Oliver	Dec. 1, 1792.
Corporal	— Bragg	?
Drum-Maj.	William Elzigood*	Oct. 22, 1802.

* The "Else-than-gude" of David Haggart.—*Lavengro*, i., 107 and 113.

CHAPTER IV

(1813–1816)

George in Edinburgh—The High School—"The Respectable Carson"—William Bowie—David Haggart—The Peace of 1814—Return to Norfolk—Mustered out—A Year in Norwich—The Hundred Days—The Campaign of 1815—Norwich to Ireland—Harwich—Cork—Clogheen—Clonmel—Templemore—Norfolk.

IN a short time—probably before the summer of 1813—the brothers John and George Borrow were placed at the celebrated High School where Scott was educated, and of which Dr. Adam once declared that "more work was done there in an hour than in any other school in Europe."[1]

The first building for this seat of intellectual training was erected in 1578. Two centuries later, in 1777, the second school house replaced it. It was a goodly-sized structure of two stories, with a score of windows fronting on the "campus," and a portico at the entrance. It had an ample playground for athletic sports and other recreations. In 1828 it was supplanted, in its turn, by the present costly edifice, but Borrow's school still stands on the old site, now forming part of the Surgical Hospital.

The Rector or Principal was then James Pillans, M.A., who served from 1810 to 1820, when he was called to a chair in the University. The Classical Master was Aglionby Ross Carson, later, LL.D. He served from

[1] Wm. Steven's *History of the High School of Edinburgh.* Edinburgh, 1849, 8vo (pp. 607). Plates. *Old and New Edinburgh.* London, 1888, part 22, p. 297. Alex. Adam (1741–1809).

1806 to 1820, and succeeded Professor Pillans in the rectorship.

George was put in his class among the third year boys, and John in the fifth year, where Greek was studied under the Rector.

How much of their residence of fifteen months in Edinburgh was devoted to the High School, it is now impossible to determine. *Lavengro* says curtly two years (i., 98), which is assuredly an exaggeration; but he may have invoked *in petto* the convenient figure called synecdoche, and assumed that the portions of 1813 and 1814 in which he lived at the Castle were equal to a biennium elsewhere. To use an expressive phrase of my country, "there was nothing mean about Borrow."

Dr. John Marshall, the present Rector, in a letter to me at New Haven, affirms that the only record of the two brothers on their registers bears the date of March, 1814 —"(1) as then a member of the Rector's class: *Borrow* (no Christian name entered); (2) as then a member of Mr. Carson's class, which was in its third year: *George Borrow.*" Hence Dr. Marshall concludes that "the brothers were only one session at the school, namely, the winter session of 1813–14."

The janitor, who seems to have interested George so much, whom he calls Boee and Bui, and to whose imagined prototype he devoted a poem,[1] was no other than William Bowie, who served the authorities as porter from 1807 to 1831, at the modest salary of £6 13*s.* 4*d.* per annum.[2]

Of Borrow's school life there is no tradition. As to his companions, a bare note in one of his Journals cites the Cumberland brothers—Bentinck, Richard, Charles, and

[1] "The Hail-Storm; or, the Death of Bui. Translated from the Ancient Norse." In *Once a Week.* 1863. Vol. ix., p. 686. And see also *Romany Rye*, p. 224.

[2] Steven, p. 90.

George—as "my early friends at the High School of Edinburgh."[1] They were grandsons of the dramatist Richard Cumberland (1732–1811).

DAVID HAGGART

This strange customer that our George Henry picked up at the barracks, was born June 24, 1801, at a place called Cannon Mills, County Edinburgh. He was subsequently a pickpocket, burglar, highway robber, and murderer. He was very properly hanged at Edinburgh jail, July 18, 1821, at the age of twenty. While under the sentence of death he dictated his short career to the chaplain of the prison, and it was published the same year in two editions. At the end is a vocabulary of the "cant" words with which the text is plentifully interlarded, and which is an indispensable adjunct to its intelligent perusal.[2]

In the month of July, 1813, this Haggart, then just twelve years old, was at Leith Races, where he met Captain Borrow's recruiting party, and enlisted as drummer boy in the West Norfolk Militia. But let him tell his own story as found on page 5 of his extraordinary volume:—

"Shortly after this adventure, I went to attend Leith races in July, 1813. I had no previous intentions of committing depredations, but merely to idle away a few days and amuse myself. About the end of the week I got myself intoxicated and listed in the Norfolk Militia, which was then stationed in Edinburgh Castle, and had a recruiting party at the races. I learned to beat the drum very well in the course of three months, and afterwards made considerable progress in blowing

[1] *Notes on the Isle of Man.*—October 5, 1855.

[2] *The Life of David Haggart, alias John Wilson, alias John Morison, alias Barney M'Coul, alias John McColgan, alias Daniel O'Brien, alias the Switcher. Written by himself, while under sentence of Death.* Edinburgh, 1821, 12mo. Plate and facsimile.

the bugle-horn. I liked the red-coat and the soldiering well enough for a while, but soon tired. We were too much confined, and there was too little pay for me. I remained in the regiment about a year, when we were ordered off to England to be disbanded; and having made interest with the commanding officer, Colonel Nilthop [Nelthorpe], I obtained my discharge in Edinburgh." (See also *Lavengro*, i., 106.)

After Haggart left the regiment he behaved fairly well for nearly three years. At last the restraining influences of military discipline wore away, and from April, 1817, he entered upon a series of marauding expeditions, extending over North Britain, Scotland, and Ireland, hardly paralleled in the annals of crime. In 1818 he was sentenced to death at Durham, escaped from prison, was recognised by a policeman, killed him, and fled to Berwick-upon-Tweed. In 1819 he was imprisoned at Edinburgh and Aberdeen. In 1820 he was arrested in March at Edinburgh and escaped; again at Dumfries in September; broke jail by killing the keeper with a stone in a sack, and fled to England in "blones tuigs" (female attire). In 1821 he was arrested at Clough in Ireland, taken to Downpatrick, thence to Kilmainham jail, where he was recognised by Scotch detectives, transferred in irons to Dumfries, and tried and executed in Edinburgh, as we have said.

He paid his passage to America when he was at Dublin in January, but must needs visit Clough on a last venture in the "ould counthry."

THE RETURN—1814

After the Borrows had tarried fifteen months in Edinburgh Castle, the long war came to an end. The gigantic spectre that had risen out of the French Revolution, in whom it had incarnated its orgies of blood for fifteen years, had fulfilled his apocalyptic mission, and it was given him to hurt men no more.

On the 21st of June the regiment was ordered to prepare to embark at Leith for Yarmouth and Norwich in two divisions: the first under Lieut.-Colonel Nelthorpe on the 8th of July, and the second under Major Barnham on the 13th.

To this order a considerable provision was annexed, namely, that all who objected to the journey by sea might "be put in march upon Berwick," reporting their arrival to General Wynyard. Captain Borrow and his family chose the land route, and hastened to begin their tramp to the limits of the North British Department. Once there, they were free to proceed *à volonté* by the Great North Road to Lynn and Norwich.

In one of George Borrow's Journals of 1866, I find this entry:—

August 10th.

"*Written on Berwick Bridge*
where I and my brother stood
fifty-two years ago."

(1814–1866)

The regiment reached Norwich in due time, and so did the adjutant. Speeches, ale, and roast beef were dealt out lavishly in the old Norman forum known as the Market Place. Grand dinners were given to the officers at the "Maid's Head Inn," on the 18th and 20th, and Lord Orford presented each private with a shilling and his paternal benediction. The mustering out occurred on the 19th, and the long campaign was ended.

Captain Borrow took lodgings for himself and family at the "Crown and Angel," an inn on St. Stephen's Street, which still exists, not many paces from Victoria Station. I have met a Norwich lady whose father remembered well to have seen the adjutant walking on the Newmarket Road in the direction of Eaton, holding George by the hand.

"I shall pass over in silence the events of a year," says *Lavengro*, and we are of the opinion that it will be wise for us to do the same, on account of the interruption to which we should be exposed by the commotions of the "Hundred Days." Suffice it to say, that, during the year, George attended the Grammar School in the Upper Close, and John studied drawing and painting with a master who lived in the parish of St. George's Colgate, by the name of JOHN CROME.

IRELAND—1815–16

Suddenly, while the old soldier rested, the painter painted, and the student construed his Cicero and Virgil, a loud cry arose. Napoleon had burst from his island prison and gained the coast of France. On the 1st of March he was at Antibes and Cannes, on the 20th he was in Paris.

No sooner was it known at the Horse Guards that Napoleon was at the Tuileries again, than steps were at once taken to re-incorporate the forces that had been dissolved eight months before. From May to July, therefore, Captain Borrow made haste to gather his nine hundred men against the official summons to embody the militia. But ere that call could be made the decisive blow had been struck at Waterloo. However, orders had gone forth, engagements had been entered into, pledges given, expense incurred; and England, which is a just country, could not in a twinkling ignore its obligations and resume the peace footing.

Troubles had arisen in Ireland, and the revenue service there was in a deplorable state. It was determined to despatch to the counties of Limerick and Tipperary a body of nine thousand men, composed of militia and regulars, under General Thomas Meyrick.[1]

[1] *Norwich Mercury*, October, 17, 1815.

So the West Norfolk, which was one of the chosen regiments, was embodied on the 10th of July, 1815, and a month later put in march for the port of Harwich in Essex. They embarked in two ships on the 28th of August and sailed for Cork on the 31st.[1] Among the new officers was the name of "John Thomas Borrow, Gent.," appointed ensign May 29th.

Having reached the Cove on the 8th of September, the Norfolk force was ordered to Clonmel in Tipperary, whither they marched by Fermoy and Clogheen. At Clonmel they remained till the end of the year, under the hospitable roof of "Mistress Hyne from Londonderry."

George was, as usual, sent to the best school the place afforded, and there began the study of Greek. It was at this school that he met the wild Irish lad, Murtagh by name, who seems to have aroused in him an appetite for the acquisition of living tongues—a dangerous craze for him who neglects to build on the indispensable foundation of University training, if he would escape the vortex of dilettanteism. In all his books Borrow refers with special pride and exultation to his knowledge of one of the most difficult languages in Europe, and to Murtagh who taught it to him "in exchange for a pack of cards." But in that most moderate and truthful of his books, *Wild Wales*, the more exact scope of his twelve-year-old philology is reduced to credible proportions, for he there explains that he had only learned Irish "*by ear*."[2]

His short life in the Green Isle seems to have made a

[1] *Norwich Mercury*, September 2, 1815.—"Harwich, Aug. 31: On Monday (28th) the W.N.M. marched in here and embarked for Ireland. They sailed this morning."

[2] *Wild Wales*, i., 8. This fact accounts for certain strange forms given evidently by *sound*, such as—

arrigod yuit.....(*Lav.*)....	for	airgiod duit .....have you money?
bi-do-hosd.....(*W. W.*) .		bi do thost .....be silent!
Oilien nan Naomha (*R.R.*)...		Oileán na Naomhtha. Isle of the Saints.
Shorsha, ri, etc....(*L., R.R.*)		Seorsa, righ .....George, king.

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, NORWICH.

strong impression on the boy, which became intensified in later years. In 1849 he wrote a gentleman from Dungarvon in the County of Waterford, among other things, as follows: "In my early youth I was at school at a town in a county adjoining your own. During that period I heard a great deal about '*Dungarvon times of old.*'"

If we turn to the *Romany Rye* we shall find as many as *seven* citations of that phrase, in connection with Murtagh.[1] Thus Borrow appears to have woven into that episode, and indeed into all his writings, those memories of the Island of Patrick and Columba that charmed his boyhood's experience. And he never outgrows that experience. It always and everywhere crops up to prove that it is still a part of him. However incongruous, however ill-timed, however anachronistic, it is immaterial to him; he was once as a lad of twelve a resident in Ireland, and at a bound he is an authority on Ireland. "I wish I were acquainted with Sir Robert Peel," wrote he to the late Mr. Murray. "I could give him many a useful hint with respect to Ireland and the Irish. I know both tolerably well."[2]

And in 1836—mark the date—when he met Baron Taylor at Seville, and that gentleman, after passing in review the places where Borrow had crossed his path (and where he had *not*), inquired in seeming perplexity—"Where was it that I had *last* the felicity of seeing your well-remembered and most remarkable physiognomy?"—our ubiquitous Cagliostro scrupled not to reply: "It was in the South of Ireland, if I mistake not."[3] Now Borrow was at Bayonne in 1826, at Novgórod in 1835 (the year before); but had not been in Ireland since 1816, when a child of thirteen years. Hence the "if I mistake

[1] Ed. 1857, vol. ii., pp. 199, 204, 222, 230, 233, 237, 239. Ed. 1888, pp. 173, 174, 179, 182, 183, 184, 185.

[2] Letter of November 6, 1843, in Mr. Murray's Collection.

[3] *Bible in Spain*, i., 319.

not," and the interrogative form given to what follows. The one great weakness of "Lavengro" was to exhibit himself as the mysterious traveller; as one reviewer puts it, "a kind of wandering Jew;"—no very heinous crime, I admit, but rather puzzling to the conscientious biographer who takes him at his word.

Near the close of the halt at Clonmel, Ensign John Thomas Borrow was promoted to be lieutenant in the regiment. The date was December 23, 1815, and his age is recorded to be sixteen. Thus in less than a year the son gains a military rank that cost the father twelve years of patient toil to attain. Such is the fate of all who enter the service as private soldiers.

In January, 1816, the regiment moved forward to a place called Templemore, that is, "Great Church," from an old Priory of the Knights-Templars. After lingering there a few months, they returned to England, marching into Norwich on a Saturday, the 11th of May. On the 17th of June they were mustered out. Then followed the "Forty Years' Peace," extending from Waterloo to the Crimea. Captain Borrow was retired in 1819, and the government accorded him full pay—eight shillings per diem—till his death.

CHAPTER V

(1816–1818)

Settlement at Norwich—Willow Lane, St. Giles—Grammar School—Edward Valpy—Schoolfellows—Languages—Rev. Thomas D'Éterville—Haunts about Norwich—John Thurtell—Tombland Fair—Marshland Shales—Ambrose Petulengro—Mousehold Heath—Romany.

ON this final return in 1816 the Borrows did not tarry long at the "Crown and Angel," for they had determined to take up their abode in Norwich. They leased a small house in Willow Lane, belonging to a carpenter by the name of Thomas King. Willow Lane commences at the upper end of St. Giles, opposite Rigby's Court, and after a short distance joins Cow Hill, which latter street loses itself in Pottergate. The triangular space enclosed by the three streets is mostly occupied by the parish church and cemetery.

The house possessed no number, could not even be seen from without; but near the point where the Lane rounds away into Cow Hill, an opening in the solid wall reveals a vaulted arch, over which were read in 1816 the simple words KINGS COURT, and where in 1897 you may read the no less simple words BORROW'S COURT.

Passing through this low narrow archway or tunnel, which is defended by a gate that is closed and locked at night, you emerge into an open court, once "shaded by lofty poplars." Before you stands a two-storied house very much as it stood at the beginning of the century.

The ivy that covered its stuccoed front was stripped off in 1848, and the trees were felled in 1850.[1]

George (now thirteen years of age) was again sent to the Grammar School, founded in 1547, *tempore* King Edward the Sixth. It is situated in the Upper Close of the Cathedral, near its western entrance, just inside the Erpingham Gate.

The Head Master at that time was the Rev. Edward Valpy, B.D., brother of the celebrated Dr. Richard Valpy, principal of the Reading seminary. Edward Valpy was appointed in 1810 and resigned in 1829. He was a severe master, though he brought the school to a high grade of efficiency and success. To him, however, is due the vandalism of having destroyed the records of admission and egress which had been preserved intact ever since the foundation of the establishment in the middle of the sixteenth century.[2]

On account of this loss of the registers and the utter silence of *Lavengro* with regard to the Grammar School, it is a difficult task, at this distance of time, to enumerate any of his fellow-students. All are long ago dead save two—Dr. James Martineau, and Mr. Image, formerly a surgeon of Bury St. Edmunds, but now of Herringswell

[1] "Mr. Goodwin has cut the Ivy down."—*John Pilgrim to Mrs. Geo. Borrow, Oulton*, July 27, 1848. "Give my kind love to dear 'mother' [old Mrs. Borrow then living at Oulton]. Tell her I went past her house to-day and looked up the Court. It is quite changed; all the trees and the ivy taken away, and the house cleaned up and new done."—*Cecilia Lucy Brightwell, Norwich, to Mrs. Geo. Borrow, Oulton*, September 27, 1851.

[2] Burton's *Antiquitates Scholæ Regiæ Norvicencis*. Norwich, 1862, 8vo, pp. 38.—*Id.* (English translation, with appendices by Dr. Jessopp and John Longe, Esq.). Norwich, 1861-62, 8vo, pp. 96.—*East-Anglian Hand-Book*, 1870. *Memoir of John Gunn* (prefixed to his works). Norwich, 1891, pp. 5 and 6.—*The Norvicensian* (school paper). Norwich, 1873-1896, 5 vols., 4to (December, 1878, p. 112; June, 1879, p. 152; July, 1879, p. 164; December, 1881, pp. 94 and 95; 1885, pp. 316 and 325).—Article in *Britannia* (newspaper), London, April 26, 1851 (by a schoolfellow—Judge Burcham).

THE HOUSE IN WHICH BORROW LIVED IN NORWICH.

Hall, Suffolk. Notwithstanding this dearth of sources, it has been possible to gather a few names from newspapers, memoirs, biographies, and the letters of those who knew Borrow at school.[1]

While at the school Borrow seems to have taken very little interest in his legitimate work, and to have turned his all but exclusive attention to the study of the Romance languages. Chance threw in his way a teacher, the

[1] Richard Noverre Bacon	1798–1884	Ed. *Norwich Mercury*	1809–16
James Calthrop Barnham	1808–1890	sol^{r} of Norwich	1818
Sir James Brooke	1803–1868	Rajah of Sarawak	1816–18
Thomas Borrow Burcham		Police Magistrate, London	1816–25
Charles Richard Coke		(l. Sept. 22, 1847).	
Col. Charles A. Cole		d. New York, Feb. 23, 1887.	
Arthur Dalrymple		sol^{r} of Norwich	1818
John Dalrymple, M.D.	1804–1852	London physician	1817–19
Hugh Welch Diamond, M.D.	1809–1886		1818–24
Thomas Damant Eaton	1800–1871		
Gen. Henry Eyre	1806–1889		1817
Wm. Alex. Gilbert	1806–1887	of Cantley Hall	1817
Rev. Fred. Gooch	1804–1887	(d. *sud manu*)	1817
Rev. John Gunn	1801–1890	r. of Irstead	1812–19
Wm. Edmund Image		surg. of Bury	1816–18
Rev. John Fred. Isaacson, D.D.	1801–1886	Isle of Wight	
George Lakin			1816
Prof. John Lindley	1799–1865	Botanist, London Univ.	
John Longe		Spixworth Park	
Edward Lubbock, M.D.	1802–1847		
Rev. James Martineau, D.D.	1805		1817–19
James Nichols			1816
Francis W. Purland		(Longe's letters)	1816–19
Theodosius Purland		(" ")	1816–19
Edward Rigby, M.D.	1803–1860	of Norwich.	
Rev. Henry Stebbing, D.D.	1799–1883		1816–18
Col. Charles Stoddart	1805–1842	(murd. at Bokhara)	
George Western			1816
Sir Archdale Wilson	1803–1874	of Delhi	1811–18
Rev. Edward Wilson	1799–1874		

Rev. Thomas D'Éterville, M.A., from the University of Caen in Normandy. He lived in Strangers' Hall, adjoining St. John's Catholic Chapel, where he occasionally ministered. He was an *émigré* of 1792, and came to Norwich the following year. He taught French and Italian in the seminaries of the day, and gave private lessons in the city and neighbourhood. His advertisements may be read in the *Norfolk Chronicle* of July 16, 1803, and December 24, 1808. Probably they appear in earlier and later years; I have chanced to meet only the two dates in my old files, which are very imperfect.

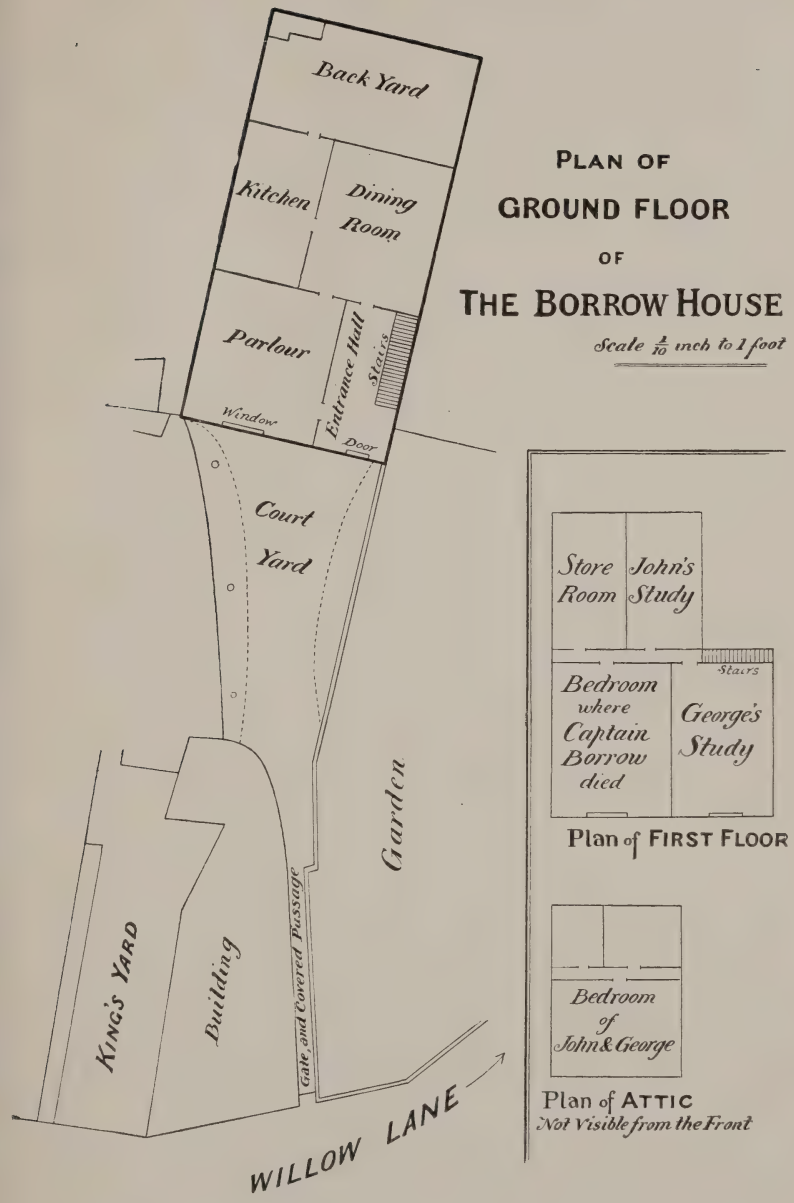
With D'Éterville, George pursued the French and Italian, and acquired some reading knowledge of Spanish, to scholarship in which the Abbé made no claims. A good deal of space is allotted to this eccentric character in the autograph *Lavengro*, which will find its appropriate sphere.[1]

But other things than tongues, whether living or dead, shared the interest of our youth during these three years of school, and on certain holidays he applied his leisure to them.

The City of Norwich rejoices in many charming suburban hamlets from one to three miles distant from the municipal *umbilicus*—Guild Hall. On the north, there is Old Catton; on the east, Thorpe; on the south, Harford Bridge; on the south-west, Eaton and Cringleford; and on the west, Earlham Hall, the residence of Joseph John Gurney, the distinguished leader of the Society of Friends. The roads leading to these outlying resorts—the North Walsham, the Thorpe, the Ipswich, the Newmarket, and the Earlham Roads—furnish delightful walks, and on the stated holidays they are filled with strollers seeking relief from the pent-up town.

Borrow's favourite haunts, so far as we know, were Earlham and Eaton. The former lies some two miles

[1] The suppressed portions will be inserted in a future edition of *Lavengro*, either in the text or notes.



PLAN OF GROUND FLOOR OF THE BORROW HOUSE

Scale $\frac{1}{10}$ inch to 1 foot

Plan of FIRST FLOOR

Plan of ATTIC

Not Visible from the Front

from Norwich on the Yare, a small stream at this point, but which finally gives its substance and its name to Yarmouth on the sea. Along this water-course it was the boy's delight to angle, trespassing sometimes on the beautiful lawn that descends from the Hall, in full view of Mr. Gurney's library windows.

The Ipswich Road, likewise, often attracted his steps; for, about two miles south of the town, there lived by its side, not far from Harford Bridge, a family by the name of Thurtell. Thomas, the father, was an alderman of Norwich from 1814, sheriff in 1815, and mayor in 1828. John Thurtell, his son, had just returned from the wars, and was engaged in commerce. He was a sportsman, a friend of bruisers, and no mean boxer himself. Borrow, captivated with Thurtell, was taught by him the use of his hands; for the lad knew of his own father's early proclivities for the ring, and thought it only dutiful to occasionally put on the gloves. So he often met his master at Norwich, or attended a "mill" on a field that is still pointed out to the curious, near Eaton Church. One of these scenes is cleverly depicted in the *Gypsies of Spain*.[1]

The sixteenth chapter of *Lavengro* opens thus:—"I was standing on the Castle Hill in the midst of a fair of horses."

This sentence points to the well-known "Tombland Fair," that reaches back to days obscure, when the parallelogram situated further down the hill and yclept "Tomlond" (that is, *Danicè*, empty or unoccupied territory), was the site of the great annual Cattle Fair of Norfolk. As time crept on the place of the festival crept upward, towing the name along with it, even to the hill where the Castle stands.[2] So that Tombland Fair is now so called because it is not held on Tombland—a *lucus a non lucendo*.

[1] Ed. 1843, pp. 22–27 of vol. i.; and ed. of 1893, pp. 13–16.

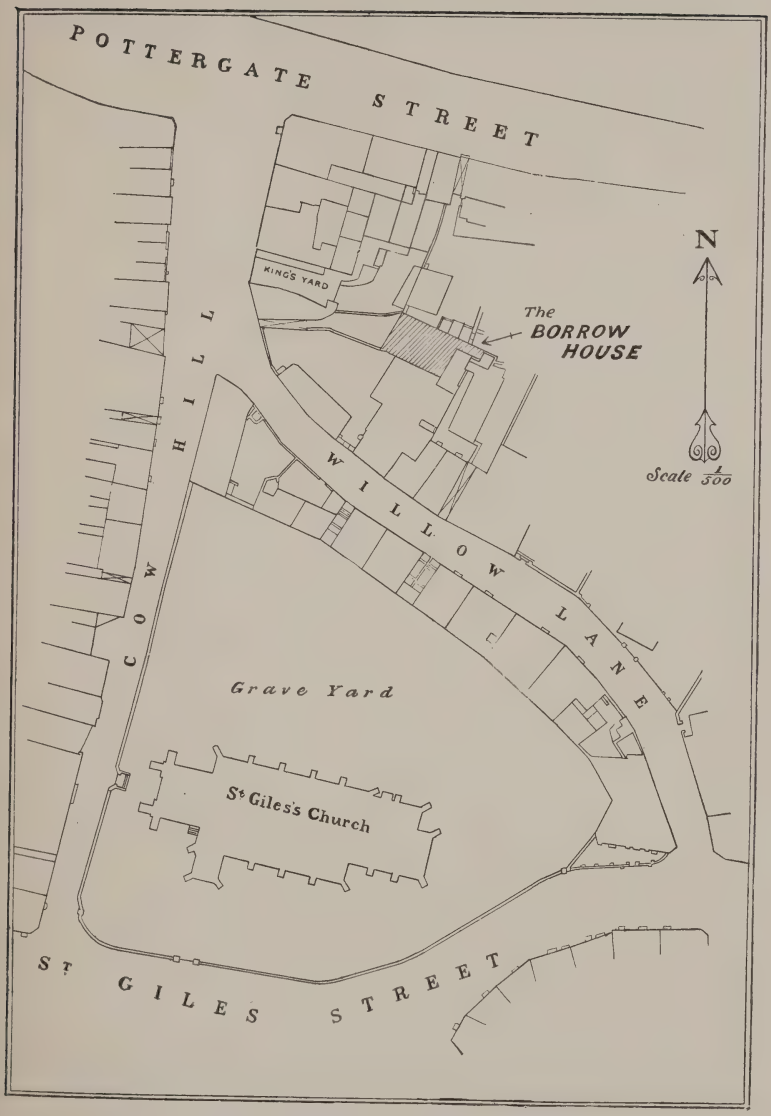
[2] In 1738. See *Norfolk Remembrancer*, p. 10.

This Fair, then, always takes place, according to the local Calendars, on the "Day before Good Friday," that is, on Maundy Thursday. In 1818 that was March 19th.[1] The general "show" lasts a week, suspended only on Good Friday and the Sunday following. The broad slope where it is now held, rises from Upper King Street on the one hand and Castle Meadow on the other, to the top of the ascent, where the "Bell," the "Plough," and the "Jolly Farmers" present to the thirsty yeomen an inviting frontage. This immense open space is the Cattle Market, which on such an occasion is crowded with the bleating and lowing herd that have been driven hither from all corners of the United Kingdom. It is divided by hurdles into pens, where the cattle of a thousand hills are making this one hideous with discordant notes and rustic odours.

Just aside from this vast avenue of predestined beef and mutton, trending to the right between the "Bell Inn" and "York Tavern," is the entrance to a side show for horses, extending back to the very brink of the Castle fosse. This is a dangerous spot to loiter or to pose, for of the crowd each man is intent on his bargain. The free path in which you think you are secure is suddenly invaded by a party rushing madly up, striving to keep pace with a mettlesome steed, followed by a plunge of the critical mob representing every character in British fiction from Fielding to Thackeray. Of course, at the first symptom of the charge you fall back in your terror against the flanks of a recalcitrant *percheron*, at the sight of whose enormous hoofs and shaggy fetlocks you are all but ready to perish.

While at the Horse Fair, George was shadowed, and at length accosted, by his gypsy acquaintance of Norman Cross. Years had elapsed since they met and parted in

[1] "He has known them (the gypsies) for *upwards* of twenty years," wrote Borrow in 1840, in the Preface to the *Zincali*.



PLAN OF PARISH OF ST. GILES, NORWICH.

the lane near Whittlesea Mere, and yet Ambrose, alias "Jasper," recalled at the instant the little fellow with the *sap* in his bosom that terrorised the elder Petulengres. Of course, as the twain had been officially and solemnly pronounced "two brothers" by the now transported parents, it was fitting that Georgius should visit his swarthy kinsmen at their very headquarters.[1]

So they descended the hill of the Castle into Tombland, the old market-place of Danish Northwick, passed through the Close by the Deanery and Cloisters, and emerged into Bishopgate. Crossing the "Norman" Bridge and skirting the river northward, they made a sudden bend to the east by the Cavalry Barracks and mounted a hill. Before them lay the vast irregular expanse called Mousehold Heath.[2] Originally *Moss-wold*, from its dense growth of furze and broom and bracken, it is always a wild tract, the wildest one could wish to see; resonant of the cries and wing-flappings of noisome birds. In 1818—eighty years ago—it must have been a gloomy place, even as Old Crome painted it then.

Along the heath they sped, a half mile farther, leaving the Ranters' Monticle on the right, till they came to a certain gorge, and veering sharply from north to west, they entered a peaceful valley between two black hills. Here were grouped the tents of the wanderers, set "after the manner of Egypt." And here too began that dialogue, that series of dialogues, the wierdest and grimmest that ever passed between human beings, in Gypsy Dale on Mousehold, or elsewhere in all the queer retreats of this world.

Thus far we have intentionally omitted all reference to the horse, the wondrous trotter, whose like they of that generation would never see again, and of whom one exclaimed to the boy's infinite delight, "A pity that he is

[1] *Lav.*, 22, 23, 61.

[2] Pronounced *Mŭssl.*

so old!" But the truth is the story was an anachronism —out of place and time—as stories often are. Marshland Shales did not present himself on Castle Hill till nine years had elapsed after the above occasion. Then, at the age of twenty-five, he was indeed *old*, and was paraded through the admiring crowd which stood with bated breath. That was on the 12th of April, 1827, pursuant to a notice in the *Norwich Mercury* to wit:—

1827.

That well-known trotting Stallion,

MARSHLAND SHALES,

Will be Sold by Auction,
On Tombland Fair-Day.
Unless previously disposed of by Private Contract.

THIS is the Horse which, on 3d August, 1810, trotted 17 miles in 56 minutes, carrying 12 st. 2 lb. and was then sold by auction for £305.
For particulars apply to Mr. Moneyment, vet. surg., Norwich.[1]

This celebrated horse was foaled in 1802; he lived eight years beyond this last exhibition, for he succumbed not till he had attained the mature age of thirty-three,— anno M.DCCC.XXXV.[2]

[1] *Norwich Mercury*, March 17, 1827.

[2] *The Hackney Stud Book*, vol. i., by Henry F. Euren, Esq. Norwich, 1884, 8vo, pp. 65–69. Plate.

"NORMAN" BRIDGE.

CHAPTER VI

(1818–1819)

The Escapade—"An Idyll of the Roads"—The "Cat"—Prejudice—A Profession—The Law—Simpson and Rackham—Tuck's Court—The Upper Close.

OF the escapade which I am about to relate, I find among my papers seven or eight different versions. Among these, two, unknown to each other, substantially agree, and their account I shall follow in the main.[1]

Whether inspired by his father's history, or his own early environment; by his deep readings in *Robinson Crusoe*, tales of smugglers and buccaneers; by his intercourse with Haggart, Murtagh, Thurtell, and the Gypsies; or by all of these influences put together,—the fact remains, that George had long meditated an escapade from school and from Norwich, with intent to become a footpad, or a sea-rover, or something else equally terrible. His plans, however, were too vast, too sanguinary, to be undertaken single-handed and alone. He must have comrades, auxiliaries, counsellors, to share his perils and his triumphs. So he spoke to some of his mates on the subject; and at last induced three of about his own age

[1] Arthur Dalrymple's MS. Notice of George Borrow. 1860.—Letter of Mrs. Lucy C. Holland (*née* Sothern) of Norwich.—*Life of Frances Power Cobbe*. By Herself. 1894, ii., 117.—*Britannia* (newspaper). London, April 26, 1851.—John Longe to George Borrow, October 15, 1862 (*letter*).—Archdeacon Groome to Rev. Mr. Tancock, April 25, 1882 (*letter*).—Nath. Hawthorne's Note-Book (1856), p. 66.—*The Wandering Children*. Verses by George Borrow (1819). Mr. S. P. Langley's Collection, Washington, D. C.

to make preparations in the commissary department and to provide ways and means. The three accomplices were John Dalrymple, Theodosius Purland, and his brother Francis. As the senior Purlands were chemists and druggists in the parish of Saints Simon and Jude, it was but natural that the lads should be adepts in the art of applying leeches to the paternal tills, while Dalrymple confined himself to the less compromising duty of gathering horse pistols and—potatoes.

Borrow, as the originator of the expedition, was of course its responsible minister and captain. They resolved first to proceed, on foot, to Yarmouth, nineteen miles east of Tombland; to the Caister dunes, near by, where they would make themselves caves on the sounding shore. There they would live and thrive, and thence they would indulge in sudden forays, after the manner of the Cid from el Poyo; or, they would join some party of smugglers on the coast, and use their dens as warehouses for sequestrated goods.

At last the four candidates for the Valpeian scourge started early one morning, crossed the bridge over the Wensum, and pushed on merrily to Thorpe. Arrived at the hill just beyond, one of their number, more doubtful, perhaps, than the rest as to the outcome of the anabasis, or scenting the birch from afar, began to flag, then to lag, and at the Asylum, three miles out, broke down altogether, and refused to advance. This first act of secession on the part of Dalrymple did not, happily, cool the ardour of the loyal survivors, who pursued the even tenor of their way till they drew in at Acle, eleven miles from home. Here, footsore and weary, the Purlands prevailed on their leader to order a halt and allow them to partake of some of their hoarded refreshments. While they were thus drawn up on the roadside eating their bread and cheese, a gentleman drove past in a chaise, who recognised them as schoolfellows of his son. Re-

flecting on this accidental meeting with the boys, and suspecting that something was wrong, he returned and spoke to them. A long parley ensued, of which the substance has been handed down in a *poem* of the time composed by our hero. Notwithstanding the rather rough rejoinders the benevolent gentleman received for his well-meant exhortations, he heaped on the coals of Christian forbearance by inviting the truants to dine with him at a neighbouring inn. The invitation was accepted, as old Lilly would have said, *nemine discrepante*, that is, with singular unanimity.

But while the banquet was going forward, the host had commissioned his servant to Mr. Valpy with urgent despatches. A carriage arrived late in the evening with some of the school musketeers, and the captives were duly restored to their "paternal homes," not without sundry energetic protests on the part of the captain of the host against the atrocious Concert of the Powers.

The verses are as follows:—

"THE WANDERING CHILDREN AND THE BENEVOLENT GENTLEMAN:

AN IDYLL OF THE ROADS.

Eldest Child.

"O gentleman! sweet gentleman!
To thee we humbly bow;
Upon poor hungry children three
Thy charity bestow!

"We 've trudged the roads from rise of sun
Until the sun is low,
And had no breakfast, save the haws
Which on the hedges grow.

Benevolent Gentleman.

"Poor vagrant children, I perceive
You 've run away from home;
But know that from such wickedness
No good can ever come.

" A cruel and a wicked thing
It is, you must confess,
To run away from home and leave
Your friends in deep distress.

" O think upon your father's groans,
Your mother's scalding tears,
Your sister's cries and agonies,
And your poor granny's fears !

Eldest Child.

" Sweet gentle Sir ! your words are good ;
We hear them thankfully ;
But pray bestow with your advice
One single halfpenny.

Benevolent Gentleman.

" Return, poor thoughtless children, home,
Or evil will ensue ;
There 's sad temptation in the world
For children such as you.

Eldest Child.

" O clap a stopper on your jaw !
We hate such stuff and cant :
And keep your counsel for yourself ;
The rhino 's what we want.

Benevolent Gentleman.

" Return to your paternal home,
Where peace ye once enjoyed ;
Your morals, should you roam about,
Would quickly be destroyed.

" O what a dreadful thing 't would be,
A thing to break the heart,
If all your childish innocence
For ever should depart !

Eldest Child.

" Get home, get home, you . . . old thief,
And do not chaff us so ;
The pudding smokes, go home and stuff,
You . . . old parson, go.

Benevolent Gentleman.

" Farewell, poor things, return to friends,
They 'll open wide their arms,
And you will rest beneath their roof
Disturbed by no alarms.

Eldest Child.

" Well, we have tramped the roads, and queered
Full many a sharp and flat,
But ne'er, by goles ! have we beheld
So cool a cove as that."

The sequel was short and painful. The ringleader suffered both personally and vicariously. The " cruel Valpy " took Borrow the next day, and before the whole school " horsed " him on James Martineau's back, and there flogged poor Lavengro to the heart's content of master and executioner. " So that," adds a contemporary historian, " the truant had to keep his bed for a fortnight, and would carry the marks for the remainder of his days."

Hence two things—for Borrow never forgave or forgot a slight, a wrong, or an insult, whether real or imaginary —he hated the Norwich Grammar School and James Martineau for ever after, and would neither mention the one nor see the other. Miss Frances Power Cobbe, who lived next door to him in Hereford Square, Brompton, in the sixties, says in her Autobiography: " When I asked Mr. Borrow once to come and meet some friends at our house, he accepted our invitation as usual; but, on finding that Dr. Martineau was to be of the party, he hastily withdrew his acceptance on a transparent excuse; nor did he ever after attend our little assemblies without first ascertaining that Dr. Martineau would not be present." [1]

It will be as well to call attention to the fact that about this time Borrow was taken ill with an overdose of "*gemiti,*

[1] Vol. ii., p. 118.

sospiri ed alti guai," administered by a hand familiar to our history, and that he gradually recovered by means of a decoction of roots and herbs prescribed by an old crone who was skilled in "natural remedies." To those who know our author's methods this illness is significant, yea, even eloquent. It appropriately closed the school era, and introduced the absolute necessity of a novitiate in something. What should it be? Law, or Gospel? The former was selected at a venture. Not quite that either. *Lavengro* does not let us into the secret, but the naughty Autograph original does. It was on this wise:—

Borrow had an intimate friend in Norwich, or rather two, by the name of Kerrison. They were of a very good family, and, as we shall have much to say of them, we may as well be a little more explicit.[1] Roger was a year older than George, and was articled to Simpson and Rackham, solicitors of Norwich, in October, 1818. Allday was in Robert Hawkes's drapery stores. George taught him Spanish in 1823–4 in preparation for the anticipated Mexican campaign.

So when Borrow was in the agony of choice, he applied to Roger Kerrison for advice in the matter of a profession. The law was of course recommended.

"It is an excellent profession," said Roger, "more especially for those who never intend to follow it, as I suppose you do not any more than myself. On the death of my father,

[1] Sir Roger Kerrison, b. 1740, d. 1808. (Sheriff, 1774, Mayor, 1778.) m. M. A. Davis, 1767.

Thomas Allday Kerrison, b. 1768, d. 1818. (Mayor, 1806.) m. Hannah Bellman (at *Gretna Green*), 1797.

Roger (1802–1864). Allday (1803–1882). Edmund (1805–1837).

Roger became a Norwich solicitor, firm of Kerrison and Preston, Bank Street. *Allday* went to Zacatecas, Mexico, in 1825, made a fortune there, married a New York lady, returned to Norwich, and entered the banking house of the Harveys and Hudsons, Upper King Street.

from whom I expect ten thousand pounds, I propose to go to Newmarket and serve as groom for a year or two in some respectable stable, after which I shall purchase a stud and ride my own horses; and then it will be strange if I can't turn the knowledge I may pick up in the office to some account."

On Monday, the 30th of March, 1819, George Borrow was articled to Messrs. Simpson and Rackham " for the term of five years from thenceforth next ensuing and fully to be compleat and ended." So says the instrument now lying in the Public Record Office, London. These articles were attested by Richard Hastings Lloyd and Roger Kerrison, in presence of Elisha de Hague, commissioner in the Court of Common Pleas.

William Simpson (1769–1834), who seems to have had special charge of young Borrow, was at this time fifty years of age. He was Treasurer of the County of Norfolk, Chamberlain and Town Clerk of Norwich, and one of the most urbane and obliging, as well as the most reliable, of men. His fine full-length portrait may be seen in Guild Hall. Mrs. Simpson, his second wife, was a very fashionable and popular lady. She was as fond of giving good dinners as her admirers were of eating them.[1]

The offices where George worked were in Tuck's Court, St. Giles, nearly opposite the old Norfolk Hotel. This court is referred to in the opening of *Wild Wales* in connection with the Welsh groom, Lhuyd, who taught Borrow the elements of his native tongue, or rather guided him in the pronunciation and oral use thereof. Simpson and Rackham's place was on the left hand, second door, as you enter the archway. The grandson of Mr. Rackham now occupies the same premises.

The future residence of our articled clerk was no longer in Willow Lane with his parents, but at Mr. Simpson's, whose house was situated in the Upper Close, abutting

[1] *Church Heraldry of Norfolk.* By E. Farrer. Norwich, 1893, iii., p. 30.

on Tombland. It was an old-fashioned building with gables, having a garden in front, and separated from the Close by a low wall surmounted by a wooden paling. All around it was an open playground for the Grammar School boys, who often came and lounged against the paling. The house has long since disappeared, and in its room stands the fine mansion built by the Rev. John Humfrey, but better known as the residence of Mr. John Oddin Taylor.

The late Archdeacon Groome of Suffolk thus speaks of the old spot:—

"As I went to school at Norwich in 1819, I well remember Borrow, no longer a schoolboy, but yet often hanging about the Close, reserved and solitary."[1]

And the Rev. William Drake of Mundesley writes:—

"I was at the Norwich Grammar School from 1820 to 1829, and during [part of] that time George Borrow was lodging in the Upper Close. . . . I recall him very distinctly, because he was fond of chatting with the boys, who used to gather round the railings of his garden, and occasionally he would ask one or two of them to have tea with him. . . . I remember him as a tall, spare, dark-complexioned man, usually dressed in black."[2]

[1] Letter to the Rev. Mr. Tancock, April 25, 1882.

[2] *Eastern Daily Press*, Norwich, September 22, 1892. *Norvicensian*, 1888, p. 177.

CHAPTER VII

(1819–1821)

Law and Languages—William Taylor of Norwich—His Influence on Borrow—John Bowring at Norwich—The Translation Mania—John Thomas Borrow—Old Crome—Norwich Society of Artists—Death of Crome—John studies with Haydon in London.

WITH regard to his clerkship and the incidents of his daily life in the office, Borrow left a mass of inedited matter, for which we can hardly afford to spare so much space. We shall therefore be compelled to set aside his monologue on physiognomy, and his dialogues with Mr. Simpson and the poet Parkinson.[1]

During these five years, in lieu of applying himself to the law, the acquisition of languages continued to be his favourite pursuit. Heretofore he had studied—I do not say learned—seven, viz. Latin, Greek, Irish, French, Italian, Spanish, and the broken jargon then current in England as Gypsy.

Borrow now began—at first secretly, afterwards quite ostentatiously—another series of seven, in this order: Welsh, Danish, German, Hebrew, Arabic, Gaelic, and Armenian. His note-book of the time—a small 4to volume which I possess in his polymicrian handwriting—is filled with his early translations, and with conversations that passed between him and Levy, his oriental teacher, the "Mousha" of *Lavengro*. Here are found the proofs

[1] These episodes, together with the "fight" of 1820 between Painter and Oliver, must be sought for in my edition of *Lavengro*.

of his activity in his versions from Ab Gwilym, the Norse ballads, German lyrics, the Talmud, the Arab historians Abulfeda and Abullatif, and the Collection of the Gaelic Bards edited by the Stuarts and published at Edinburgh in 1804.

It would scarcely be profitable to enter into the details of these studies, which rather interest the editing of his writings than the story of his life. Besides, they yielded small practical results to philology or literature. Mr. Borrow's reputation rests, not on his scholarship, but on his remarkable style as a writer of English prose from 1841 to 1862. In language he was mostly self-taught, and without that severe elementary training which lies at the foundation of accurate learning, as we understand it to-day.

But in quantity, at least, he was prodigious. Before he was eighteen, that is, in March, 1821, he was reported to have a knowledge of twelve languages; and at the age of twenty, that is, in 1823, the same authority does not scruple to declare that he "translated with facility and elegance twenty different languages."[1] The acquisition of eight distinct tongues in two years is certainly a feat that is unprecedented in historic times, without the aid of a whirlwind. And yet the authority we cite was no less a personage than William Taylor of Norwich, the "Anglo-Germanist" of *Romany Rye*, and author of the *Survey of German Poetry*.[2]

Of Taylor it is fitting to say a word. An anonymous writer in the *Britannia* newspaper of June 26, 1851, apparently a judge,[3] who seems to have known intimately

[1] Robberds' *Life of Taylor*, ii., 495, and Taylor's *Works of Dr. Sayers*, p. xl.

[2] See *William Taylor of Norwich. Eine Studie über den Einfluss der neueren deutschen Litteratur in England von Georg Herzfeld.* Halle, Max Niemeyer, 1897, 8vo, pp. viii., 71.—*Studien zur Englischen Philologie. Heft* ii.

[3] Thomas Borrow Burcham, a police magistrate, London.

the early career of George Borrow, thus speaks of them both:—

"About this time [1820] Borrow became acquainted with the late William Taylor, perhaps one of the most extraordinary men Norwich ever produced; the early and intimate friend of Southey, and who was the first, according to Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, to give that great writer a taste for poetry by his (Taylor's) spirited and inimitable translation of Bürger's well-known ballad, beginning—

'*At break of day from frightful dreams*
Up started Eleanor.'

"In Borrow, Taylor soon took a great interest and became gratuitously tutor to him in German. To show his aptness at this time in acquiring languages, Taylor one day said to me, speaking of the different degrees of intelligence in men: 'I cannot give you a better example to explain my meaning than my two pupils' (he had another besides Borrow, Cooke by name, also a genius in his way); 'what I tell Borrow *once*, he ever remembers; whilst to the fellow Cooke I have to repeat the same thing twenty times, often without effect; and it is not from want of memory either, but he will never be a linguist.' At Mr. Taylor's table the two pupils were constant guests, where they met the most intellectual and talented men of Norwich, as also those of note who visited the old city."

Mr. Taylor, scholar though he undoubtedly was, held certain views that sank deep into the peculiar mental organism of his pupil, and which will only be eradicated, if they ever are eradicated at all, through much suffering. We shall discover the germs of that unfortunate influence cropping up from time to time, leading to temporary disrespect for the most sacred ties, and finally to the brink of a suicide's grave.[1] But the failures and consequent mortification of the terrible "veiled period" which he disclosed to no one, and which he foolishly strove to con-

[1] See letters of January and May, 1824.

ceal under the specious guise of foreign travel—all those years of buffeting with the unclean spirit that had entered him, must in plain truth be laid at the door of his Anglo-Germanist friend of 1820–33.

Hence the bitter language of certain contemporaries towards Taylor and Borrow; language which certainly could not have been employed if the circumstances above reported, added to later facts, had not seemed to justify its use.

Miss Martineau, for example, wrote in this wise:—

"When we knew Polidori, he was a handsome, harum-scarum young man, taken up by William Taylor as William Taylor did take up harum-scarum young men, and so introduced them into the best society the place afforded. . . . But matters grew worse in Taylor's old age, when his habits of intemperance kept him out of the sight of ladies, and he got round him a set of ignorant and conceited young men who thought they could set the world right by their destructive propensities. One of his chief favourites was George Borrow, as George Borrow has himself given the world to understand. When this polyglot gentleman appeared before the public as a devout agent of the Bible Society in foreign parts, there was one burst of laughter from all who remembered the old Norwich days." [1]

Again, the Rev. Whitwell Elwin of Booton Rectory, editor of the *Quarterly Review* from 1853 to 1860, says:—

"I never spoke to William Taylor, but have seen him scores of times walking slowly and feebly in the streets of Norwich. His face was then terribly bloated from drink, and he had a look as if his intellect was almost as much decayed as his body. This was about 1832." [2]

[1] *Autobiography*. Ed. by Chapman, i., 82 and 300. See also another "burst," on John Bowring, LL.D., in *Monthly Review*, 1830, p. 408.

[2] Letter of February 17, 1887.

And finally, Mr. J. Ewing Ritchie writes:—

"The Jew, 'Mousha,' seems to have been a bit of a quack, but was the means of introducing Borrow to the one great German luminary at that time in England—Taylor of Norwich. Taylor was fond of getting hold of young men, and, according to orthodox accounts, doing them a deal of harm." [1]

SIR JOHN BOWRING IN 1821

In 1854 Borrow wrote, in a book that did not appear till three years later, these lines:—

"The writer had just entered into his eighteenth year, when he met at the table of a certain Anglo-Germanist, an individual apparently somewhat under thirty. This person, who had lately come from abroad, had published a volume of translations, and was looked upon as a kind of lion in a small provincial capital." [2]

The two men referred to in this extract were Taylor and Bowring. They both made a deep and abiding impression on the life of George Borrow, and are well known to the modern world. We have already learned something of the one; the other was the "Old Radical" of the *Romany Rye*. This is not the place to review Bowring's career, but his name emerges so often and crosses our path so strangely, that some preparation for its apparition is due to the reader at this point.

Sir John Bowring (1792–1872) was a man of no regular education, having left school for commerce at the age of fourteen. After five years spent as a clerk in a country town, he went up to London in 1811 and pursued the same calling in an ampler sphere. He was sent to the

[1] *Eastern Daily Press*, Norwich, December 16, 1893. Article entitled "Yesterday's Norwich."

[2] *Romany Rye*, 1857, ii., 359; small ed., p. 230.

Peninsula in 1813 and 1814 to secure orders for supplying the army, and the next year he returned to get his pay for what had been supplied. Once more in London, he embarked in the Mediterranean trade on his own account. He had a branch house in Gibraltar under the firm name of Bowring and Murdock; the home firm was Bowring and Company. Their principal business seems to have been in Herrings. In 1819–20 he made an extended Continental tour, visiting Spain, France, Belgium, Holland, Russia, Finland, and Sweden, reaching London in time to print his *Specimen of Russian Poets*, published in December, 1820, but dated the following year.[1]

In July, 1821, Bowring had come down to Yarmouth to see his friend Alexander, and thence to Norwich to call on his business correspondents, Thomas Martineau and Son. William Taylor, always hospitable to strangers, gave the London lion a complimentary dinner at his house, No. 21, King Street. George Borrow was invited to meet the reputed polyglot fresh from the Continent; and Dr. Lewis Evans, the fiery Welshman, was likewise a guest. Dr. Evans had been a physician of many clasps to the army in Spain during the Peninsular war. The February previous he had been appointed to the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital. He was a very irascible man, I am told by those who remember him.

The volume of Russian Poets marked a new departure of Bowring's, a plan of life quite distinct from the drudgery and uncertainties of commerce. His aim was now to force himself into prominence, if not into eminence, by a line of work which he could use as a means to an end, and discard as soon as that end was attained—viz. to live on government employ and to get into Parliament. The line of work consisted of a series of translations into English verse of the popular poetry of Europe. For that

[1] Correspondence of Bowring with William Alexander of Yarmouth from 1822 to 1840, furnished me by the Sothern family of Norwich.

purpose he issued, from 1821 to 1832, seven or eight volumes at his own expense, revealing the supposed treasures of Russian, Dutch, Spanish, Polish, Servian, Hungarian, and Bohemian song.

This did not wholly succeed, but it aided. Bowring was talked about, kept before the public, and so got on the appointment list. Now when the last of the series appeared in the hubbub of 1832, *he turned Whig* from the Radical that he was, and the Crypto-Radical he ever remained.[1] Then the plums began to fall. Lord Grey appointed him on a foreign commission, and government employs of one kind or another followed in regular succession until he had betravelled the Continent and the near Orient. This continued till 1841, when he was elected to Parliament for Bolton, which paved the way, or rather bridged the gulf, to Canton, Hong Kong, and what not.

Poor Borrow from 1821 fell into the translation snare —not as Bowring conceived it, as a step to something better, but as a life-absorbing work that would yield him honour and fame. During the decade he dallied with it, it brought him only mortification and poverty. Those were his bitter years. Between Taylor and Bowring a deep chasm yawned, and Borrow sank into it, as we shall see.

JOHN THOMAS BORROW

Leaving George at his desk in Tuck's Court to indulge in furtive excursions over the flowery meads of literature and language, it is meet that we should cast an inquiring glance at his brother John.

On the return from Ireland in 1816, John had quietly

[1] "His votes were invariably of a Radical cast."—"He never voted *against* the Whigs except when the Whigs voted *with* the Tories."—*Lady Bowring's Memorial Volume*, 1873.

resumed his pallet and brushes under the direction of "Old Crome." His full pay as lieutenant in the service furnished him with sufficient means to prosecute his art studies; and even after the "reduction" in 1819, his half-pay secured him a frugal independence.

His *atelier* was at his home in Willow Lane, in the left-hand front room of the second floor, and thither came from time to time the indulgent master, slowly mounting "the creaking stair," to inspect the work of his enthusiastic pupil.

In 1804 Crome founded the Norwich Society of Artists. Annual Exhibitions of local drawings and paintings were held, from the following year, at the Society's Hall, in Wrenche's Court (now the Corn Exchange), and Catalogues were printed. From an inspection of these, for which I am under obligations to Mr. James Reeve, Curator of the Castle Museum, I am able to trace Lieutenant Borrow's works during the period of his activity in Norwich.[1]

The first time his name appears on these Catalogues is, as we should expect, in the Thirteenth Exhibition, corresponding to the year

1817.

No. 2. Snowden (*sic*).....*J. Borrow.*

Fourteenth Exhibition, 1818.

No. 12. Cupid.....*J. Borrow.*
No. 22. Profile-front and three-quarter Portrait of an Officer.....*J. Borrow.*
No. 64. Boys.....*J. Borrow.*
No. 114. Historical Sketch.....*J. Borrow.*
No. 162. Satyr's Head.....*J. Borrow.*
No. 166. Heads.....*J. Borrow.*

[1] *Catalogue of the Thirteenth* [and following] *Exhibition*[s] *of the Norwich Society of Artists, consisting of Paintings and Drawings, now open at their great room, in Sir Benjamin Wrenche's Court.* 1817–24, 4to.

FIFTEENTH EXHIBITION, 1819.

No. 16. Study of a Head.....*J. T. Borrow.*
No. 42.[1] Christ taken from the Cross, from a small picture by Carracci.....*J. T. Borrow.*
No. 57. Paternal Instruction.....*J. T. Borrow.*
No. 154.[1] Christ and St. John, from a small sketch of Vandyke.....*J. T. Borrow.*

SIXTEENTH EXHIBITION, 1820.

No. 216. Anatomical Study.....*J. Borrow.*

SEVENTEENTH EXHIBITION, 1821.

No. 2. Portrait of a Gentleman.....*J. Borrow.*
No. 3. Portrait of an Officer.....*J. Borrow.*
No. 9. Portrait of his Brother.....*J. Borrow.*
No. 13. Portrait of Capt. Thomas Borrow.....*J. Borrow.*
No. 14. Portrait of a Gentleman.....*J. Borrow.*

TWENTIETH EXHIBITION, 1824.

No. 29. Portrait of Mr. G. Borrow.....*J. Borrow.*
No. 118. Portrait of Mr. G. C. Spurgeon.....*J. Borrow.*
No. 128. Study from Nature.....*J. Borrow.*

In Norwich are still found John's copy of the "Judgment of Solomon," by David, his "Portrait of a Gentleman," and one of his brother George. The other of George was carried off to Mexico, and of course lost at John's death. The portrait of Captain Borrow exists, I am told, at Yarmouth.

Old Crome died April 22, 1821, in the fifty-second year of his age. Thus John's studies were interrupted at this point, and he resolved to proceed to London and continue them under the direction of the well-known painter Benjamin Robert Haydon. The chidings of *Lavengro* against his brother's abandonment of "Old Crome," are, therefore, purely sentimental; for, the reason of John's departure from Norwich was because his master was dead.

With Haydon, John wrought the latter half of the year and the larger part of 1822; then he went to Paris, where he spent his time copying in the Louvre. Hearing of his father's illness, he hastened home like a dutiful son.

[1] See criticism on these in the *Norfolk Chronicle* for August 14, 1819.

CHAPTER VIII

(1822–1824)

Captain Borrow's Last Will—"What do you propose to do?"—Prospects—Introspection—Corporation Library—"Olaus"—"Six Foot Three"—First Literary Efforts—The Magazines of 1823—Jack Thurtell—The Murder of William Weare—Borrow's Moral State.

DURING the year 1822 nothing of moment occurred to our little group that interests the outside world, but much that stirs the hearts of all those who love Borrow—"the unique human character."

The father made his last Will and Testament of a Monday, the Eleventh day of February, 1822. What of that? Nothing, only a coincidence; it was of a Monday, the Eleventh day of February, 1793, that the soldier led his bride to the altar in the old Flint Church of East Dereham; just twenty-nine years before. He is now sixty-three and the whilom bride a matron of fifty. They are not old; but they are no longer young. They are on the down-grade of life, with pains and aches as the stations, and the terminus will ere long be signalled near a new-made grave. Hence, on the day of the Will, the inmates of the cottage in Willow Lane were in tears.

The depressing effect this important act of love and forethought seems to have had on the retired soldier, is marked in *Lavengro* by a correspondingly touching passage.

"I wish to ask you a serious question. What do you propose to do?"

"To do, father?"

"The time for which you were articled to your profession will soon be expired, and I shall be no more."

"Do not talk so, my dear father; I have no doubt that you will soon be better."

"Do not flatter yourself; I feel that my days are numbered. I am soon going to my rest, and I have need of rest, for I am weary. There, there, don't weep. Tears will help me as little as they will you. You have not yet answered my question. Tell me what you intend to do?"

"I really do not know what I shall do."

"The military pension which I now enjoy will cease with my life. The property which I shall leave behind me will be barely sufficient for the maintenance of your mother respectably. Again I ask you what you intend to do. Do you think you can support yourself by your Armenian or your other acquirements?"

"Alas! I think little at all about it" (i., 349).

George was eighteen years and seven months old at this critical period. It was a summing up time; or, as the tradesmen expressively put it, a time for taking account of stock. Such epochs come to us all occasionally in life, and it is well to give heed to the lesson they convey. So the young man summed up his work at this juncture, and it certainly sounded fair, even to those who know what it costs, or did cost then, to pick up a score of two of tongues out of old books compiled on principles obsolete now, and with but indifferent instruction.

"Let me see," said he musing, "what have I done already? I have learned Welsh, and have translated the Songs of Ab Gwilym, some ten thousand lines, into English rhyme. I have also learnt Danish, and have rendered the old book of Ballads into English metre. I have learned many other tongues, and have acquired some knowledge even of Hebrew and Arabic" (i., 315).

Without pursuing the introspection further, was this array of languages and interpretation likely to prove a

profitable investment? Would the stock pay a remunerative dividend? Would it ever pay a dividend at all? That is what the retired soldier wanted to know, and that was what the son was obliged to confess he had never contemplated. We shall soon enough learn the sad history. The next ten years will cover a period of agony that few sufferers from the same cause ever survive, without leaving deep scars that disfigure the remnant of life.

The citizens of Norwich in those days were very kind to George. The city fathers had given him a free scholarship in the Grammar School, and while he was articled to Simpson and Rackham they afforded him every advantage in their power. Away up under the eaves of Guild Hall there was a really fine collection of old folio and quarto volumes. They were unused and neglected; the *locale* was dusty and filled with cobwebs. But it was here in this Corporation Library of Norwich that Borrow obtained his knowledge of Anglo-Saxon and early English, Welsh or British, Northern or Scandinavian, learning. The books, to the number of three or four thousand, are now all carefully arranged in the main hall of the Free Library, Duke Street. I have examined them there, and in many have discovered the neat young pencilled notes of "Lavengro." Among them all I was particularly struck with Edmund Lhuyd's *Archæologia Britannica*, 1707—still a most curious and valuable work for Celtic philology—and the *Danica Literatura Antiquissima* by Olaus Wormius, 1636, of which he was so fond that he adopted the name "Olaus" during the next three years.[1]

[1] "I had taken an ancient-looking volume from a shelf, and opening it discovered that it was an old and favourite author of mine. As I was poring over the pages, my friend entered. . . . 'Are you fond of Northern Antiquities?' exclaimed he.—'Yes,' said I, 'especially as they are treated of by old *Olaus* here, whose acquaintance I first made amidst the dust and cobwebs of the Corporation Library of a certain ancient city.'" Autograph MS. *Lavengro*, ii., 313.

"For Mr. Borrow a folio copy of *Olaus Magnus* is expected, and Mrs. B.

The year 1823 was the fifth and last of George Borrow's clerkship, and he began to feel the pressure of necessity upon him. He must be wise in his own generation; make friends with mammon, whether righteous or unrighteous, that men might receive him into their traffic, if not into their houses.

Still, he knew not yet by experience the shadowy side of human existence, and was in consequence very bold in his opinions. Some verses written by him at this time, describing his personal estimate of what should constitute manly qualities, exhibit his moral condition better than pages of dissertation. Miss Martineau's phrase, "harum-scarum young men," suggests itself to the mind with considerable appositeness and force when we read the opening stanza of his—

"LINES TO SIX-FOOT-THREE."

"A lad who twenty tongues can talk,
And sixty miles a day can walk;
Drink at a draught a pint of rum,
And then be neither sick nor dumb;
Can tune a song and make a verse,
And deeds of Northern kings rehearse;
Who never will forsake his friend
While he his bony fist can bend;
And, though averse to brawl and strife,
Will fight a Dutchman with a knife;
O that is just the lad for me,
And such is honest six-foot-three."[1]

is requested to bring its descendent to meet the parent."—*John Kerrich, Geldeston Hall, to Mrs. G. B.*, 1849.

"I have read the road-side Idylls by one of whom I heard much from common friends when the said 'Lavengro' was *Olaus*, translating from the Danish, one of my favourite tongues, and puzzling not a little the present writer on account of certain extraordinary reports."—*George Métivier, Guernsey, April* 9, 1851.

Olaus Magnus († 1568) and Olaus Wormius (1588–1654) wrote on Northern History and Antiquities.

[1] *Romantic Ballads*, Norwich, 1826, pp. 151–154. Copied in *Britannia*, April 26, 1851.

At the beginning of the year, Mr. William Taylor wrote to Thomas Campbell, editor of Colburn's *New Monthly*, and to Sir Richard Phillips, editor and proprietor of the *Monthly Magazine*, introducing young Borrow, for the purpose of establishing literary relations between them. The reply was apparently favourable on the part of the poet and the philosopher.

In the *New Monthly* I find but one contribution, a rather commonplace version of Schiller's well-known ballad, *der Taucher*, signed *G. O. B.*, and commencing—

> " Where is the man who will dive for his King
> In the pool as it rushes with turbulent sweep?
> A cup from this surf-beaten jetty I fling,
> And he who will seek it below in the deep,
> And will bring it again to the light of the day,
> As the meed of his valour shall bear it away." [1]

Other translations were undoubtedly sent to Mr. Campbell, but they do not appear to have been accepted. There is only one specimen of these " rejected addresses " which I possess, saved probably for the autograph.

" To Tho[s] Cambell Esq[re]—Sir:—I send you two translations from the old Danish. If they meet with your approbation I shall consider myself exceedingly fortunate. If not, I shall always remain your grateful and obliged—*G. O. Borrow.*—16, Millman St., Bedford Row."

The *Monthly Magazine*, on the other hand, opened wide its pages to " Olaus," the Norwich correspondent. In the October number three of his metrical versions appeared, exhibiting short pieces from Schiller and the Swedish poet Lohman. In November there was an original prose article from his pen entitled " Danish Poetry and Ballad Writing," with a specimen inserted called the song of " Skion Middel." In the same num-

[1] See *Chronological Bibliography* at the end of this work.

ber stands his translation of Bürger's *Lenore*, consisting of thirty-two octaves, or two hundred and fifty-six lines.[1] This was probably the worst attempt ever perpetrated on the "benevolent reader," and, coming after the excellent performances of Taylor and Scott, was, to say the least, a case of inexcusable presumption.

Summary: In addition to the original prose article, we find 674 lines of metrical translation by Borrow, printed during the year in the two magazines. They embrace five pieces from the German, one each from the Dutch and Swedish, and two from the Danish. Nearly all are signed "George *Olaus* Borrow" in full.

But this represents only a small portion of his industry at this time. He translated Klinger's *Faustus*, Evald's *Death of Balder*, and a great mass of prose and verse that we can only record when it assumes the permanent form.

In the month of October all England was shocked at the dreadful crime committed by John Thurtell, the friend of Borrow from 1817 to 1820. After the fight at North Walsham between Painter and Oliver, Thurtell failed in business, and left Norwich for London. There he indulged in the gambling table, and on one occasion was relieved of £400 by an oily-tongued scoundrel of the name of William Weare. Driven to desperation, Thurtell determined to be avenged. With two confederates, Hunt and Probert, he invited Weare to Elstree, Herts, some fourteen miles from town by the Edgeware Road. They drove out in two vehicles on the evening of the 24th of October. Between eight and nine o'clock they reached Gill's Hill Lane, where Thurtell took the life of William Weare.

The murder was soon discovered, Hunt having turned King's evidence and produced the body. Thurtell was tried at the Hertford Assizes, January 6th and 7th, 1824, and was hanged in front of the jail on the 9th.

[1] See *Chronological Bibliography*.

Notwithstanding the shock that George Borrow must have experienced by this calamity, no favourable change appears to have been produced in his mode of thinking, if we may judge by the letters of January 20th and February 13th, 1824, which he wrote to his friend Roger Kerrison, then in London.

In the first he says:

"I have again been laid up with that detestable complaint which destroys my strength, impairs my understanding, and will in all probability send me to the grave, for I am much worse than when you saw me last. But if ever my health mends, and possibly it may by the time my clerkship expires [March 30th], I intend to live in London, write plays, poetry, etc., abuse religion, and get myself prosecuted, for I would not for an ocean of gold remain any longer than I am forced in this dull and gloomy town." At the close he declares his affection for Kerrison to be far greater "than parent or relation, or even than the God whom bigots would teach him to adore."

The second epistle clearly proves that this lamentable state of mind was not reciprocated on the part of his friend, who wrote expressly "thanking God that he was well and happy;" for, says Borrow in reply: "You say *you* are well and happy, and 'thank God for it'—believe me, no one joins more sincerely in that thanksgiving than myself." Georgius had evidently received a salutary snub for his Taylorian declaration of faith.

SECTION II

EARLY STRUGGLES

(1824–1833)

CHAPTER IX

(1824)

Death of Captain Borrow—End of George's Clerkship—Goes to London—Sir Richard Phillips—The *Monthly Magazine*—The *Universal Review*—*Newgate Lives and Trials*—The Publisher's Philosophy—John's Visit—The Artist Haydon and the Ex-Mayor's Portrait—Morbid Melancholy—Friendship of Kerrison.

CAPTAIN THOMAS BORROW'S work was done. With the arrival of his elder son, his last wish seemed to be gratified. He began to fail rapidly, and about half-past four o'clock of the morning of Saturday, February 28th, 1824, the old soldier passed away, with his little family around him. He was sixty-five years and three months old, and had served forty-six years in the army.

He was buried on Thursday, March 4th, in the churchyard of St. Giles, by the rector of the parish, the Rev. C. F. Millard. Obituaries appeared in the *Norwich Mercury* and *Norfolk Chronicle* of Saturday, the 6th of March. The same day, Allday Kerrison wrote to his brother in London:—

"You will be surprised to hear of Capt. Borrow's death. He died last Saturday, Feby. 28th. It will be a shocking thing for George and John. I intend calling upon George tomorrow; I did not like to, before Mr. Borrow was buried."

George Borrow's age at this crisis was twenty years and eight months. His clerkship would expire in thirty-one

days. His mother, now in her fifty-third year, inherited the little property left by her husband, which scarcely yielded an annual income of £100. The Will reserved a certain amount "for the maintenance and education of the younger son during his minority;" but that minority would cease on the 5th of July, four months later.

It was, therefore, quite urgent that he should decide at once what he would do—a matter which, as we have seen, he had already anticipated by his contributions to the magazines, and by his January letter to Roger Kerrison. He would go to the great city, where his brother went before him in 1821. He would be literally "cast on the world of London by the death of his father."[1]

Whether Borrow had done much or little in the law, his articles with Simpson and Rackham regularly expired on the 30th day of March, 1824. He was then legally a free man for the first time in five years, although he had exercised an effective liberty of action from the hour he signed his contract. He felt the *dimidium facti* of Horace, and that somehow success was contingent on his prompt exit from Norwich. Hence he was all ready to start. His everlasting translations from Ab Gwilym, his Ancient Songs of Denmark, "closely written over in a singular hand," and his version of *Faustus*, each parcel tied up neatly with red tape, had all been carefully, lovingly, laid away in the small green box. In his haste to "*begin*," he retained but a single day for "the dull gloomy town," to pay a round of calls and drop a last word to admiring friends, who thought him a very prodigy of learning.

The next evening, Thursday, April 1st, 1824, Borrow bade farewell to his mother and brother in the yard of the old "Angel Inn" (now the Royal), and mounted to his outside seat on the Ipswich Mail—"night-coach for

[1] *Romany Rye*, ii., 246; small ed., p. 187.

London, through in fourteen hours." Just then there was a cry for "George," and Allday Kerrison came running in with a letter for Roger, to economise postage. That letter, still existent, has preserved to us the exact date of the departure from Norwich.[1] At last, precisely at five o'clock, the vehicle emerged from under the arch, with sparks and clatter, into the Market Place; dashed through Upper Haymarket, round the corner into Rampant Horse Street, round another into St. Stephen's, and so out on the highway to Stratton, Ipswich, Colchester, and Chelmsford.

After travelling all night, the coach and its Jehu drove into town, halted a little at the door of the "Spread Eagle," Gracechurch Street, and then wheeled into the yard of the "Swan with Two Necks," on the corner of Lad Lane. The only indication now existing of this curious old balconied inn is a picture of the sign attached to the wall of a railway office. Lad Lane has long since been swallowed up by Gresham Street, midway between the Post-Office and the Bank of England.[2]

Our young adventurer betook himself to his lodgings at No. 16, Millman Street, Bedford Row, where Roger Kerrison lived, who is the "acquaintance" coldly mentioned in *Lavengro* (ii., 3). It was the first time he had ever been away from home, and he felt what it means to be alone in a great metropolis. Full of courage, however, he reviewed his literary treasures in the little green box, selected one or two of them, and sallied forth.

[1] *Allday to Roger: April 1st*, 1824.—"I will not lose the opportunity of George's going to London, to write to you. . . . I do not know how I shall be able to learn Spanish, now George has gone. . . . I hope George will succeed in London."

Allday to Roger: April 11th.—"You did not say in your letter whether George Borrow got up [to town] safely, and how he is. I hope he is well and comfortable; remember me kindly to him, and tell him I shall expect to hear from him soon."

[2] Hare's *Walks in London*, 1883, i., 267.

Sir Richard Phillips, the author, editor, and publisher, resided in Tavistock Square. Thither Borrow now bent his steps with his ballads under his arm, and a letter of introduction from William Taylor in his pocket.

The interview I need not repeat; it is fully detailed elsewhere. Sir Richard received him cordially enough at first, and introduced him to Mr. Bartlett, his accountant, the snuff-taking "Taggart." But when Phillips understood that the poor boy had come up to town to earn his living by his talents, he assumed a different tone. He declined the proffered manuscripts on the ground that nobody would read them, a supposition that was probably correct. Moreover, he disclosed the bitter fact that he had retired from publishing altogether. However, he invited George to dinner for the following Sunday, the 4th of April.

Sir Richard Phillips's remark was true. Borrow's disappointment might have been anticipated three months before, if he had observed a paragraph in the January number of the *Monthly Magazine*.[1]

Thus then George found that the gentleman on whom he solely depended for employment had laid aside business, reserving to himself only the magazine, and a new review which he had just established for his son Richard.

The interview closed with a recommendation to write something in the style of the *Dairyman's Daughter*, by Legh Richmond. George took his leave, and made a tour about the town. His pursuit of a copy of the book in question, with other episodes omitted from the printed text of *Lavengro*, must be sought for in a future edition of that work.

[1] Vol. lvi., p. 576.—"The Editor, having retired from his commercial engagements and removed from his late house of business in New Bridge Street, communications should be addressed to the appointed Publishers [the Whittakers]; but personal interviews of Correspondents and interested persons may be obtained at his private residence in Tavistock Square."

At the dinner on Sunday, Borrow met Richard, the publisher's eldest son, with his wife, to whom he had been married some fourteen months, though spoken of as quite a recent event.[1] The practical outcome of the conference was an engagement to write critical notices of new books for the "*Oxford Review*," to compile six volumes of "*Newgate Lives and Trials*," and to translate into German Phillips's "*Philosophy*."

Of course, each one of these titles, which I have purposely treated with quotation marks, is wrongly and wrongfully given in *Lavengro*—to vent a little spleen on Sir Richard, who was under no obligation to furnish his applicant any work at all. Let us consider them *seriatim*.

1. The "*Oxford Review*" was *The Universal Review; or, Chronicle of the Literature of All Nations*. The first number came out in March, 1824, and the sixth and last in January, 1825—the whole forming two volumes in 8vo. It consists solely of book notices and indexes, without prefaces or preliminaries of any kind. The ostensible editor was young Phillips; but the real chief (though *sub rosa*) was William Gifford, editor of the *Quarterly Review* from 1809 to September, 1824. He was the translator of "Quintilian" (read *Juvenal*), large numbers of whose third edition (1817) lay on the floor when "Lavengro" called on him with the publisher.

2. The true title of the "*Newgate Lives*" was *Celebrated Trials*, as fully given in our Chronological Bibliography.

3. Sir Richard Phillips's "*Philosophy*" was his work on Physics, entitled the *Proximate Causes of the Material Phenomena of the Universe*, the first English edition of which appeared, I believe, in 1821. Borrow foolishly consented to undertake the translation of this treatise

[1] *Monthly Magazine*, March 1, 1823, p. 181—"Marriages."

into German—a task for which he was in no wise fitted, either by a scientific education or sufficient knowledge of the language, alone obtainable for such advanced work by a long residence in the country where it is spoken. Of course his effort was a total failure. The version was subsequently made by natives, and published at Stuttgart in 1826. In that form the book is intelligible enough, in spite of Borrow's criticism of its original style.[1]

While he proceeded with his new duties, we shall resume the story of his London life, in so far as we know it from the original sources in our possession.[2]

One morning early George came down to his study and found his brother sitting by the fire. It was the 29th of April.[3] John had come up to town on a commission from the municipal Board of Norwich to see the artist Haydon with reference to painting a full-length portrait of Robert Hawkes, who had been Mayor of that city two years before. Occasionally when a mayor had been very popular, he was honoured with having his portrait hung up in St. Andrew's Hall. Hawkes was the thirty-eighth ex-mayor so honoured in the past one hundred years (1721–1822). John Borrow himself had been invited by the committee to execute the work; but, distrusting his own abilities, he referred them to Haydon. He was therefore directed to write the artist, propose to him the job, and ascertain his lowest price. This he did; the letter is

[1] *Ueber die nächsten Ursachen der materiellen Erscheinungen des Universums.* Von Sir Richard Philipps. Nach dem Englischen bearbeitet von General v. Theobald und Prof. Dr. Lebret. Mit Stein-Tafeln. Stuttgart, bey Joh. Fried. Stein-Kopf. 1826, 8vo., pp. xxxii., 429.

[2] It is to be understood that we are writing *parallel* with an autobiography, but that we are by no means depending upon or consulting its printed and known form for information. Let this be kept in mind till the autumn of the year 1825, when that work comes to an end. Thence we advance, as before, on documentary evidence alone.

[3] Correspondence, 1824.

dated April 26th, 1824. The answer was received on the 28th; hence John's visit to London to arrange the terms and other details with his quondam master. The result of his interview with Haydon was consigned in the letter to Ex-Mayor Hawkes, dated London, April 29th.

George accompanied his brother to the house of the "Painter of the Heroic," who lived at this time near the Marble Arch, at No. 58, Connaught Terrace, Edgeware Road—a long way from Borrow's lodgings. The original letters on this whole transaction were preserved by Haydon in his Journals, and were kindly placed at my disposition by his grand-daughter. They are interesting as illustrating *Lavengro,* but cannot be given here.

The portrait was finished in July. It still hangs where it was placed seventy-five years ago, over the vestibule as you enter the Hall. It is in a bad position and a worse light; but even so, you can distinguish a burly figure in short legs, buried in the gorgeous robes and trappings of an English mayor, emerging from the Norman arch of the Cathedral door. It is all perfectly described in *Lavengro.*[1] The wonderful accuracy of the whole episode so struck Mr. Elwin, the writer of an article on Tom Taylor's *Haydon* in the *Quarterly Review*, that he was forced to exclaim in this wise:

"We find in Mr. Borrow's remarkable story, a chapter entitled 'The Historical Painter,' in which it is impossible not to recognise Haydon; and, whatever there be of reality in other portions of that extraordinary work, the light afforded by these journals enables us to pronounce that the picture given of him—which we first read as a comic exaggeration—is minutely correct, and not one jot more ludicrous than the living original."[2]

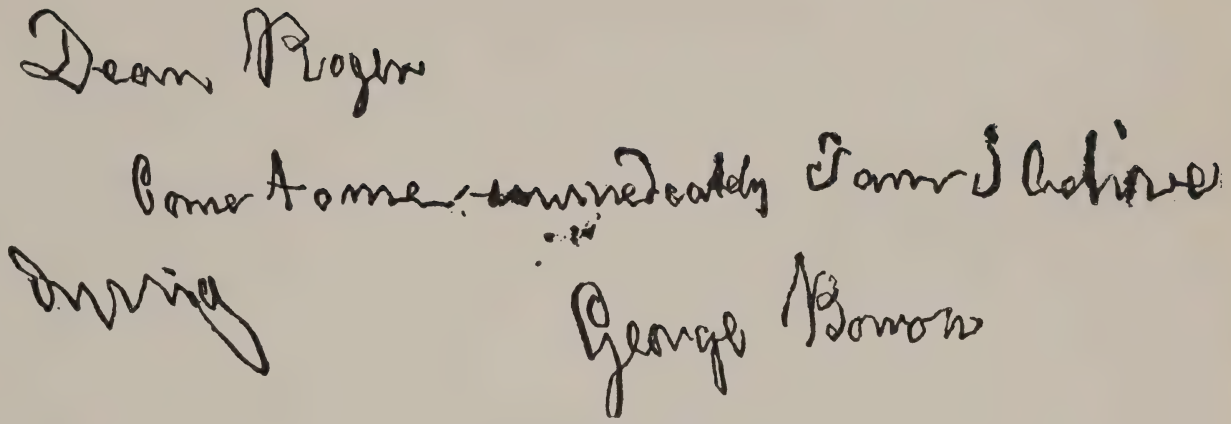
At this period, both before and some time after John's

[1] II., pp. 93–95.
[2] *Quarterly Review* for September, 1853, p. 574.

visit, George was troubled with his ever-recurring fits of despondency or morbid melancholia, which at last assumed the alarming symptoms of a monomania. He was constantly threatening suicide. We find more or less vague accounts of this strange malady in his autobiography—first in the winter of 1818–19, and again in his encampment, about the date of his encounter with the "Flying Tinker." In these two cases he calls it "The Fear;" but later in life, the title he uniformly adopts to characterise it is "The Horrors." Under this name it is frequently mentioned in his correspondence with his mother. He had an attack at Hamburg in 1833, at St. Petersburg in 1834, and another in Jan., 1854, while visiting his kindred in Cornwall. His friends at Penquite attributed it to the lingering effects of Mrs. Hearne's *drows*, which is certainly an error. The earliest mention of the ailment antedates 1825, the period of the poisoning, by six or seven years.

But returning to the crisis now under consideration, I possess an autograph slip written in a tremulous hand in May, 1824, which I found among the papers of Mr. Kerrison's estate in 1896, and which is reproduced in facsimile on the following page.

Kerrison became frightened lest he should be involved in a tragic occurrence, and that his innocence might be difficult to establish. He therefore hastily transferred his quarters from Millman Street, Bedford Row, to Litchfield Street, Soho, and justified his action to his brother Allday and his friend John Borrow by the two letters of May 26th and 28th respectively. The one to John suggests that, as George intends to go to Norwich on the 31st to get some of his books, he had better manage to keep him there for a few weeks, lest, should he return at once, as he intends, he again make some attempt to destroy himself, when he *finds that he is alone*. That from his threatening suicide repeatedly, and his violent and



87 AUTOGRAPH SLIP TO ROGER KERRISON.

frequent fits of desperation, he had rendered Roger very uneasy, so that he found it utterly impossible to live any longer in the same lodgings with him, and had accordingly changed them. He finally cautions John not to show the letter to any one, not even to Mr. Taylor or Mrs. Borrow.

Allday answered his brother on the 28th, and although he expressed true sorrow to learn what had been stated about George, he approved the "precautions" Roger had taken in changing his residence.

The fears of Borrow's friends (?) were not realised, although they abandoned him at a crisis when he most needed their kindly offices. We hear no more of the Kerrisons, except once, ten years after, when Allday wrote from Mexico to inform Mrs. Borrow of the circumstances attending John's death at Guanajuato.[1]

[1] Another episode in the London life of Borrow is given in my edition of *Lavengro*—"Portobello," or "the Irish Patriot."

CHAPTER X

(1825)

The Break with Sir Richard—The *Celebrated Trials*—*Faustus*—Carob Diet—Greenwich Fair—"A Tale Wanted"—The Authenticity of *Joseph Sell*—The Gypsy Tramp—Its Chronology and Topography—"Loquitur Petulengro."

SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS is represented as incapable of comprehending the reason why an Englishman who had been introduced to him as a first-rate German scholar should not be at the same time a first-rate German writer. Consequently he became highly indignant to find that certain natives who looked over Borrow's version of the publisher's *Philosophy* were utterly unable to unravel the sense thereof. Of course, the deduction was rapid and crushing, that Taylor was no judge of the competency of his pupil, and that the pupil—to use his own favourite expression—had been "much over-valued;" for, evident it was—did not the Teutons say as much ?—that the translator of the Phillippian Philosophy "knew nothing of German."

The ebullition on the part of the author of *A Million of Facts* was aggravated by the sudden drying up of the sources that fed the *Universal Review*, so that in January, 1825, it expired with its sixth number. When, therefore, the *Celebrated Trials* appeared on the 19th of March, all relations, literary and sumptuary, had come to an end between Sir Richard and his discomfited editor.

For Borrow had *edited* the *Celebrated Trials*—with the

scissors, it is true, and a little pen-work, here and there and at the beginning and end of each article, to make it fit in its place, or to adapt it to his purpose; but he wrote nothing, not even the introductions, which are brimfull of the ideas and style of his sulphurous chief and patron.[1] How could it be otherwise? For to hunt up and down obscure bookstalls for originals, to rejuvenate obsolete texts, abridge diffuse and irrelevant matter, and correct the press for all these 3600 pages gathered and printed in less than one year, would it not even now, without any composition, be regarded as expeditious work?

True, the magazine hints at excursions among various continental languages for foreign materials; but who does not know that the stories of Ravaillac, the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, Urbain Grandier, and Counts Struensee and Brandt, were as familiar in English as in their own countries, though rare in all?

At all events, the *Celebrated Trials* form, as the compiler affirms in *Romany Rye*, a "wonderful work," full of instructive and most entertaining reading. The title and description will be found elsewhere.

Another book brought out by Borrow a month later (April 18th) was his translation of Klinger's *Faustus*, first published at St. Petersburg in 1791. The author of this worthless book was the German Friedrich Maximilian von Klinger (1753–1831). It was translated at Norwich

[1] *Monthly Magazine*, lvii., 537 (July 1, 1824).—"A selection of the most remarkable Trials and Criminal Cases is printing. Mr. Borrow, the *editor*, has availed himself of all the resources of the English, German, French, and Italian languages," etc.

New Monthly Magazine, xii., 368 (August, 1824).—"Mr. Borrow is the Editor."

Romany Rye (1857), ed. 1888, p. 16.—"*Newgate Lives and Trials*, a wonderful work, which I edited some months ago."

MS. Autobiog., 1862.—"He prepared an edition of the Newgate Calendar, a book, from the careful study of which, he has often been heard to say that he first learned to write genuine English."

in 1822 and 1823. The Preface is dated "Norwich, April, 1825." The month and year were alone changed on printing the last sheet. That the version was made by Borrow is proved by the *Monthly Magazine* (lvii., 537) and by the letter of September, 1825.

Among the notices of the *Faustus*, we shall quote only one, that of the *Literary Gazette*[1]:

"This is another work to which no respectable publisher ought to have allowed his name to be put. The political allusion and metaphysics, which may have made it popular among a low class in Germany, do not sufficiently season its lewd scenes and coarse descriptions for British palates. We have occasionally publications for the fireside,—these are only fit for the fire," etc.

Borrow now "began to be in want." But his case was far worse than that of the prodigal, for his father was dead, and the majority, since then attained, excluded him from any claim on the estate, even if its exiguity did not discourage all expectations from that quarter. There seemed to be no other recourse than to persevere feeding on the husks inherited from Sir Richard, unless he could discover something more palatable than carving out sad lives with the shears. Yet once more he wrote letters, visited publishers, and exhibited his wares.

It was all in vain. Meanwhile the sovereigns had crumbled to shillings, and the shillings were fast dissolving into pence. And then? A Frenchman would have thrown himself from the bridge. Ah! but not an Anglo-Saxon. The situation was just getting interesting.

So it came to pass that on the 12th day of May, nearly four months after his break with Phillips, the spirit of roaming seized him, and he indulged in a long stroll *fuori le mura*, or, in plain English, beyond the sacred perimeter. In short, he tramped all the way to Green-

[1] July 16, 1825, p. 461.

wich, Blackheath, and Shooter's Hill to attend the annual Fair.[1] Towards night he returned to town, and on his way spied a notice, stuck up in a bookseller's window, that to him was a straw, and he caught at it. A novel or a tale was much wanted. Could he write one ? Yes, he thought he could, even on eighteenpence. What should be the subject ?—" Colonel B. ? " In one of the *Celebrated Trials* he had inserted the narrative of " Thomas Blood, generally called Colonel Blood, who stole the Crown from the Tower of London, 1671." [2] If the fellow had got off with the jewel, there might have been material for a short tale. As it was, our hero resolutely determined to sit down, then and there, and write the *Life and Adventures of Joseph Sell the Great Traveller.*

We now come to the crucial test. If all the rest of *Lavengro* is strictly true, why not this *Life of Joseph Sell,* and the nomadic episode that is the resultant ? So far everything has been verified and the date fixed by reliable records. Only names have been distorted or substituted—the *Oxford Review,* the *Newgate Lives and Trials,* the *Publisher's Philosophy ;* but they have been identified. Tredinnock was put for Trethinnick, Petrement for Perfrement, Philoh for Philo, Ardry for Arden, Taggart for Bartlett, Joey's for Charlie's, Isopel for Elizabeth, Jasper for Ambrose, etc. ; but registers, newspapers, and the autograph MSS. correct them. There were *Sells* at Norwich; their great artist was John *Sell* Cotman. The fact that Mrs. Borrow rejected the work and the episode with scorn, is of no consequence whatever. She knew nothing of her husband's *Sturm und Drang* period, for she never saw him till the end of 1832, and he kept his own counsel touching his early struggles. Witness the " Veiled Era." How many times, while *Lavengro*

[1] Thorne's *Handbook to the Environs of London,* 1876, p. 48.—*Fraser's Magazine,* 1851, xliii., p. 278. Article by Sir Wm. Stirling Maxwell.

[2] Vol. ii., 348–354.

was on the stocks, did Richard Ford by his letters implore him to "lift the veil from over those seven years!" That signified the unrevealed mystery lying *between* 1825 and 1833, exclusive of those years. Hence all that preceded and followed, from 1826 backward and 1832 forward, was known and acknowledged. Hence the Gypsy tramp of May to August, 1825, was in the main authentic. Please to trust the present writer in the undocumented part, as you must trust him in the rest that is abundantly authenticated. In the end, when all the data lie before you, you will come to know the man. The only key to his methods, as well as to his heart, is sympathy.

Returning to the *Life of Joseph Sell*, a great deal has been said and written to prove that it was an imaginary, an apocryphal book. It has been sought for, but in vain, because it was not a *book* at all, and the author of it never said that it was. It is expressly stated to have been a tale in a collection or series of such, written by various authors—Christmas stories possibly—that may have been issued with an advanced date, as the *Bible in Spain* was —in this case, 1826. Mr. Borrow himself did not see the work, and knew not under what general title the "Collection" was published. He sold the MS. and left town, and did not return to London in more than a twelvemonth. The kind of volumes to examine for it in the British Museum may be found announced in the *Monthly Literary Advertiser* for 1825 and 1826. Such are—

"*The Literary Magnet.—The Phantasmagoria, or Sketches of Life and Literature.—Watts' Literary Souvenir.—The Forget Me Not.—The Amulet.—Tales of the Wild and Wonderful*," etc.

I believe that Borrow wrote such a tale; that it formed part of a series, but under what name I dare not say, for the original autograph gives only *Joseph Sell.*

With this view of the case we shall proceed, conceiving the whole history to be genuine, and shall present the chronology of the remainder of the year as we understand it.

On the 13th of May, 1825, then, George Borrow begins to write the *Life of Joseph Sell*, which he finishes on the 18th. On the 20th he disposes of the manuscript, and abandons London on the 22nd, " after a little more than a year's residence " (April 2nd, 1824, to May 22nd, 1825). From London he proceeds to Amesbury in Wiltshire, which he reaches May 23rd; visits Stonehenge, the Roman Camp, and Salisbury.[1] The 26th he leaves Salisbury, and travels towards the north-west. On the 30th he had been walking four days in a northerly direction when he arrives at the inn where he meets the author with whom he passes the night. On the 31st he purchases the pony and cart of Jack Slingsby, whom he saw at Tamworth when he " was little more than a child." [2] June 1st he is in a dingle in Shropshire. On the 5th he is visited by Leonora, and the 8th is " drabbed " with the *manricli* (cake) of Mrs. Hearne.[3] He is saved by the opportune arrival of Peter Williams. Passes Sunday, June 12th, and the following week with the Welsh preacher and his wife Winifred. On the 21st he departs with his itinerant hosts towards the old Welsh border—Montgomery.[4] Turns back with Ambrose Petulengro.

[1] " I thought, for instance, that a dwarfish aged dame, full of wit and *espiéglerie*, only spoke figuratively when she talked of thy tinkering, Shorsha the Petulengro ! Was the Wiltshire funny old faery parsoness mistaken when she tossed her head so majestically and hinted at mad freaks that have peopled three of my nights, old friend, with phantoms of delight?"—*George Métivier, Guernsey, to G. B., April* 9, 1851.

[2] The regiment was at Tamworth from April 28th to May 3rd, 1812, according to the records of the W.N.M. George was nearly nine years old.

[3] In 1854 he tells his Cornish kinsfolk that he had been poisoned in his youth by a gypsy, thus confirming this account.—See letters, 1854.

[4] The autograph *Lavengro* speaks of the proximity of the *Severn*.

Settles in *Mumber Lane,* Staffordshire, near Willenhall. My informant of Dudley caused it to be found, and wrote as follows:—

"'Mumper's Dingle' still exists in the neighbourhood of Willenhall, though it does not seem to be well known, as a native had to make inquiries about it. Willenhall itself is one of the most forlorn-looking places in the Black Country, ranking second to Darlaston, I should think." [1]

Borrow's fight with the Flaming Tinman must have occurred about the end of June. In the course of July he speaks of having published the *Newgate Lives* "some months ago."

As for the horse, bought of the innkeeper with borrowed money and sold at a large advance, I have no reason to consider the story a fiction. Long before *Romany Rye*, or even *Lavengro,* was written, that is, in December, 1842, Petulengro visited Oulton, and held an interview with Mr. Borrow, on his paddock, in the presence of Sidi Habismilk and Hayim Ben 'Attar (the son of Perfumes). Note even then, fifteen years before *Romany Rye* emerged to the light of day, this passage in their conversation:—

"I suppose you have not forgot how, fifteen [seventeen] years ago, when you made horse-shoes in the little dingle by the side of the great north road, *I lent you fifty cottors* (guineas) *to purchase the wonderful trotting cob of the innkeeper with the*

[1] "Mumber" is the name given on the Admiralty map, and that is the true one, meaning "Great Bog" (Welsh: *mawn fawr;* Irish: *moin mhor*). The Gypsies and other people of their class changed the word to one more familiar to them, into *mumper*, which signifies a low tramp. For a description of the place in Borrow's time, see *Lavengro*, iii., 185–187; sm. ed., p. 260. W. H. Duignan, Esq., of Walsall, is the author of the etymon "Great Bog."

green Newmarket coat, which three days [weeks ?] *after you sold for two hundred.*" [1]

Here are inaccuracies, exaggerations, perhaps; but the underlying *fact*, stated in 1842, could not have been manufactured in 1853–54, when that part of *Romany Rye* was written.

The Horse Fair at Horncastle we know was held from the 11th to the 21st of August.[2]

"There are now," says Weir, "three fairs held here annually. . . . The second, which terminates on the 21st of August, has long been celebrated as the largest fair for horses in the kingdom, perhaps, it may be said, in the world. It continues about ten days [hence began on the 11th]. . . . To this fair are brought for sale horses of all descriptions from every part of the kingdom, to the number of many thousands; and besides the most extensive dealers of the country, there are to be found in the fair purchasers from different parts of the continent of Europe and even from America."

An important landmark as to time is found in the *Romany Rye's* reference to the projected railway movement, while he is at the inn on the journey to Lincolnshire. The *British Almanac* says:—"As early as 1825, the advantages of railway communication were beginning to dawn on the world." [3] And the *Athenæum* declares that the first road in England was that between Darlington and Stockton, opened in September, 1825.[4]

As to the remarkable character introduced into *Lavengro* and *Romany Rye* under the name of Isopel Berners, I have no light from the MSS. of George Borrow, save the

[1] *Zincali*, second ed., 1843, ii., 146 *. See also *Wild Wales*, iii., 347, 348; sm. ed., 307, 308.

[2] Weir's *History of Horncastle*. London, 1820, p. 40.

[3] 1843, p. 69.

[4] 1836, pp. 67–70.

following fragment, which perhaps I ought to have suppressed. I am sorry if it dispel any illusions:—

(*Loquitur Petulengro*): "My mind at present rather inclines towards two wives. I have heard that king Pharaoh had two, if not more. Now, I think myself as good a man as he; and if he had more wives than one, why should not I, whose name is Petulengro?"

"But what would Mrs. Petulengro say?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, brother, it was she who first put the thought into my mind. She has always, you know, had strange notions in her head, *gorgiko* notions, I suppose we may call them, about gentility and the like, and reading and writing. Now, though she can neither read nor write herself, she thinks that she is lost among our people and that they are no society for her. So says she to me one day, 'Pharaoh,' says she, 'I wish you would take another wife, that I might have a little pleasant company. As for these here, I am their betters.'—'I have no objection,' said I; 'who shall it be? Shall it be a Cooper or a Stanley?'—'A Cooper or a Stanley!' said she, with a toss of her head. 'I might as well keep my present company as theirs; none of your rubbish; let it be a *gorgie*,[1] one that I can speak an idea with'—that was her word, I think. Now I am thinking that this here Bess of yours would be just the kind of person both for my wife and myself. My wife wants something *gorgiko*, something genteel. Now Bess is of blood gorgious; if you doubt it, look in her face, all full of *pawno ratter*, white blood, brother; and as for gentility, nobody can make exceptions to Bess's gentility, seeing she was born in the workhouse of Melford the Short, where she learned to read and write. She is no Irish woman, brother, but English pure, and her father was a farmer.

"So much as far as my wife is concerned. As for myself, I tell you what, brother, I want a strapper; one who can give and take. The Flying Tinker is abroad, vowing vengeance against us all. I know what the Flying Tinker is, so does

[1] Text gives *gorgio*, which is masculine.

Tawno. The Flying Tinker came to our camp. 'Damn you all,' says he, 'I 'll fight the best of you for nothing.'—'Done!' says Tawno, 'I 'll be ready for you in a minute.' So Tawno went into his tent and came out naked. 'Here 's at you,' says Tawno. Brother, Tawno fought for two hours with the Flying Tinker, for two whole hours, and it 's hard to say which had the best of it or the worst. I tell you what, brother, I think Tawno had the worst of it. Night came on. Tawno went into his tent to dress himself and the Flying Tinker went his way.

"Now suppose, brother, the Flying Tinker comes upon us when Tawno is away. Who is to fight the Flying Tinker when he says: 'D—n you, I will fight the best of you'? Brother, I will fight the Flying Tinker for five pounds; but I could n't for less. The Flying Tinker is a big man, and though he has n't my science, he weighs five stone heavier. It would n't do for me to fight a man like that for nothing. But there 's Bess who can afford to fight the Flying Tinker at any time for what he 's got, and that 's three ha'pence. She can beat him, brother; I bet five pounds that Bess can beat the Flying Tinker. Now, if I marry Bess, I 'm quite easy on his score. He comes to our camp and says his say. 'I won't dirty my hands with you,' says I, 'at least not under five pounds; but here 's Bess who 'll fight you for nothing.' I tell you what, brother, when he knows that Bess is Mrs. Pharaoh, he 'll fight shy of our camp; he won't come near it, brother. He knows Bess don't like him, and what 's more, that she can lick him. He 'll let us alone; at least I think so. If he does come, I 'll smoke my pipe whilst Bess is beating the Flying Tinker. Brother, I 'm dry, and will now take a cup of ale."

THE VEILED PERIOD

(1826–1833)

CHAPTER XI

(1826)

The Publication of the *Romantic Ballads*, Norwich, 1826.

WE have thus far been less explicit than we should have liked, had it not been for the consciousness that we were treading a beaten path; so that much of our work has assumed, however unjustly, the appearance of a confirmation of another's narrative, rather than an exhibition of the results of original investigation.

But now that the early career of *Lavengro* and his alias *Romany Rye*, as contained in the five volumes so named, has come to an abrupt close, we are free to trace the footsteps of his further peregrinations, without being compelled to apologise for the vagaries, or to discuss the mysteries, of his peculiar methods in autobiography.

The conclusion of *Romany Rye* left George Borrow, just entered upon his twenty-third year, on the road from Spalding to Lynn and Norwich, in the autumn of 1825. From that date the public heard no more of his movements till the *Bible in Spain* revealed him for an instant on the way to Russia.[1] In his intercourse with Richard Ford, he called this interval of seven or eight

[1] "I was in a steamer on the Baltic in the year 1834" [read August, 1833, or September, 1835].—*Bible in Spain*, iii., 294; sm. ed., p. 302.

years the "Veiled Period," which he intended to keep secret in his autobiography then in preparation, and which he did keep secret ever after. Hence the abrupt termination of *Romany Rye* on the very brink of the chasm.

Mr. Ford visited the Oulton recluse in the month of January, 1844, when the first volume of the manuscript *Lavengro* had just been concluded. There and then, in the privacy of the summer house, the resolution with regard to the suppression was disclosed for the only time. Ford, supposing that the period to be ignored embraced Borrow's early travels over Europe and the East, more than hinted at in the *Bible* and *Gypsies in Spain*, laboured hard to dissuade him from taking so fatal a step. For the *Lavengro* of that day contemplated no *Romany Rye*, but a leap from 1825 to 1833 and a sudden emergence with the Bible Society. Thus the *Bible in Russia* would have continued *Lavengro*, and the *Bible in Spain* would have lapped on to the *Bible in Russia*, presenting a record from 1803 to 1840—a record with a mystery of seven stars, the favourite symbolism of *Lavengro*.[1] Circumstances disturbed this pretty scheme, and *Russia* was never written.

So Ford wrote Borrow in February, 1844:

"I have often thought of the eight years over which you propose to drop a curtain. This is worth reconsideration. No doubt it will excite a mysterious interest, but then it is open to any construction that the *necios y tontos*[2] may put on it. I should be inclined to give some incidents of the interval and not stall a curtain over so long a period. I am inclined to think that it must be too curious to be lost to mankind."

In December, on Borrow's return from the Levant, Ford wrote again:

[1] The first volume was to have exhausted *Lavengro in England.*

[2] *I. e.*, silly, stupid people.

"I shall be most curious to hear you tell your own story of your recent adventures; but first let us lift up a corner of the curtain over those seven years."

And finally in March, 1845:

"I rejoice to hear that *Lavengro* progresses. *Paso á paso se va léjos.*[1] Lift up the hem of the curtain over those said seven years."

But Borrow stood resolutely in the penumbra of the stage he had erected, and bowed to his audience when the curtain fell on *Romany Rye*.

He had given his readers a right to understand by his *Bible* and *Gypsies in Spain*, that during that interval of eclipse he was travelling over Europe and the East, even to India, China, and the frontiers of Tartary. He had "lived in habits of intimacy with Gypsies in various and distant lands"—Russia, Hungary, and Turkey, are enumerated. He had also "seen the legitimate children of most countries of the world." He had been in the South of France, in Italy, and at Maryna Roshtcha, a suburb of Moscow. He had "heard the ballad of Alonso Perez de Guzman chanted in Danish by a rustic in the wilds of Jutland." He was continually meeting Baron Taylor in strange places: at Bayonne, at Seville, Novgórod and Stambul; "in the brilliantly lighted hall, or in the desert amongst Bedouin *khaimehs*." He had "lived much among the Hebrew race, and was well versed in their ways and phraseology." Finally, he had "visited the principal capitals of the world"—Madrid, Paris, St. Petersburg, London, Edinburgh, *Shiraz*, *Constantinople*, Lisbon, and *Havana*.[2] All this before 1843!

[1] *I. e.*, Step by step you can go a long way = *Festina lente*.

[2] *Gypsies of Spain*, 1841: i., 2, 19, 13, 23; ed. 1843: i., 2-45, 38.—*Bible in Spain*, 1843: i., 95, 96, 251, 252, 323; ii., 259.

We need not be amazed, then, that one reviewer, with a pride and enthusiasm worthy of the Diamond Jubilee, was led to exclaim:

"We find Mr. Borrow in Paris a spectator of, if not an actor in, the Revolution of the Barricades [July, 1830]; in the Peninsula, in Norway, in Russia, among the Bohemians, the Tartars, the Turks—everywhere, and last of all in Barbary—a kind of *Wandering Jew!*"[1]

All these cases of veiled ubiquity were reasonably inferred from the dual texts cited above; but Colonel Napier, who met the traveller at Seville in 1839, confirmed the public interpretation with unequivocal testimony. Talking with him in the *patio* of "La Reina," the colonel says[2]:—

"The 'Unknown' was rather startled when I replied in Hindee, but was delighted on finding I was an Indian, and entered freely, and with depth and acuteness, on the affairs of the East, *most of which part of the world he had visited.*"

Subsequently, among the ruins of Itálica where they met some Gitanos who seemed to be old cronies of Borrow, our author was forced to exclaim:—

"'Where in the name of goodness did you pick up your acquaintance and the language of these extraordinary people?' '*Some years ago in Moultan,*' he replied. . . . But the 'Unknown' had already said more than he perhaps wished on the subject. He dryly replied that he had more than once owed his life to Gypsies, and had reason to know them well; but this was said in a tone which precluded all further queries on my part. The subject was never again broached, and we returned in silence to the *fonda.*"

[1] Tait's *Edinburgh Magazine* for February, 1843, p. 75.

[2] *Excursions along the Shores of the Mediterranean.* By Lieut.-Col. Elers Napier. London, 1842, ii., 73–95.

A large portion, therefore, of these voyagings in the veiled period, and even after it, were purely apocryphal and imaginary. The interval was passed either at Norwich or in London "doing common work for booksellers;" but whether at Norwich or in the *boró foros*, suffering untold difficulties to gain his daily bread. So distasteful to him was the memory of this period, that in all the biographical sketches authorised by him, he put off the public with the summary declaration, that from 1823 to his engagement with the Bible Society, ten years later, "he lived a life of roving adventure."

This interval of "roving adventure" will now be traversed for the first time with the authentic evidence of letters in my possession to guide me.

THE "ROMANTIC BALLADS"

I have said that Borrow returned to Norwich. He had agreed with Ambrose Petulengro to meet him there in ten weeks, to receive the amount borrowed to buy the horse.[1] That would be towards the beginning of September, 1825. No sooner was he at home than he wrote the letter to the publishers of *Faustus*, to which we have already referred on p. 91. The date must have been about the 15th of September and the maturity of the bill the 18th.

Here is the letter:—

"Willow Lane, St. Giles, Norwich.

DEAR SIR,—"As your bill will become payable in a few days, I am willing to take thirty copies of *Faustus* instead of the money. The book has been *burnt* in both the libraries here, and, as it has been talked about, I may, perhaps, be able to dispose of some [copies] in the course of a year or so.—Yours, G. BORROW."[2]

[1] *Romany Rye*, ed. 1888, p. 73. Chong gav, Hill town, *i. e.*, Norwich.—*Gypsies of Spain*, ed. 1893, pp. 261, 262: "I knew you would not be long [indebted] to me."

[2] This letter was sold in Boston, Dec., 1890.

Although now having some little money, acquired by the sale of the horse, our author did not immediately undertake his promised journey to the East, but rather cast about him for subscribers to enable him to publish a book without diminishing his hoard. To understand his motive for trying the patience of the British public with poetry, it is necessary to refer the reader back to the year 1824. In the months of August and September respectively, prior to the break with Phillips, two works by Mr. Borrow had been accepted, and their publication determined on. One was a collection of the *Legends and Superstitions of the North*, in prose, translated from the Danish and Swedish, and consisting of two volumes. The other was this MS. of *Danish Songs and Ballads.*

Each was flatteringly noticed in the *Monthly Magazine*, as follows:—

I. "We have heard and seen much of the Legends and Popular Superstitions of the North, but in truth, all the exhibitions of these subjects which have hitherto appeared in English, have been translations from the German. Mr. Olaus Borrow, who is familiar with the Northern Languages, proposes to present these curious reliques of romantic antiquity directly from the Danish and Swedish; and *two elegant volumes of them, now printing, will appear in September*," etc.[1]

II. "We have to acknowledge the favour of a beautiful Collection of Danish Songs and Ballads, of which a specimen will be seen among the poetical articles of the present month (p. 432). One or more of these very interesting translations will appear in each succeeding number."[2]

But the unlucky German version of the publisher's *Philosophy* intervened to sever their relations and disturb these pretty plans; so that the "Ballads," all save one,

[1] *Monthly Magazine*, September 1, 1824, vol. lviii., p. 156.
[2] *Ibid.*, December 1, 1824, vol. lviii., p. 480.

failed to see the light of day in the magazine. The "Legends" did run on therein some months because they had already been set in type. They did not, however, come forth in book form, as promised.

Thus it is patent why George Borrow should wish to issue his *Danish Ballads* in his adopted city of Norwich. The work consisted of metrical translations of a selection from the old *Kjæmpe Viser* or Heroic Romances in Vedel's edition of 1591, and from the modern Danish poet Oehlenschlæger, together with certain miscellaneous pieces from various sources, and some evidently original. The whole was entitled *Romantic Ballads*, etc., as detailed in our Chronological Bibliography and facsimile.

Mr. Allan Cunningham by special request furnished the dedicatory verses beginning—

> "Sing, sing, my friend, breathe life again
> Through Norway's song and Denmark's strain."

Between January and May, 1826, Borrow printed at Norwich five hundred copies of his "Ballads," of which two hundred were absorbed by the subscribers at ten shillings and sixpence each, "amply paying all expenses," as he himself tells us.[1] The remaining three hundred went to the London publisher, John Taylor, who added his imprint to that of Simon Wilkin, Norwich. They were to be worked off at the price of seven shillings.

Borrow forwarded to his London friend on the 13th of May a copy of his book fresh from the press, and on the third day he received the following response:—

[1] The Borrow-Cunningham correspondence on the *Romantic Ballads* embraces the following dates: Feb. 8, G. B. to A. C., asking for Dedicatory lines.—Feb. 10, A. C. to G. B., inquiring scope of "Ballads."—Feb. 15, G. B. to A. C., giving full account of his book.—Feb. 22, A. C. to G. B., with Dedicatory verses.—May 13, G. B. to A. C., with copy of *Romantic Ballads*. —May 16, A. C. to G. B., as below—six letters. It took some years to find them all, but they were gathered at last.

Allan Cunningham to George Borrow

" 27, Lower Belgrave Place, 16th May, 1826.

" My dear Sir,—I like your Danish Ballads much, and though Oehlenslæger seems a capital poet, I love the old rhymes best. There is more truth and simplicity in them; and certainly we have nothing in our language to compare with them. Jamieson's attempts are pitiable things; he has not a soul capable of tasting the true Danish spirit.[1] 'Sir John' is a capital fellow, and reminds one of Burns' 'Findlay.' 'Sir Middel' is very natural and affecting and exceedingly well rendered; so is the 'Spectre of Hyde-bee.' In this you have kept up the true tone of the 'Northern Ballad.' 'Svend Vonved' is wild and poetical, and it is my favourite. You must not think me insensible to the merits of the incomparable 'Skimming.' I think I hear his neigh and see him crush the ribs of the Jute. Get out of bed, therefore, George Borrow, and be sick or sleepy no longer. A fellow who can give us such exquisite Danish Ballads has no right to repose.

" I think the complete translation of the *K. V.* could not fail to take, accompanied by prudent notes. You cannot imagine how much these ballads have stirred me up, 'Like fire to heather set'; and though I think so well of myself as to believe that all the rest of mankind will not feel so warmly as I do, if they feel but half your fortune is made. . . .

" Taylor will undertake to publish the remaining copies. His advice is to make the price seven shillings and to print a new title-page, and then he thinks he will be able to sell some for you. I advise the same, and more: You must not be sparing of presentation copies. Send one with a note to each of the reviews and state your intention of publishing the whole *Kjæmpe Viser* with *notes*. Send one also to the *Literary Gazette* and other newspapers of that nature, and scatter a few judiciously among literary men. Walter Scott must not be forgotten. All this is expensive, but very necessary and very

[1] *Popular Ballads and Songs*, translated from the ancient Danish by Robert Jamieson. Edinburgh, 1806, 2 vols., 8vo—*K.*

fashionable, and, if you wish to thrive, you must e'en do it. This will be best done when the work is published here. Write to Taylor and make your own arrangements. I told him he might look for a communication from you. I am glad that any verses of mine are thought worthy of the company of those glorious Danes. . . . —I remain your very faithful friend, ALLAN CUNNINGHAM."

The *Romantic Ballads* seem to have met with no success at all, even in the days of their youth. I do not find them advertised or mentioned, either in the Norwich newspapers of the year, or in their contemporaries, the reviews and periodicals of London, all of which I have carefully looked through. Indeed, the first notice of them stands in the *Bible in Spain* of 1843, displayed on the last page of Volume III. The inference is that he did not adopt the wise counsel of Allan Cunningham and scatter gift copies to the press. I judge that he sent one to Walter Scott, and that that busy writer forgot to acknowledge the courtesy. Borrow's lifelong hostility to Scott would thus be accounted for.

It was the custom of our genius of the Oulton Broad to plunge into the *Malebolge* of his spite the personages, high or low, who crossed his path. He hated the name of Hambly, because his father had been driven from Cornwall by one of that family. He hated the clan Valpy, because a certain alliterative rhyme had been tattooed on his back to the air of "Hi Betty Martin Oh!" He hated the Orfords, and substituted the Earl of Albemarle in their stead, because one of them let John drop out of the army when he could legally have saved him. He hated the Curzons, because one of them had undertaken a codex-hunting job in the Levant, which he sought for himself and failed to obtain. He hated the Bowrings, because an "Old Radical" had supplanted him in a far-off mission. He hated the Petos, because

" Mr. Flamson " had laid a railway line athwart his rural estate. He hated the Rev. E. P. Dennis, his spiritual guide at Oulton, because the latter quarrelled with his dog. He hated a certain Lord Lieutenant (of Suffolk), because he wrote *that letter*.

So he cast them all into the brine of his writings, that the salt of his indignation might never lose its salutary savour. It is certain that he met with some rebuff in Papal lands, which had retroactive force, and which required no " curing " to maintain its primitive virtue.[1]

In view of this tell-tale weakness, I consider that I am justified in inferring that Walter Scott ignored the *Romantic Ballads*.

[1] The bitterness against Rome, which is vented in *Lavengro* and *Romany Rye*, is simply the reflection of his Spanish experience in 1838 and 1839. There is nothing of it in his letters before those years. See the correspondence between him and Don Luis de Usoz y Rio (1838–40), and the third Mr. Murray on the Preface to *Lavengro*.

CHAPTER XII

(1826–1829)

The Mysterious Journey—The Correspondent of the *Morning Herald*—1826–7: Tombland Fair and Marshland Shales, John Borrow's Mexican Letters, the Entry in the Cash-Book—Memoirs of Vidocq.

THROUGHOUT the entire course of this biography, it has been and will be my aim and desire to record nothing but truth that can be substantiated by original documents in my possession. I have not been able to present these documents for obvious reasons. Pursuing this determination to the letter, I am compelled to say at this point that from the publication of the *Romantic Ballads* in May, 1826, to the literary project with Bowring in November, 1829, there is an almost absolute suspension of data to guide us; and I must confess that during this interval I do not know what Borrow was doing. I cannot affirm, however, that I am ignorant of his whereabouts all that time. He was certainly in Norwich in 1827; for that I have positive evidence. As to 1826, from June or July, the whole of 1828, and the first ten months in 1829, I have no other authority than my judgment for the movements and employment I attribute to him. It is to be understood that within those terminal dates, what I write is simply my opinion, formed after a long study of my hero's career and methods. The leading principles that seemed to guide him were two in number: (1) What was disastrous in his career was carefully concealed, and the proofs (he thought) destroyed. (2) The secrets thus

obliterated were treasured up, and duly reappear in his writings under other names and characters, more or less distorted to evade detection and interpretation. A third might be added, viz. that he never created a character, and that the originals are easily recognisable to one who thoroughly knows his times and his writings.

With this preamble, I feel free to proceed.

After the publication of the *Ballads*, it is clear that Borrow neglected the re-issue of them by John Taylor, and their distribution to the press as recommended by Allan Cunningham. The first we hear of him is that he had proceeded to London, and was in lodgings at No. 26, Bryanston Street, Portman Square, near the residence of the artist Haydon. The exact address has been handed down in a note preserved in the Journals of that singular character. Haydon lived, as we have said before, at No. 8, Connaught Terrace, Edgeware Road. Both positions are near the Marble Arch. The note (without date) reads as follows:—

George Borrow to Benj. Robt. Haydon [1]

"Dear Sir,—I should feel extremely obliged if you would allow me to sit to you as soon as possible. *I am going to the South of France in little better than a fortnight*, and I would sooner lose a thousand pounds than not have the honour of appearing in the picture.—Yours sincerely,

"George Borrow.

"26, Bryanstone St., Portman Square."

This note I suppose to have been written in June or July, 1826. The exact tracing of the autograph was made for me by Miss Ellen Haydon, the painter's granddaughter. She says that the letter lies in the Journal

[1] The original letter is printed also in Haydon's *Correspondence and Table-Talk*. London, 1876, i., p. 360.

between the dates November, 1825, and January, 1826, a period in which we know the writer to have been at Norwich. We have introduced it where it belongs.

The picture in which Borrow desired to appear as one of the characters was possibly the "Mock Election" exhibited in 1827. It could not have been "Pharaoh's Submission," since that work was placed in the Academy February, 1826, and Borrow had been elsewhere for nearly ten months. Besides, when that painting was on the easel he lived in Millman Street, and had no thought of going to the continent, or indeed means to enable him to do so.

From the Haydon letter, as we understand it, we have nothing absolutely reliable as to the movements of George Borrow. It is true that by his own written declaration he was soon to go abroad, and he speaks vaguely in his works of meeting Vidocq at Paris and Baron Taylor at Bayonne; of being at Madrid, and of looking, when in distress, for Gypsy trails in the Pyrenees, or of bivouacking under tile-kilns on the road to Genoa; but disaster seems to have marked his path, so that he suppressed all except incidental allusions to the episode.

In my own judgment the solution is found between the lines of Murtagh's tale in *Romany Rye*, omitting the card-playing and the "saggarting" in the Italian religious house. The direction is, of course, just the reverse of his own itinerary. Murtagh proceeds from Italy to the West and South, while Borrow proceeds from the West and South eastward toward Italy. Murtagh is at Pau when General Quesada gathers his Army of the Faith and invades Navarre; joins it and marches to Pamplona; deserts after the French campaign is over, travels on foot by the Puerto, or Guadarrama Pass, along the Madrid road till he reaches Torrelodones (which he found to be a Torreladrones to him); and at last, making a prodigious leap to Seville, he is wounded near there as a poacher,

taken in hand by some compassionate Englishmen, and shipped off to London.[1]

Now Borrow (let us suppose), with the £100 or £150 that he has put by from the sale of the horse, crosses the Channel, visits Paris, falls in with Vidocq and Peyrecourt —just as aforetime he fell in with Haggart, Petulengro, Thurtell, Murtagh, and Co. ;—tramps on foot to Bayonne and Madrid; thence turns North again to Pamplona, by Calatayud and Tudela, on his way to Italy; but gets into trouble, and is imprisoned in the citadel of Pompey's town; escapes or is released on condition that he leave the country; finds the Gypsy trail in the Pyrenees, follows it, and is relieved—not of his purse, for the Spaniard had been before them ;—proceeds toward Marseilles and Genoa, where he takes ship with some kind-hearted Briton, and is landed safely in London.

Is that too strong a picture ? Let us examine the texts. That Borrow did go to Paris, Bayonne, Madrid, Pamplona, the Pyrenees, and Genoa in 1826–27 is certain, for he says:—

1. "I am going to the *South of France* in a little better than a fortnight."—Letter to Haydon.

2. "Oh! that is not my dear old master, but a widely different personage. '*Bonjour, monsieur Vidocq !* [*Bien des choses*] *de ma part à monsieur Peyrecourt.*' "—MS. *Lavengro*, i., 243; sm. ed., p. 70.[2]

3. "I saw him [Taylor] first at *Bayonne* [1826]; then, long subsequently beneath the brick wall at Novogórod" (1835). —*Bible in Spain*, i., 319; sm. ed., p. 92.

4. "London, *Paris*, *Madrid*, and other capitals which I have visited."—Letter to his mother, August, 1833.

[1] *Romany Rye*, sm. ed., pp. 174–181.

[2] The idea of associating Baron Taylor, the polished art critic, with *Vidocq !* I have followed the MS., of course. I have also replaced *Expressions*, which is not French, by the correct term. The Spaniards say *Espresiones de mi parte*. He has confused the two languages.

5. "They associated with themselves one who feared nothing, a man of the name of Quesada—a very stupid individual, but a great fighter, who at one period of his life had commanded a legion or body of men called the *Army of the Faith*, whose exploits, both on the French and Spanish sides of the Pyrenees, are too well known to require recapitulation." —*Bible in Spain*, i., 263; sm. ed., pp. 76–77.

6. "I have been *three times imprisoned* and once on the point of being shot."—Letter to Mrs. Clarke, March 29, 1839.[1]

7. "Once in the *South of France*, when I was weary, hungry, and penniless, I observed one of these *patterans* (Gypsy trails), and following the direction pointed out, arrived at the resting-place of 'certain Bohemians,' by whom I was received with kindness and hospitality, on the faith of no other word of recommendation than *patteran*."—*Gypsies of Spain*, 1843, i., 38; sm. ed., p. 22.

8. "He replied that he had more than once *owed his life to Gypsies*, and had reason to know them well."—Napier's *Excursions*. See p. 102.

9. "Once during my own wanderings in *Italy*, I rested at nightfall by the side of a kiln, the air being piercingly cold; it was about four leagues from Genoa."—*Gypsies of Spain*, 1841, i., 13; sm. ed., p. 8.

What shall we say to these things? That where there is so much smoke there must be some fire? Very good. Then we are justified in recording as fact that, after the *Romantic Ballads*, Borrow made a tour in France and Spain, returning home penniless by way of Genoa, after some months' absence.

But what of the tradition that George Borrow was one of the first of the Foreign Correspondents? That tradi-

[1] One, then, as tradition insists, must have been in 1826 at Pamplona; the others were in August, 1837, at Finisterre, and May, 1838, at Madrid, as is well known. He came near *being shot* in Portugal.—*Bible in Spain*, p. 36.

tion persistently associates him with the *Morning Herald*.[1] And true enough, on looking over the files of that journal for the years 1826 and 1827, we discover, by the dates of his letters, that *a* correspondent proceeded in August, 1826, from London to New Haven and Dieppe, thence in October to Paris, where he spent the remainder of the year. In January, 1827, he advanced to Tours, Châtelleraut, and Poitiers. February and March he made Bordeaux his headquarters for writing up the viniculture of the district. During the month of April he treated Bayonne in a similar fashion, making frequent excursions to the neighbourhood, even to Pamplona by Dancharinéa and the Baztan Valley. Early in May he left Bayonne on horseback for Spain. This journey occupied four months, including the two (June and July) spent in Madrid. He rode leisurely by the old direct international highway through Irún, Vitoria, and Búrgos; thence due south by Lerma and Buitrágo, entering Madrid by the Fuencarral Gate and the Calle de la Montéra. Many things remind us of Borrow in the letters, especially his persistent refusal of escorts in the then dangerous passes about Buitrágo, and the defective orthography of his proper names. He writes in characteristic style of the time he wasted in obtaining his *cédula*, and was evidently relieved when the day came to move forward on his homeward track. "I believe," wrote he, "that nothing like a feeling of regret will be experienced by an Englishman on leaving Madrid."

On the 5th of August he bade adieu to *la Corte*, returning to the frontier by Segovia, Valladolid, and Búrgos. At Irún he made a *détour* by Vera, and passed a week at Pamplona. Thence he proceeded to Bayonne

[1] The tradition proceeds from the Rev. Wentworth Webster's articles in the *Academy* for November, 26, 1881, and the *Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society*, vol. i. It is incorrect, as we shall show when we treat of Borrow in Spain (1836–40), Chap. XXXIII.

by the Elizondo road, and prepared for a run through the South and East of France, reaching Dieppe in December.

But the correspondent was *not* George Borrow. His trip was neither disgraceful nor disastrous. There was nothing to conceal or to be ashamed of. He neither sought Gypsy *patrins* nor tile-kilns on the Corniche route. No mention is made of Vidocq, Taylor, or the Army of the Faith. The same individual seems to have remained on the staff of the *Herald* for years thereafter.

Besides, in 1827 Borrow was in *Norwich*. He was at Tombland Fair on the 12th of April to inspect the fading glories of Marshland Shales. He was at Willow Lane in July when his mother wrote John, in Mexico.[1] He was certainly there in the autumn, for the entries may still be read that he made and dated with his own hand in his mother's cash-book, which lies before me.[2]

In the years 1828 and 1829 there appeared in London, in four small volumes, a work translated from the French, entitled *Memoirs of Vidocq*.

The English interpreter found scattered through the text certain songs in *argot*, so difficult to present in

[1] Letter of January 1, 1829.

[2] (George Borrow's Handwriting)—

[*Armenian Letters.*]

Mr. Love's Account.

1827.		£	s.	d.
Sept. 29.	Indebted for rent	4	8	6
Oct. 7.	Received	1	10	0
" 13.	"	0	10	0

(Continued in Mrs. Borrow's Handwriting)—

" 19.	Received	0	5	0
" 26.	"	0	5	0
Nov. 10.	"	0	5	0
" 17.	"	0	5	0
Dec. 3.	"	0	10	0

Etc.

[*Armenian Letters.*]

Wigg's Account.

1827.		£	s.	d.
Sept. 29.	Indebted for rent	4	10	0
Oct. 25.	Received	0	10	0
Nov. 19.	"	0	5	0
" 23.	Received	0	5	0
Dec. 6.	"	0	5	0
	Sack of potatoes.	0	6	0
" 16.	Received	0	5	0
	(Due)	2	14	0

Etc.

the vernacular of British thieves, that he transferred the original to his pages. But it fell out—"*habent fata sua libelli*"—that in July, 1829, just as the fourth and last volume had passed through the press, a fine version of these argotic songs by "Wilson" was published in *Blackwood*, of which the first stanza discourseth after this fashion:—

"As from ken to ken I was going,
Doing a bit on the prigging lay,
Who should I meet but a jolly blowen,
Tol lol, lol lol, tol de rol, ay;
Who should I meet but a jolly blowen,
That was fly to the time of day."

This delectable reading so captivated our victim of publishers and sinners that he inserted it entire in a "sequel" to Vol. IV., and signed the initials of his name, which he had forgotten to do before. These were *H. T. R.*, and I decipher them to be "Henry Thomas Borrow," composed of the middle names of himself and his brother, with a "kick" to the lower curl of the *B*, after the manner of the Manx Arms.

Borrow was very fond of these *Memoirs*, and rolled them as a sweet morsel under his pen. He often cited them in the *Zincali*, and lost no occasion, in season and out of season, to extol their author and his comrade Peyrecourt.[1] He first met Vidocq in 1826, as we have shown, and took leave of him for the last time in 1844, when on his way to Vienna and the East.[2]

From this final specimen of anonymous hack-work, the veil is rent. The documents are now numerous and incontestably genuine. Letters ply to and from Mexico without intermission. "Poor George, he has no luck. He works hard and remains poor!"

[1] *Zincali*, i., 311, 319; ii., 150;—sm. ed., 181, 185, 253.
[2] *Good Words*, February, 1895, p. 92.

CHAPTER XIII

(1829–1830)

Dr. John Bowring and George Borrow—The Literary Project: *The Songs of Scandinavia*—Other Irons in the Fire: The Highland Society, The Exeter Codex, The British Museum, Greece and the *Grito del Alma*—"Drifting!"—The *Foreign Quarterly Review*—The Sleeping Bard.

TOWARDS the close of November, 1829, Borrow was again in London domiciled at No. 17, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. Here we find him writing to John Bowring asking for an interview. The answer is dated the 21st, and assigns an hour for the following day.

At this point begins the "literary project" with Bowring, intimated in the final chapter of the Appendix to *Romany Rye*. That gentleman had just returned from Denmark, where, to use his own term, he had been "*Scandinavianising*," that is, I suppose, gathering materials in that department of literature. At all events, the result of the interview between the twain was a proposition, whereby they should conjointly prepare a collection of Danish and Norwegian poetry to be published in two volumes, 8vo. To this end a PROSPECTUS was issued, consisting of a folded sheet, two pages of which exhibited the plan and scope of the work, with two blank pages of mute invitation to subscribers to register their names.

PROSPECTUS.

It is proposed to publish, in Two Volumes Octavo,

THE SONGS OF SCANDINAVIA,

TRANSLATED BY

DR. BOWRING AND MR. BORROW.

DEDICATED TO THE KING OF DENMARK, BY PERMISSION OF HIS MAJESTY.

ETC., ETC.

This prospectus was circulated far and wide, both in the original *Fliegende Blätter*, by reprints in the Magazines, and elsewhere.[1]

In the mean time, Borrow, who of course was to do all the work and his associate to take all the credit, bent over his task in unremitting toil. It seemed to be his destiny to add one more to the number of those "friendless young men" who were unconsciously, but of necessity, labouring to lift their principal on to the tramway that led to government employ and to Parliament, and thence to the fast train for Hong Kong. Occasionally he felt this so keenly that he would drop his Danish books and seize his pen to seek to interest other parties in other projects. I have several specimens of these appeals, of which he left behind copies in his portfolio. Three or four of them I may venture to cite; for they picture the struggles at this time of the "Norwich young man," as William Taylor surnamed him nearly a decade before.

The *first* was addressed to the Highland Society of London, that Society which in its day rendered such eminent services to literature and philology, especially by its monumental edition of the *Dana Oisein Mhic Fhinn, or the Songs of Ossian son of Fingal*, with a literal

[1] *Monthly Review* for March, 1830, p. 471; at the end of Bowring's *Magyars*, January 30, 1830; and even in his *Cheskian Anthology* of 1832.

Latin version.[1] Borrow's application involved a request to be employed for two years, either at home or in the Highlands of Scotland, while translating into English verse the Stuart collection of Gaelic Bards, of which he enclosed a specimen.[2] This most unpractical letter was doubtless shelved by the Society, since no trace of an answer is to be found among the papers that drifted into my hands.

The *second* appeal was made to some person whose name is not expressed, requesting his influence to secure a piece of antiquarian copying in the British Museum. The Exeter Manuscript in Anglo-Saxon was to be transcribed for the Museum, and George Borrow wanted the job. That this letter, to whomsoever addressed, did not result favourably, we know by Dr. Garnett's response to my inquiries, wherein it is stated that "the Exeter book was actually transcribed in 1831 by Robert Chambers, a subordinate official in the Department."[3]

The *third* effort was likewise directed towards the British Museum. Borrow turned to Bowring for help in this instance, but only the reply of the latter is extant:—

Dr. Bowring to Mr. Borrow

"5, Millman Street, March 9th, 1830.

"DEAR BORROW,—I think excellently well of the project, and will assist it by every sort of counsel and exertion. But it would injure you if I were to take the *initiative*.[4] Quietly make yourself master of that department of the Museum. We must then think of how best to get at the Council. If by any management they can be induced to ask my opinion, I will give

[1] London, 1807, 3 vols., 8vo.

[2] Edinburgh, 1804, 2 vols.

[3] Correspondence dated November, 1896.

[4] On account of the failure of the Gibraltar house of Bowring and Murdock?

you a character which shall take you to the top of Hecla itself. You have claims, strong ones, and I should rejoice to see you *niched* in the British Museum.—Ever yours,

" J. Bowring.

" George Borrow, Esq., 7, Museum Street."

I had placed this letter in my portfolio of documents for 1830, facing the one written by Borrow on the Codex Exoniensis; considering that his letter to the unknown was pursuant to the advice contained in Dr. Bowring's. It would seem, however, that I was wrong, according to Dr. Garnett, who says:—

" The letter from Bowring has apparently no connection with the [Exeter] MS., but with a project for obtaining an appointment in the Museum for Borrow. No wonder he should have been thought qualified, with his knowledge of languages; but what a fish out of water he would have been! "

And so I have—prudently, as I conceive—followed this judgment; for who would be so reckless as to discuss the opinion of the man who carries about in his head the Catalogue of the British Museum!

The *fourth* and last letter I shall use was again addressed to his friend and employer, John Bowring, while still pursuing the Danish translations. The original draft of it exists only in fragments, like isolated sobs, relieved at intervals by the lurking hope of a possible turn of Fortune's great wheel. His latest project was to go to Greece and work up Romaïc and Turkish Lyric Poetry. At the close he penned these notable lines:—

" I hope this letter will not displease you. I do not write it from flightiness, but from thoughtfulness. I am amazed at finding myself four and twenty [he was six and twenty] and *drifting on the sea of the world, and likely to be so*, . . . and even for that, to me the most heart-breaking of everything

[is] the strange, the disadvantageous, light in which I am aware that I must frequently have appeared to those whom I most love and honour."

These letters tell their own sad story. "*Drifting—on the sea of the world—and likely to be so!*" Fearful words for a man to utter in the twenty-seventh year of his age, and more fearful still when the facts are there to justify them! How those questions of a stern, but wise, father come back now, as they were propounded on the day of the *Will*, eight years before!—"What do you propose to do?—Do you think you can support yourself by your Armenian or your other acquirements?" And again there is a burst of the *gemiti, sospiri ed alti guai.* "Alas, poor child of clay! as the sparks fly upward, so wast thou born to sorrow!" The words of the sage Florentine still echo through the "starless air" of a hopeless future. "Drifting . . . and likely to be so!" Is all this a preparation? Must the children of the heart and brain needs be ushered into being by pangs like these? And then that other voice: "Get out of bed, George Borrow, and be sick or sleepy no longer. A fellow who can give us such exquisite Danish Ballads has no right to repose." Ah, friends, friends! they too often utter the poisonous incantations of the enemy, flattering our vanity at a moment when only truth should be spoken. How much wiser the warnings of Richard Ford: "Avoid poetry and translations of poets." But the lesson would not be learned from a parent—the best, the unselfish, friend; so it must be learned in the hard school of adversity. There, and only there, will the strong arm be thrust out. *His* messengers must all be tried in the fire. And such a messenger will this same George Borrow one day be, when the *göttliche Funke*—the Divine flash—ignites his soul. For the great writer that stirs you and moves the race is an inspired apostle—infinitely more of an apostle

than he of the long robe and the smooth face, who fares sumptuously and without trouble on the creed he denies in his heart!

The volumes on which Borrow was working, and of which another was to have harvested the glory, never appeared. The "literary project came to nothing." Whether the prospectus failed to stimulate subscriptions, which is the natural explanation, or a commercial disaster paralysed the enterprise, it is now not worth while to discuss. Still, out of the *disjecta membra* of the promised symposium, a smaller feast was served up in a robust article on "Danish and Norwegian Literature." It occupies forty pages in the June number of the *Foreign Quarterly Review* for 1830.[1] Dr. Bowring furnished the prose part, the biographical notices and criticisms, while Mr. Borrow introduced the sixteen metrical illustrations.[2] This, then, is a specimen of the stipulated collaboration.

It is to be noted, in the final summing up of this period of hack-work in London, that the relations between John Bowring and George Borrow from November, 1829, to March, 1830, are referred to in the Appendix to *Romany Rye*. That Appendix, it must be borne in mind, was drawn up nearly a quarter of a century after our date, and is brimful of bitterness that furnishes the key to many a biographical mystery.

In the light of what I have now narrated, there can be no confusion as to the precise meaning and limits of the "literary undertaking" and the parties to it. But it will be important to keep these threads firmly in hand as we advance, till the grand explosion overtakes us in 1847, forcing the premature publication of *Lavengro*, and splitting off and diverting the continuation of it so as to devise a strong solution in which to suspend the pent-up wrath of a long and dramatic history. *Lavengro*, I re-

[1] Vol. vi., pp. 48–87.

[2] *Targum*, 1835, p. 51, *note*. See *Bibliography*.

peat, is strictly autobiographical; but *Romany Rye* is a sort of Dantesque anteroom to Hades, through whose gates were thrust those

> "*che non foron ribelli,*
> *Nè fur fedeli à Dio, ma* PER SÈ FORO *!*"

Notwithstanding, the struggle was not yet abandoned. It would hardly be profitable to add to these details, were it not that the final effort resulted in the production of a very remarkable manuscript, prepared under promise of publication, but which did not see the light of day until thirty years afterwards. I refer to the translation of a Welsh book written at the opening of the eighteenth century, and printed at London in 1703. The title of the earliest edition I possess is (being interpreted) as follows:—

"*Visions of the Sleeping Bard: Containing, I. Vision of the Course of the World. II. Vision of Death. III. Vision of Hell. By Ellis Wynn.*" *Carmarthen*, 1811, *pp.* 77.

There was to have been a fourth part—"*Vision of Heaven,*" when some over-zealous meddler suggested that the whole was an imitation of the *Sueños* of Quevedo, and so the author destroyed his manuscript. Whether we take the Spanish original, or Lestrange's paraphrase in English (1667), which was doubtless the only form of the *Sueños* that ever met the Welshman's eye, we should say that Wynn was a Quevedo *á lo divino*, a modified, Christianised Quevedo, very little resembling the Hispanian prototype.

But, to be brief, this is the story the translator himself relates in the MS. preface of 1860[1]:—

"The following translation of the *Sleeping Bard* has long

[1] I quote from the autograph, not having a complete copy of the printed edition by me.

existed in manuscript. It was made by the writer of these lines in the year 1830, at the request of a little Welsh bookseller of his acquaintance, who resided in the rather unfashionable neighbourhood of Smithfield, and who entertained an opinion that a version of the work of Ellis Wynn would enjoy a great sale, both in England and in Wales. On the eve of committing it to the press, however, the Cambro-Briton felt his small heart give way within him. 'Were I to print it,' said he, 'I should be ruined. The terrible descriptions of vice and torment would frighten the genteel part of the English public out of their wits, and I should to a certainty be prosecuted by Sir James Scarlett. I am much obliged to you for the trouble you have given yourself on my account; but *Myn Diawl!* I had no idea, till I read him in English, that Ellis Wynn had been such a terrible fellow!"

The original manuscript in my possession consists of sixty-six folio pages measuring thirteen by eight and a quarter inches, and each full page is of forty-two lines closely written. It must have cost Borrow many weeks' hard work, however well versed he may have been in the Cymric text. And then, in addition to this lost labour, to be coolly bowed out with the consoling benediction: "I am much obliged to you for the trouble you have given yourself!" Surely, that would suggest to him, even in his most charitable humour, a revision of the third part of the *Sleeping Bard* with a special *Pit* for little Welsh booksellers, in company with their favourite advocate—*y Diawl!*

CHAPTER XIV

(1830–1832)

The Return to Norwich—Employment—The Army Pay Office and the *Hokkanó Baró*—John in Mexico—His Letters Home—"You can't be living on nothing"—Political Articles—Radicalism and Toryism—"He said in '32"—Origin of the Word "Tory."

GEORGE BORROW renounced the battle in London and returned to Norwich in the early days of September, 1830. Here he tarried without remunerative employment for the next three years,[1] occupied in translating poetry, writing political articles, and studying languages; or, as he himself expressed it at a later period, "digging holes in the sand and filling them up again."[2] At last, crushed in spirit and humbled in pride, he sought the British and Foreign Bible Society just when the British and Foreign Bible Society were seeking him!

In the interval, occurred the epistolary campaign between himself and the Army Pay Office, to recover his absent brother's back allowance. The fight lasted fifteen months—from the 11th of November, 1830, to February, 1832—and the energy therein displayed was worthy of a better cause. Borrow won the game by a species of *hokkanó baró*, having succeeded in convincing the Law officers of the Crown that the "Rúbrica" of a Mexican notary was the sign-manual of John Thomas Borrow![3]

[1] To July 30, 1833, when his engagement began with the Bible Society.

[2] Letter to his mother from St. Petersburg, May 5/17, 1835. He must have studied Persian, Hindostani, and other Oriental languages in this interval, as certain letters prove.

[3] This contest, being purely epistolary, cannot be introduced here.

The value of authoritative documents in the obscure period we are traversing, justifies an appeal to the private correspondence of Lieutenant Borrow. These letters were written to his mother and brother from Guanajuato, Mexico, between the years 1827 and 1833. Their answers from Norwich, which would have interested us most of all, perished, of course, where the eager eyes that once devoured them closed in death.

From 1824, Mexico became the *el Dorado* of investment-seekers and of impecunious young Englishmen. The leading silver-mining companies, formed at Guanajuato in that year, in British interests and with British capital, were four in number: the Anglo-Mexican, the Bolaños, the Real del Monte, and the United Mexican.[1]

From Norwich, Allday Kerrison had gone out to Zacatecas in 1825, and now John Borrow, laying aside his pallet and brushes, resolved to follow his example. He obtained leave of absence for one year from the Earl of Orford, with permission to make application for renewals.[2] So he sailed for Mexico, *viâ* New York, in the summer of 1826, and entered the service of the Real del Monte Company at an annual salary of £300.

His letters were full of vehement censure of the ignorant and prodigal manner in which the business of the companies was managed, a censure that is confirmed by Tudor and Dahlgren. The changes he made from company to company may be shown concisely by this statement:—

1826 to November, 1827, in the Real del Monte Co.
1827 to 1831 in the Anglo-Mexican Co.
1831 to 1832 in the United Mexican Co.

During the latter year, he left that company, but finally

[1] Tudor's *Narrative*. London, 1834, ii., pp. 273–312.—Dahlgren's *Historic Mines of Mexico*. New York, 1883, pp. 20 and 190.

[2] Letters of Lord Orford to Lieutenant Borrow, in my collection—the first dated March 11, 1826, and the last August 6, 1829.

returned to it, and was to have been sent to Columbia to take charge of a mine, when he suddenly died at Guanajuato on the 22nd of November, 1833. From the first, he had given his half-pay to his mother in England. Being at last absent without leave from his regiment at the training of 1831, his name was stricken from the rolls of the West Norfolk Militia. He had contracted a fever at Vera Cruz, consumption supervened, and he was unable to endure the voyage home. Lord Orford had declined to renew his leave, although a physician's certificate was presented from Dr. Mills of Norwich.

It will, perhaps, be interesting to ascertain what John Borrow's Mexican letters disclose of his brother's situation.

Even as far back as July, 1829, George, weary of the prospect at home, thinks of trying his fortunes in Mexico; for John in his reply says:—

"You ask me about coming here. If the country is soon settled, I should say 'yes'; that is, with a small capital. Do not enter the army; it is a bad spec."

Again, October 10th, 1829, just before George went to London to fall into the hands of Bowring, he wrote John a letter reflecting his own state of mind; for the answer declares it:—

"I heartily wish you would try to send me something a little gayer next time, as we are quite dull enough here. That England is in a miserable state I can easily believe, and I heartily wish you were employed in some department more profitable than authorship. I have been thinking of requesting Mr. Hurry, who is going home, to procure you a situation in some of these companies; and, if you could make up your mind to business, something might be done. Lord Orford has also expressed a wish to serve me. Surely he could procure you some employment in a foreign country, as you would be at home anywhere. . . . I fancy I see you as you used to

look, so pleasantly, when sitting for your portrait [1821]; and talking of portraits, I hope papa's is still in existence, and also the miniature. But you have not told me whether you are still living in that windy house of old King's; it gives me the rheumatism to think of it."

Later in the same month (October 13th, 1829), George wrote, and in the reply John says:—

"My half-pay in future shall be paid to mamma, which will save the loss of remitting money. . . . Let me know how you sold your manuscript. . . . Do not think of the army. If you can raise the pewter, come out here rather than that, and *rob*."

To Mrs. Borrow's of February 13th, 1830 (George being in London with Bowring), John writes:—

"Your last letter has given me the greatest pleasure. . . . Your account of George is very agreeable, and nothing can afford me greater delight than to hear he is so likely to do well. . . . My love to him, and tell him to write and send me some copies of his work." [1]

To Mrs. Borrow's of May 10th, 1830:—

"I have lost $1300 [£260], all the money I had saved to return home with, through the villainy of a Mexican who had it employed. . . . I wish poor George would write to me; I am very anxious to hear he is doing well."

To Mrs. Borrow's of September 10th, 1830:—

"I am glad to learn that poor George is well, but I wish he was making money. Neither he nor I have any luck; . . . he works hard and remains poor. It would be better for him to turn lawyer again; that is the road to wealth. . . . Tell George to write soon."

[1] *Songs of Scandinavia*, which never appeared.

To George's of February 13th, 1831:—

"I strongly recommend your endeavouring to procure a commission in the Regiment. You would make a good grenadier, and if possible volunteer into the line and get on half-pay; for your habits are not those of a soldier, except where fighting is concerned; it is too stupid and too arithmetical for you."

To George's of July 14th, 1831:—

"As things go on in England,[1] do not trouble yourself about a commission. I should rather say, get into Simpson's office and stick to your business. Young Simpson will be wanting an able assistant some of these days. I am convinced that *your want of success in life* is more owing to your being unlike other people than to any other cause. In the mean time I will do all I can; but I give you no hopes, for these companies are very much altered, and I should strongly advise you never to enter them. Try, my dear brother, the law again. You can always get some employment where you are so well known and liked; for you generally made more friends than I could."

Finally, in reply to George's letter of October 5th, 1832, John wrote:—

"I am glad you got the half-pay. . . . You never tell me what you are doing; *you can't be living on nothing.*"

This will do for a specimen of the references in John's letters to the "veiled period," and they show by their perfect agreement with the home picture that there has been no exaggeration.

How and whereon George Borrow lived during these two years that he was fighting the Army Pay Office to secure a paltry hundred guineas of allowance due to his brother, we shall now never know. There are indications

[1] Retrenchment in the Militia, and the army generally.

here and there among his papers and in his writings that he contributed political articles to London or provincial journals. Those were exciting times; the fall of the Tories, the elevation of Lord Grey and his party, and the Reform Bill, maintained the public mind in a high state of tension. This last great idea of civilisation was then bubbling and seething in the caldron of opinion, until it was cast into the platform on which England's true greatness has been reared.

If you take up the *Romany Rye* and read Chapter X. of the Appendix, you will discover that Borrow wrote for the press at this epoch. A frequent and favourite phrase used of himself, "He said in '32," undoubtedly refers to these articles. I possess a fragment of one of them, beautifully executed in his best style. It is replete with party feeling; is especially vehement against the Radicals, and apologetic of the Tories. In selecting a certain portion for reproduction here, we shall see for ourselves how he wrote and—

WHAT "HE SAID IN '32"

". . . We say boldly and from our hearts believe, after no slight observation and deliberation, that there is no Radical who would not rejoice to see his native land invaded by the bitterest of her foreign enemies, and who, withholding his own individual powers from its defence, would not lend the utmost of his assistance to further the aims of the invader. Else, why his unnatural joy at the increasing power of nations whose motto is '*Carthago delenda est*'? Why those speaking looks across the Channel and across the waters of the Atlantic? Many of the Radicals, we believe, entertain the preposterous opinion that if a foreign foe were to obtain possession of their native land through their apostacy, they themselves would be the better for it, and that the foe would treat them ever after with kindness and consideration. But traitors are always despised and abhorred, even by the party whose instruments they are. And if ever the Russ, the Frank, or the

piebald New-Englander shall as a conqueror sully with his footsteps the soil, and pollute with his breath the breezes, of Britain, let the Radical look to himself; for, as such an event can only happen through him, he will have the misery of reflecting that he has betrayed his country, and is become a slave; a whipped, kicked, spitten-upon slave. Should he then curse his country in the hope of procuring favour in the eyes of his masters, it will avail him just as much as similar conduct avails the expatriated Radical in America amongst the brutal New-Englanders, whose rude laughs, gibes, and taunts are his only reward.

'Βουλεύου δὲ πρὸ ἔργου, ὅπως μὴ μωρὰ πέληται.—Pythagoras.

"We now ask, can any man who has the welfare of himself, his posterity, or his country at heart, hesitate for a moment in his choice between the two parties? The Tory has his weaknesses—who has not?—and we have not scrupled to expose them. But he certainly has qualities which more than redeem them, and the most estimable of those qualities is the same which immortalised Mutius [Scævola]. The Radical has no one good quality, and foremost amongst his bad qualities is that which consigned Count Julian to an immortality of infamy.

"We heartily wish that there were less absurdity than there is in what is called Toryism; but to expect perfection in anything that emanates from man were the greatest of absurdities. We heartily wish that there were less wickedness in what is denominated Radicalism; for bad as human nature always has been, so much fiendish spirit as is required to constitute it could hardly have been anticipated. But as the question is, or will shortly be, Tory or Radical, we say Tory! and advise every honest man to say so too. The chief reason for Toryism, a reason sufficient by itself, is that within it are comprised love of country and pride of country. Not the least reason against Radicalism—if the only one, a sufficient one—is that love of country and pride of country constitute no part of it."
—"*To be concluded in our next.*"

Although we do not find this article in any local newspaper of the day, the following, signed by Borrow, does

stand in the *Norfolk Chronicle* of August 18th, 1832. It furnishes a good specimen of his quieter style of the period, and is interesting in itself.

"ORIGIN OF THE WORD 'TORY'

"*To the Editor of the 'Norfolk Chronicle'*

"SIR,—For upwards of a century the words 'Whig' and 'Tory' have been a stumbling-block to etymologists, over which their ingenuity and research have been signally prostrated. At present, however, the root of 'Whig' is believed to have been discovered in the word *Whey*, and the epithet, according to a recent periodical, to have been bestowed upon the persecuted covenanters of Scotland, from their having, in their lurking-places, chiefly subsisted upon whey and the like.

"The term 'Tory' has been conjectured to be of Irish origin, and to have been invented by the Rapparees; but the meaning of the word has hitherto never been determined. I think, sir, I can afford some information on this matter, which will be accounted satisfactory. Unlike the word Whig, 'Tory' is not a provincial modification of an English word, and to explain it we must have recourse to the ancient Irish language, a language spoken at the present day by nearly four millions of his Majesty's subjects.

"'Tory,' sir, is composed of three Irish words, and doubtless originated amongst the Irish adherents of Charles the Second, at the time they were suffering under the sway of Cromwell, and were sighing for the Restoration. The words are *Tar a Ri*,[1] and their pronunciation is the same as that of Tory, or, if there be any difference, it consists in a scarcely distinguishable drawl. Their meaning is, 'Come, O King!' and for the correctness of this etymon I appeal to the judgment of the Erse scholars of the sister kingdom.

"That the term originated with the Rapparees I am not inclined to believe, as it was probably generally applied before the people so denominated were in existence. The Rapparees first appeared during the struggle which took place in Ireland

[1] "Tar a Righ," pronounced *tär ä ree*.

between James the Second and the immortal William of Orange. They were banditti, who, under the colour of being partisans of James, committed great atrocities on both parties; and the meaning of their title, unless I am much mistaken, is 'Royal Robbers' (*Reubair Ri*), from the verb *reubam*, to tear or spoil, and *ri*, a king. Their principal leader was Eadhmuinn a' Cnuic (*yemen a nuc*), or Edmund of the Hill, of whose composition there is a beautiful song in the ancient Irish language and character, preserved in Brooke's *Relics*. The habits of these people seem to have much resembled those of the Egyptian thieves, so graphically described by Heliodorus in the first Book of his *Æthiopics*.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"GEORGE BORROW.

"Norwich, Aug. 6."

CHAPTER XV

(1832)

The Skeppers of Oulton Hall—Rev. Francis Cunningham of Lowestoft—Joseph John Gurney, Esq., of Earlham Hall, Norwich—These Two Gentlemen Recommend George Borrow to the British and Foreign Bible Society, who Send for him—Borrow Walks up to London—Is Promised Employment if he will Learn the Manchu-Tartar Language—Returns to Norwich—The Manchu Scriptures, Translated by the Russian Lipóftsof.

LEAVING George Borrow at Norwich in November, 1832, waiting for something to "turn up," but little imagining what it will be, we must direct our attention elsewhere, to inquire about certain parties who will introduce him to the British and Foreign Bible Society, close the veiled period of the seven years, and alter the tenor of his life.

In the year 1805, a gentleman by the name of Edmund Skepper, with Anne his wife and their two young children, removed from Beccles to Oulton Hall, some two and a half miles from Lowestoft, in the county of Suffolk. The estate just purchased consisted of something more than three hundred acres of arable, pasture, and meadow land, the Hall, eight cottages, and a malthouse. The whole lay in a beautiful tract of country bordering on the river Waveney and the "Broad," now so popular as a centre for summer excursions from Lowestoft and the Wherry Inn.

Mr. Skepper and his fathers before him were large farmers at Beccles and Gillingham All Saints, parishes

separated only by the Waveney, which also divides the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk at this point.

Mrs. Skepper was of the Breames of Beetley; but at the time of her marriage in 1793, her father, Mr. Thomas Rudd Breame, was a resident of Lowestoft. He died in 1803, a widower, and the patrimony was amicably divided between Anne and her sister Mary, who had married the year before Mr. John Jacob Clark of Swaffham. The settlement took place in 1804.

Mrs. Skepper (Anne) received as her share nine thousand pounds in ready money, which she invested with her husband's funds in the purchase of the Oulton Hall estate, taking a mortgage on the whole property at the rate of five per cent. interest. The importance of this transaction and its consequences, will appear in the sequel.

As we have already stated, the Skeppers had two children—Breame, born in 1794, and his sister Mary, born in 1796. In the year 1811, when Mary was fifteen, her mother, considering that the estate would fall in due course to the son, transferred her mortgage to her daughter; so that the latter would at her majority come into possession of an income of £450.[1]

Time passed on. The years 1815 and 1816 brought great changes and triumphal dates to England, for the long wars had ceased to strain and drain the nation. The "late ruler of France," as British statesmen in their magnificent conservatism designated Napoleon, was chained to his Rock, and fêtes and parties welcomed sailors and soldiers to homes and firesides. At a grand ball that was given at Lowestoft at the close of 1816, Mary Skepper of Oulton Hall, now an attractive young lady of twenty, was one of the guests. Another was a dashing lieutenant of the Royal Navy, twenty-four years of age, by the name of Henry Clarke. So it came to pass

[1] "My security is a transfer mortgage twenty-six years old."—Mrs. Mary (Skepper) Clarke to George Borrow, November 14, 1837, and other papers.

that then and there Henry and Mary met and became hopelessly enamoured. Very promptly the lieutenant found his way to Oulton, and very often. Obstacles there were, it is true, for without them the course of true love would run smoothly, and that was contrary to tradition. The young man, it leaked out, was *in extremis*—over head and ears in debt. Besides, he suffered from an incipient, but ominous, cough, which he, like many another, had brought from a foreign shore. The mother paid the debts; the daughter promised to cure the cough. For there was no parting the lovers. They floated hither and thither with the breeze, like the twin cloudlets of Dante, and would not be sundered. Next, they grew moralistic. The one wrote of conjugal duties, the other copied and signed. Here is the title and pledge to a series of prescriptions for conserving domestic bliss, which I found, yellow with age, among their papers, and on which I dropped a tear:—

"*Institutes of Hymen, or, Precepts for Promoting Conjugal Happiness. By a Lady.*"

They consist of ten numbered precepts, signed thus, at the close:—

"*Copied and approved by the composer's most obt. Servt.* HENRY CLARKE."—"*To Mary Skepper, spinster, with the affectionate regards and ever faithful love of her intended Husband—14th January, 1817.*"

This was the bridal year. They waited six months, till Mary was twenty-one, and then, on the 26th day of July, they were married in the sweet Oulton Church hard by, the mother and her son alone signing the register as witnesses. Nearly eight months from that bright summer's day on which Lieutenant Clarke proudly led his bride to the altar, they buried his poor body in the adjacent churchyard! He died of consumption on the 21st

of March, 1818, at the age of twenty-five. A daughter was born to Mrs. Clarke two months later, and on the 17th of May the rector of Oulton, Rev. J. G. Spurgeon, held the infant over the font and named it *Henrietta Mary*, after the father and mother. This is the "Henrietta" of *Wild Wales*, and the "old Hen" of the private epistles of a certain quaint writer.[1]

Soon after the loss of her husband, Mrs. Clarke became acquainted with the Cunninghams of Pakefield, a small village on the sands below Lowestoft. The Rev. Francis Cunningham, rector of that parish from 1814 to 1830, was one of the most devoted Christian men of his time. He married Richenda, the sister of Joseph John Gurney and Elizabeth Fry, in January, 1816. In 1830 they removed to Lowestoft, where Mr. Cunningham was vicar of St. Margaret's till his death in 1863. His more celebrated brother was John William Cunningham, vicar of Harrow.

Mrs. Clarke's only brother, Breame Skepper, married, in 1825, Eleanor, the eldest child of Mr. John Bateman of Norwich. They had a family of six children, two of whom still survive (1897). (See genealogical table on page 138.)

We cannot declare of personal knowledge how it was that Mr. Borrow, in the month of November, 1832, came to meet the Rev. Francis Cunningham of Lowestoft. One who knows, and the only one now living who does—the "Henrietta" of that day—refuses to communicate with the present writer, for reasons best known to herself. But that Borrow was at the Hall at the above date, knew her grandparents, her mother, her uncle, and the Cunninghams, I have the evidence of Mrs. Clarke's letters. Our own inference is that George Borrow became ac-

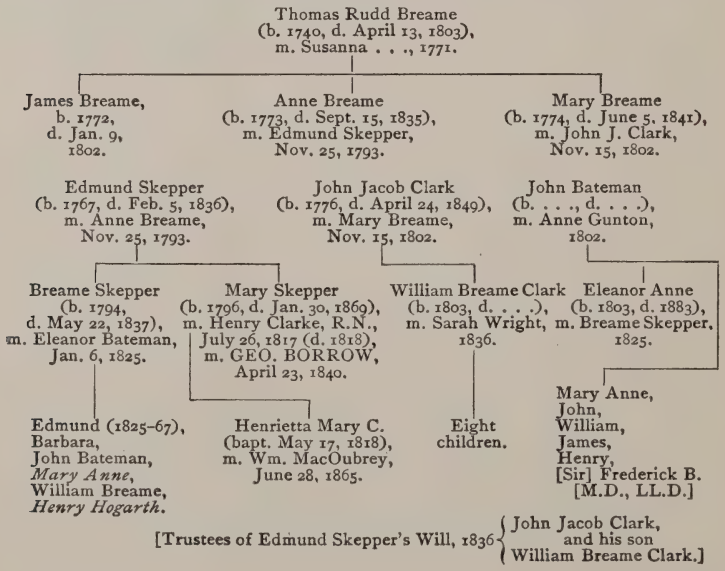
[1] "And then that *funny look* would come over your face, and you would call me 'poor old Hen.'"—Miss Clarke to George Borrow, July 22, 1844. —In 1865 she married a Dr. Wm. MacOubrey of Belfast, and now lives a widow at Southtown (Yarmouth) in her eightieth year.

quainted with the Skeppers of Oulton through the Batemans of Norwich, into whose family Breame Skepper had married. That being at Oulton at this particular season, he was presented to Mr. Cunningham by Mrs. Clarke or some other of the Skeppers. Mr. Cunningham was an indefatigable friend of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and was the founder of the Paris branch. Seeing Mr. Borrow and quickly discerning his linguistic talents, and doubtless made aware that he was out of employment, the good thought came into his mind to do what he did. This point is not a matter of theory, but of solid fact, acknowledged in two epistles from St. Petersburg to the vicar of Lowestoft.[1]

Mr. Cunningham wrote strong and urgent appeals to his brother-in-law, Joseph John Gurney, Esq., the banker of Norwich and famous leader of the Society of Friends.

[1] October 18/30, 1833, and July 17/29, 1834.

The Breames of Beetley, the Skeppers of Oulton, the Clarks of Swaffham, and the Batemans of Norwich (for reference see on page 137).



These letters expressed a desire that Mr. Gurney, who was at that time an influential member of the Bible Society, would communicate with them and secure a position for George Borrow in some place where his peculiar aptitude for languages could be utilised. As it turned out, and as we have hinted before, the officers were looking for just such a man! The letters of Mr. Gurney resulted in an invitation to Borrow to go to London and have an interview with the Secretaries. He started for town on foot early in the month of December, 1832. As he himself tells us in his MS. Autobiography, he walked the entire distance of one hundred and twelve miles in twenty-seven hours. His expenses amounted to fivepence ha'penny, laid out in a pint of ale, a half-pint of milk, a roll of bread, and two apples.[1]

Reaching London in the morning before business hours, he went direct to Earl Street, and awaited in the office the arrival of Messrs. Brandram and Jowett. After sundry examinations in various Oriental languages during a week's detention, those gentlemen felt that they could safely put the great question to Borrow. They asked him if he was willing to undertake the acquisition of the Manchu-Tartar language, with the prospect of employment as soon as he should have accomplished that task. He was of course delighted, and the requisite materials were placed in his hands. Scant indeed they were in 1832, before Wylie and Meadows and other missionaries had prepared their excellent manuals. Borrow was dismissed with kind words and substantial aid, with the understanding that he was to present himself in six months for the special examination. So he set out on his return to Norwich—this time by the mail coach—glad to have at last a tongue to learn that would be of some practical use to him.

[1] Also Caroline Fox, *Memories*, p. 191; Rev. Wentworth Webster, in *Journal of Gipsy Lore Society*, i., 151; Ritchie's *East Anglia*.

On his arrival home, he wrote Mr. Cunningham a full account of his visit to the Bible Society, its purport and result. Fortunately he preserved a transcript of this interesting document, which, from its tone, may be accepted as a sort of recantation of the Taylorism of 1824. And we may be sure, too, that he lost no time in calling to thank his second benefactor in the "Earl's Home," from whose library windows he gazed on that peaceful scene, which it has likewise been our privilege to share.—"When many years had rolled on, long after I had attained manhood, *and had seen and suffered much*, I visited him in his venerable Hall, and partook of the hospitality of his hearth."[1]

The fact that just at this time the Bible Society wanted George Borrow to learn the Court and Diplomatic language of China, requires some explanation. A manuscript translation of the entire New Testament into this tongue had existed in St. Petersburg for some six years, ready to be printed. A competent Englishman must be found who should proceed to Russia and superintend the impression for the Society. It was purely a literary and business engagement, and as such Borrow understood it. But it will be as well, before we advance further, to state in the briefest terms the history of this version, and the relations of the Bible Society to it, both before and at the particular moment of Borrow's introduction to them.

Mr. Stepán Vasiliévitch Lipóftsof (1773–1841) belonged to the Asiatic Section of the Russian Foreign Office. He had been thoroughly educated in the Chinese and Manchu languages at the National College of Peking, and had lived in China twenty years. In St. Petersburg he was head of the Board of Censors for books printed in the languages of the Far East, and corresponding member of the Academy of Sciences for the Department of Oriental Literature and Antiquities.

[1] *Lavengro*, p. 59, end of chap. xv.

Dr. Pinkerton met this gentleman in 1821, and engaged him on behalf of the British and Foreign Bible Society to translate the whole New Testament into Manchu. The work was at once begun, and the following year an edition of 550 copies of St. Matthew's Gospel was put to press in St. Petersburg under Mr. Lipóftsof's supervision. One hundred copies were sent to London, and the remainder, together with the font of types cast at the Society's expense, were deposited in the vaults of their Russian bankers. There they lay, awaiting an opportunity for distribution in the East, when the terrible inundation of the Nevá, so vividly described by Mr. Venning in his *Memorials*, swept over the Russian capital.[1] The 450 copies of St. Matthew, printed on the soft silken paper of China, were completely ruined. The types also, soaked with the water and soon invaded by rust, were to all appearance spoiled and abandoned in the box where they lay, till recovered ten years later by Borrow.

Notwithstanding this calamity, the translating went forward, until it was completed in 1826, and the manuscript stored carefully away. The version as represented in the printed portion met with the highest encomiums from Manchu scholars. It was pronounced by the then greatest authority in Europe, Professor Abel Rémusat of Paris, to be the most idiomatic, clear, and faithful of any of the Eastern translations which he had seen.

The Bible Society, in the meanwhile, grievously disheartened by their loss, suspended all thought of printing this New Testament for many years. At last in 1832 (mark the year!) an incident occurred which recalled their attention to the neglected Scriptures. A MS. ver-

[1] November 7/19, 1824. *Memorials of John Venning, Esq. (formerly of St. Petersburgh, and late of Norwich), with numerous notices from his MSS. relative to the Imperial family of Russia.* By Thulia S. Henderson. London, 1862, 8vo, pp. 320. Portrait.—Reports of British and Foreign Bible Society.

sion of the *Old* Testament in Manchu, made in Peking, was discovered by the Rev. William Swan in the Chinese Library and Oriental Museum of Baron Schilling de Canstadt at St. Petersburg.[1] Mr. Swan was a missionary of the London Society, and was then on the way to his field in Siberia; but so important did he consider the matter to be, that he sat down at once to begin the transcription of the huge MS., without waiting for authorisation from home.

In consequence of this "find," a vigorous revival of enthusiasm was experienced at the Bible House, and Mr. Swan was formally engaged to pursue his colossal task, with the permission of his Board. Just at this point Mr. Borrow was introduced to the Society by J. J. Gurney and Francis Cunningham. There was now no obstacle to the resumption of the printing, and they determined to effect it as soon as their *protégé* should be ready to undertake the supervision.

It was of this history "Lavengro" was thinking when he wrote those remarkable passages citing his mother's words: "*I have been young and now am grown old, yet never have I seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread.*"[2]

[1] This vast Chinese, Manchu, Mongolian, and Tibetan collection is now in the library of the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg.

[2] *Lavengro*, p. 55, chap. xiv. ; and *Romany Rye*, p. 191, chap. i. of the Appendix.

CHAPTER XVI

(1833)

THE VEILED PERIOD ENDED!

St. Luke in Nahuatl—Manchu Studies—Triumphant Examinations in London—Appointment to Russia—Preparations—"Letters to the Princes"—Departure for St. Petersburg *viâ* Hamburg and Lübeck—The Voyage—The Arrival—V. Galernoi Úlitze—Vida Nueva!

WHILE our student was closeted with his Manchu books, he corrected the press-work of a little volume of 140 pages, kindly thrown in his way by the Secretaries of the Bible Society, to justify a slight addition to his slender finances.[1] The little volume was a translation of St. Luke's Gospel into the *Nahuatl* or common dialect of the Mexican Indians. It was made by one Dr. Pazos Kanki at the instance of the Bishop of Puebla, who died in 1829. By the middle of February, 1833, it was finished, and George posted a copy to his brother John in Mexico, who returned this characteristic reply:—

"I have just received your letter of the 16th of February, together with your translation(!) of St. Luke. I am glad you have got the job, but I must say that the Bible Society are just throwing away their time. . . . No one here knows anything of Indian, and the Indians who speak their old language learn it by ear, and can't read it. Besides, there are some forty

[1] They paid him no salary till from July 30, 1833.

perfectly distinct Indian languages in this country, therefore one translation would be of very little use. However, go on and prosper." [1]

George did not receive this letter, which arrived when he was far away; but reflecting that John might return to England and call on the Bible Society, he left these instructions for his mother:—

"Should John return home, by no means let him go near the Bible Society, for he would not do for them. If he sends an answer about the Mexican Gospel, go to Mr. Pilgrim, and let *him* write to the Society the substance of John's reply." [2]

The six months assigned to Mr. Borrow to prepare himself for his special examination expired about the middle of June. He therefore proceeded to London, and presented himself before the Secretaries, Messrs. Andrew Brandram, Joseph Jowett, and John Jackson, who were charged to conduct the business. There were two candidates for the honour of going to Russia, even to do hard work. One was employed in the home office of the Society, and we know the other, what he had suffered during the past ten years; and we can understand the anxiety that torments him now. A hymn in Manchu, addressed to the Great Fûtsa, the Buddha of the Tartars, was handed to each of the candidates, and they were to translate it into English. As they had never seen the text before, the task was not so much a test of memory as of vocabulary. A comparison of the two versions by the reader, proved that Borrow's performance was much

[1] John to George, dated Guanajuato, June 5, 1833; received in Norwich, August 14.

[2] George to his mother, dated London, July 30, on the eve of his departure for Hamburg. John Pilgrim was the trustee of Captain Borrow's will.

the better.[1] He had triumphed at last in something that was practical, something that would "pay." It will lead straight up to the *Bible in Spain*, a good wife, independence, and fame.

The hymn was a pæan—a talisman, like the Portuguese old woman's rosemary. Later he put it into verse, inserted it in his *Targum*, and labelled it a translation from the *Tibetan*, which it was not.[2] Again, six years after, he printed the hymn in his first original work, and this time avowed the truth—"It is from the *Mandchou* that the present version has been made":—

> "Should I Foutsa's force and glory,
> Earth's protector, all unfold,
> Through more years would last my story
> Than has Ganges sands of gold." [3]

Borrow went back to Norfolk to await the result of the meetings. The Sub-Committee would propose the appointment on the 5th of July, and the General Committee would approve or reject it on the 22nd. But there could be little doubt how the decision would turn. Already (if Borrow had only known it!) Mr. Brandram had written to China telling of the MS. Old Testament in Manchu. "We have two young men here," said the letter, "who will sit down with avidity to the manuscript when it arrives in England, and who will then help us to form some judgment about it." [4]

Of the forty-eight original letters from the Bible Society to George Borrow, which are in my possession, none has the chronological interest of the first of the series. For it contains the date and terms of his engagement to go

[1] Caroline Fox, p. 191.

[2] *Targum*, p. 13.

[3] *Zincali*, ii., 99, ed. 1841.

[4] *Chinese Repository*. Canton, 1834, ii., 517. The letter is dated London, May 22, 1833.

to Russia and carry out their instructions. Hence we shall give it entire.

Rev. Joseph Jowett to George Borrow

"Bible Society House, 5 July, 1833.

"G. Borrow, Esq., Willow Lane, St. Giles', Norwich.

"My dear Sir,—Although we must still wait the arrival of the 22nd inst. for a confirmation of the Resolution this morning adopted by a Sub-Committee, to which the consideration of our Mandjurian question has been referred, yet you are so deeply interested in the decision to which there is a probability we may come, that I cannot abstain from giving you some premonitory intimations on the subject; while at the same time I would still have you stand prepared for the possibility of a disappointment after all.

"It is recommended, then, to the General Committee, that your services be engaged for one year, to proceed to St. Petersburgh, to assist Mr. Lipofzoff in the editing of such portions of the Mandchou Testament as we may chuse to print (Luke and the Acts have been resolved upon already), if the Government shall consent to the work being executed there; if not, to assist Rev. William Swan in transcribing and collating the MS. version of a large part of the Old Testament in this language, and to avail yourself meanwhile of all the facilities which may offer for correcting and perfecting your acquaintance with the Mandchou. The Society, it is proposed, shall pay your expenses to and fro, and a salary, while employed by them, at the rate of £200 per annum, to cover all other expenses.

"Now ruminate well on this proposition, and hold yourself in readiness, in case it be palatable to you, to start on your journey without delay, as soon as the above recommendation shall be approved by the General Committee.

"Excuse me if, as a clergyman, and your senior in years though not in talent, I venture, with the kindest of motives, to throw out a hint which may not be without its use. I am sure you will not be offended if I suggest that there is occasionally a tone of confidence in speaking of yourself, which

has alarmed some of the excellent members of our Committee. It may have been this feeling, more than once displayed before, which prepared one or two of them to stumble at an expression in your letter of yesterday, in which, till pointed out, I confess I was not struck with anything objectionable, but at which, nevertheless, a humble Christian might not unreasonably take umbrage. It is where you speak of the prospect of becoming '*useful to the Deity, to man, and to yourself.*' Doubtless you meant, *the prospect of glorifying God;* but the turn of expression made us think of such passages of Scripture as Job xxi. 2; xxxv. 7 and 8; Psalm xvi. 2 and 3.—Believe me, etc., "JOSEPH JOWETT."

That poor Borrow (as they say in Norfolk) gave the Committee ample security that he would thereafter employ the dialect of Earl Street in addressing them, is fully shown by their answer. "The spirit of your last letter," wrote Mr. Jowett, "was truly Christian, in harmony with the rule laid down by Christ Himself, and which in one sense He so wonderfully exemplified, that 'He that humbleth himself shall be exalted.'"

The decisive epistle which confirmed George Borrow's appointment and closed the "veiled period," now exposed for the first time, was received July 24th. It directed him to proceed to town at once, prepared to set out for Hamburg on the 30th.

The affiliation of this "harum-scarum young man" with the grave London Society excited the venom of a certain blue stocking of that generation, living in and about Norwich, and the old Bracondale mansion among the trees fairly shook with the responsive peals of laughter of that Bába Yagá of letters.[1]

"When this polyglott gentleman appeared before the public as a devout agent of the Bible Society in foreign parts, there

[1] *Romany Rye*, p. 145, sm. ed.; *Once a Week*, vi., 572.

was one *burst of laughter* from all who remembered the old Norwich days." [1]

On the other hand, there was living at this time on St. Catherine's Hill, Surrey Road, Norwich, a gentleman by the name of John Venning, who had long been a merchant in St. Petersburg, and his family before him for a hundred years. He was also a Christian philanthropist, a kind of Howard and Wilberforce, well known to the Tsars Alexander and Nicholas I. During his residence in the Russian capital, *i. e.*, from 1793 to 1830, he was the means of establishing there many humane and charitable institutions, and of bringing about prison and police reforms, by reason of the great confidence reposed in him by the Emperor and high officials. Broken down in health at the age of fifty-nine, from the severity of the climate, he was now recruiting in England.

Mr. Venning gave Borrow a number of letters to his friends in St. Petersburg, among whom were Prince Alexander Galitzin, Baron Schilling von Canstadt, Generals Papóf, Pessarovius, etc. His own kind note to our traveller is worthy of record.

Mr. Venning to George Borrow

"Lowestoft, July 25th, 1833.

"My dear Friend Mr. George Borrow,—I send you various letters; but, as they will take from you all sealed papers on your arrival at the Guard-ship at Cronstadt, I leave them open, and you must fold them up as loose letters—but I beg of you to seal, before you deliver, those directed to Prince Galitzin, Mr. Chambeau, Mr. Papof, and the one to my son addressed to E. Hubbard. The one to Various do not seal. Pray write me your opinion of the Lunatic Asylum, Refuge,

[1] Harriet Martineau's *Autobiography*. "The Russians," said Borrow, in a letter to his mother, "do not know as much as the English, but they have not their fiendish, spiteful dispositions."

School, and Prison. Get some one to present you to the Russian Ambassador, Prince Liéven, before you start. You will reap the benefit of it, for the arrival of all foreigners at present in Russia is very precarious, and difficult and suspicious. May the Lord bless you and make you a great blessing there.

Your friend, "J. VENNING."

Borrow took an affectionate leave of his mother on the evening of July 25th, and started for London, according to instructions. The four days were quickly passed in making the final preparations. Many more letters were furnished him from world-renowned houses of commerce having branches in Russia, such as W. Ropes and Co., Thomas Barnes, etc. The Society, likewise, gave him letters to their St. Petersburg bankers, Messrs. Asmus, Simondsen and Co., and one to Samuel Elsner, the well-known philanthropist of Berlin, to serve in case their agent should proceed North by way of Königsberg. This latter document, written in German, contains a very important statement coming from so authoritative a source as the British and Foreign Bible Society. Referring to Mr. Borrow, it says:—

"He is very proficient in various Eastern languages, and for that reason our Society is anxious to utilise his talents in behalf of an edition of the Manchu Scriptures, provided the requisite permission to print in St. Petersburg can be obtained."[1]

Armed with all these auxiliaries for pushing his way in Russia, George Borrow embarked at ten o'clock p.m. of the 30th, on board the General Steam Navigation Company's Packet *Tourist*, which lay at Custom House

[1] "Er ist in verschiedenen Orientalischen Sprachen viel bewandert, daher unsere Gesellschaft seine Fertigkeit gern bei einer etwaigen Ausgabe der Heiligen Schrift in Mandjur, sollte man dazu in Petersburg Erlaubniss bekommen, benutzen möchte."

Wharf. On account of the tide, the vessel did not sail till one o'clock in the morning; so that the exact date of his departure from England was Wednesday, July 31st, 1833.[1]

His last letter to his mother runs as follows:—

"London, July 30th.

"My dearest Mother,—I have paid in for you at the bank the sum of £17, which is, I believe, about what you advanced me. I have been paid thirty pounds to defray my expenses from London to St. Petersburg, and I dare say it will cost me nearly that to get there, as the fare to Hamburg alone is seven guineas![2] My salary commences from the time I set out on my journey, which is to-night; for we must be on board before twelve o'clock, as the steamer starts at one o'clock in the morning. I am loaded with letters of recommendation to some of the first people in Russia. Mr. Venning's packet has arrived with letters to several of the Princes, so that I shall be protected if I am seized as a spy; for the Emperor is particularly cautious as to the foreigners whom he admits. It costs £2 7*s*. 6*d*. merely for permission to go to Russia, which alone is enough to deter most people (!)

"I shall write to you shortly after I get to St. Petersburg, etc., etc.—Your affectionate son,

"G. Borrow."

They were three full days making the 482 miles, reaching Hamburg early on the 3rd of August. Our traveller had a most disagreeable passage, found the "ship bad, the people uncivil, the sea rough, and the wind contrary." Of course, with the discomforts of the second cabin, he suffered severely from seasickness, which brought on an attack of his old malady "the Horrors." However, the doctors administered remedies which promptly dispelled them, so that he was soon on his feet

[1] The *Times* of August 1, 1833; Letters from Russia.

[2] Second cabin. The first cabin was £10.

wandering about the town.[1] Among the streets none seemed to attract him so much as the one that leads to Altona, the *Judengasse* of Hamburg.[2] Of his Jews he visited some who were deeply read in Rabbinical lore, able to quote from both Talmuds[3] and from the book Zohar.[4] He was rather sorry to see that the greater part were not strict Jews; "for," added he, "I prefer a superstition, especially when founded on such a mountain of learning as the Jewish is, to heartless infidelity, with which those of this place are too much tainted."

On the 4th he made a flying trip to Bremen, to which he cleverly alludes in one of his works.[5] He was back in Hamburg on the 6th, and the following day he set out for Lübeck. In one of his letters he thus describes the shocking road:—

"I left Hamburg on the 7th for Lubeck, another of the Hanseatic towns, distant about thirty English miles. This little journey occupied thirteen hours, for it lies over a road of which no one but an eye-witness can form an adequate conception. It is paved at intervals with huge masses of unhewn rock, and over this pavement the carriage was very prudently driven at a snail's pace; for, had anything approaching speed been attempted, the entire demolition of the wheels in a few minutes must have been the necessary result. No sooner had we quitted this terrible pavement than we sank to our axle-trees in sand, mud, and water; for, to render the journey perfectly delectable, the rain fell in torrents and ceaselessly. This road belongs to the King of Denmark, as it runs through a part of

[1] "On landing at Hamburgh, I was so exhausted from sickness and from want of sleep, that my old complaint, the *horrors*, came instantly upon me, and a physician had to be sent for, who gave me laudanum, which soon recovered me."—G. B. to his Mother, August 3/15, 1833.

[2] The Neue Steinweg, mentioned in the *Bible in Spain* (iii., 286; or p. 300) as the "Neuen Stein Steg."

[3] The Babylonian and Jerusalem Talmuds.

[4] Mystic Commentary on the *Torah*, or Law of Moses.

[5] *Bible in Spain*, iii., 286; and ed. in one vol., p. 300.

Holstein, and its badness, and possibly the state of the weather, are to be attributed to his ill-nature; for, having escaped from his dominion, I was instantly upon an excellent paved road of about three miles in length, which reached to Lubeck."

On the 8th of August he continued his journey to Travemünde on the Baltic, and the next morning embarked on the Russian steamer *Nikolai*.

"On board this vessel," he goes on to say, "I passed my time so agreeably amongst a moderate number of genteel, well-bred, and intelligent passengers, that I was almost sorry when we reached Petersburg, which we did after a passage of only seventy-two hours, during which the sea exhibited the smoothness of a mill-pond, and the wind was invariably favourable."

This unprecedented run of three days brought him to the Cronstadt Guard-ship on the 12th of our reckoning, which we must now abandon for the next two years. Having little luggage and a formidable array of "letters to the Princes," he was spared the annoyances so graphically described by Miss Rigby, his townswoman.[1] It was, however, the 1/13, that is, the first day of August in Russia and the thirteenth at home, when he stepped on the English Quay (*Ángliiski Béreg*), in front of the Street of the Gallies (*Galérnaia Úlitsa*).

For the first three months Borrow lodged at the house of Mr. Egerton Hubbard, at No. 221 of the above-mentioned street—*v dómié Baróna Shabó*. This "Maison Chabot" was pulled down more than fifty years ago, to give place to a new bridge over the Nevá, connecting Basil Island (*Vasilii Óstrof*) with the English Quay.

On the 3/15, or two days after his arrival, he was pre-

[1] *Letters from the Baltic*. London, 1842. (By Miss Elizabeth Rigby, of Norwich—later Lady Eastlake.)

sented to Prince Galitzen by Mr. James Venning, the son of the Norwich gentleman. The same day the Prince wrote the latter:—

"Your son came to-day to introduce to me the Englishman who has come over here about the translation of the Manchu Bible, and who brought with him your letter." [1]

[1] *Memorials*, pp. 148, 149.

SECTION III

RUSSIA

(1833–35)

CHAPTER XVII

(1833–1834)

St. Petersburg—The City—Friends: Hasfeldt; Gretch, father and son; Adelung; Baron Schilling—Transcription and Collation—The Permission to Print—Rejoicing in London—Overland to China—"Noble Offer."

GEORGE BORROW was now in his element. The city, the people, everything, elicited his warmest admiration. To his mother he wrote in the most glowing strain:—

"Petersburg is the finest city in the world. London, Paris, Madrid, and other capitals which I have visited, are not worthy to hold a candle to it. There are hundreds of enormous palaces, streets miles in length and as straight as an arrow. The Nefski Perspective is nearly three miles long, and is floored with wood. In a word, I can do little else but look and wonder."

To Mr. Gurney he was yet more enthusiastic:—

"Notwithstanding I had previously heard and read much of the beauty and magnificence of the Russian capital, I confess that what I have beheld has surpassed my expectations. There cannot be a doubt that it is the finest city in Europe, being pre-eminent for the grandeur of its public edifices and the length and regularity of its streets. The princely and rapid Nevá, a river of the width of the Thames, intersects it, and on each side of this river there is a superb, granite-faced quay, which affords one of the most delightful walks imaginable. . . .

"There is in this place a singular mixture of Europeanism and Orientalism highly interesting to the attentive observer. The beard twelve inches long, and the peculiar dress of the lower and middle ranks of the Russians, contrast wonderfully with the close shaven chins and common-fashioned habiliments of the upper classes and foreigners.

"The English here, according to their usual custom abroad, live apart, residing chiefly in what is denominated the English Line. They associate only with each other, and have in consequence a very imperfect knowledge of the language, manners, and character of the Russians. Upon the whole, they constitute a highly respectable body, and many of the merchants of the factory rank among the most opulent people of Petersburg. I have experienced considerable civility from several of them, and upon my arrival was kindly invited by one of them to take up my abode with him until I could procure myself a convenient habitation."

Borrow was thus received with great cordiality by the English and other foreign residents, and even more so by the Russians, when they understood the respectable mission which had brought him to their shores.

No sooner was he domiciled in the Maison Chabot when he made the acquaintance of a Danish gentleman of the same age and Christian name as his brother. John P. Hatzfeldt, or as he wrote it later, Hasfeldt, was born either at Hirschholm or Egning—it is not clear which—December 17, 1800. After serving some years in the Foreign Office at Copenhagen, he migrated to St. Petersburg in September, 1830. There he was attached to the Legation of his country as *Interpres Regius*, but soon had a variety of occupations from which he derived small, but fixed, annuities. He was a member of the Russian Marine Corps, with 800 rubles per annum, and teacher in a cadet school at 1200. But his chief employment during those long Northern winters, when the Court and the nobility were in town, was to give public instruction in

European languages, from which eventually he gathered a handsome revenue. Although well acquainted with Danish, Swedish, German, English, Russian, and French, he mostly confined himself to lecturing in Russian on the English language and literature, before large and distinguished audiences.

Between Borrow and Hasfeldt an intimate friendship sprung up that developed into a long correspondence which lasted till Borrow ceased to exchange letters with any one. They were all written in Danish on very thin paper in a very fine hand, some of them consisting of fifteen to twenty pages, and extending from 1835 to 1849, giving reminiscences and the gossip of St. Petersburg during all those years. The two friends met at Oulton in 1852, and again in 1857. From that date all trace of the Dane disappears from the records, and all my efforts in Denmark and Russia to learn the last tidings of his life have proved fruitless.

Hasfeldt was a man of great talent and knew Borrow thoroughly. From the correspondence his profound attachment to him may be discerned.

I translate a few extracts by way of illustration:—

"To-day I was thinking, 'Where can he have gone?' when my comforter, the red-bearded *artelstchik*, came in, bringing the 'rum runes' of friendship. I was so rejoiced to behold thy tall tracks that I rushed at the letter as the eagle darts upon his prey, quickly broke the mysterious fastenings of the seal, and read with tears in my eyes how very very far my friend is from me."

"Baron Chabot's house is being pulled down to give place to a new bridge. Thus in a short time all traces of our first acquaintance at Petersburg will have passed away. But it does not matter so long as I can still hold on to my tall, grey-haired friend; for I know not where I should find such another."

His *tædium vitæ*—cynicism, if you will—may be deduced from a few quotations:—

"There is no one who has taken your place in my friendship. Men in general are a bore to me; the world is a bore. Nothing diverts me; I eat and drink because I am hungry and thirsty, but satisfaction have I none; I cannot purchase it, for it is not to be found in all the bazaars of the Nefski Perspective."

"I disdain the world too thoroughly to fret over its petty cares. Thaarup says, you know:

'*Den hele Jord er knap en Taare værd!*'[1]

So, why should I fret?"

"Be of good cheer, for we can gain nothing by being churlish."

"I am just now fishing for some good berth or other in Russia; but that it may be a desirable one the cards must be played adroitly, so that they will come to me and ask me if I will have a piece of meat. When it gets so far, I shall inquire if it is fat and nice, and so take it—all that I can. You know well enough that when you are not hungry, all are ready to offer you bread. I too have studied my philosophy in the never-to-be-forgotten *Owl Glass*. I hope you read him diligently and walk in his footsteps."[2]

[1] "The whole earth is scarcely worth a tear."—*Thomas Thaarup* (1792-1821).

[2] I found among Borrow's books and papers that fell into my hands a dilapidated copy of Till's *Owl Glass*, with this title:—"Wunderliche und seltsame Historie Tillens Eulenspiegels, eines Bauern Sohn, aus dem Lande zu Braunschweig gebürtig. Welche aus Niedersächsischer Sprache ins Hochdeutsche übersetzt, und sehr kurzweilig zu lesen. [Wood cut.] Aus Verlangen sehr vieler guten Freunde aufs neue wieder aufgelegt. Gedruckt in diesem Jahre. Frankfurth a. d. O. bei Trowitzsch u. Sohn."—A—K in 8's (pp. 160). *Plates*. Not mentioned in Mackenzie's edition, 1890. London (Trübner).

Such was the man from whose letters my information concerning Borrow in Russia and even in England is in some measure derived, and from whom we shall learn more as we proceed.

Another of his acquaintances was Nikolaï Ivánovitch Gretch, designated by the Dane as "He of the Goggles," whose son Alexis was the editor of the *Northern Bee*, a review of some note in the thirties and forties. Every student of Russian knows Gretch the Elder, who ever waded through his old quarto Grammar written in German, as we did just two score years ago, nor have we found a clearer or a better one since those days. Both the father and the son were very fond of "tall George," and never wearied of talking about him. They subsequently made him famous in Russia by their articles on him and his works published in the *Northern Bee*.

A third friend who was of great consequence to Borrow was Friedrich von Adelung, nephew of the author of the well-known philological work cited below.[1] This eminent *savant* took a special interest in the Bible Society's agent and in his pursuits, furnishing him with books and manuscripts in various Oriental languages to aid him in furthering his knowledge of the Tartar and Mongolian tongues.

And finally, Baron Schilling himself seems to have put his immense collection at Borrow's service in the most liberal manner.

"The Baron," says he in one of his letters, "is a nobleman of great learning and liberality. His library and museum are stocked with literary treasures and other curiosities which he has gathered at a vast outlay in China, Mongolia, and other parts of the East. That he spares no expense in collecting may be inferred from the following fact. Whilst in Mongolia

[1] *Mithridates oder Allgemeine Sprachenkunde mit dem Vater Unser als Sprachprobe in beynahe fünfhundert Sprachen und Mundarten.* By J. C. Adelung (1732-1806) and J. S. Vater (1771-1826). Berlin, 1806-1817, 4 vols., 8vo.

he saw in a heathen temple some religious books which he desired to possess. The priests of the temple, who prized those books most highly, for a long time resolutely refused to part with them. At last they made him an offer which he agreed to, namely, that he should have the books provided he caused to be printed and sent to them for distribution *one hundred million* of copies of the hexalogic mystical prayer used by all followers of the Lamaite or Tibetan religion. This prayer of six words is in the Tibetan language, and the devotees amongst the heathen repeat it almost incessantly, even when engaged in conversation, speaking a sentence and repeating the prayer alternately. Here it is in the Mongolian character [which we omit]: *Oum . Ma . Ni . Bat . Mi . Houm.*[1]

"Baron Schilling possesses all the best works which have issued from the Pekin press in Chinese, Mandchou, and Mongolian. Amongst these is a very singular and interesting book, which he has had the kindness to lend me. It is in Mandchou, and is a history of the Mongol race, particularly of the exploits of their celebrated Khan Genghis, who conquered the whole of Tartary and the greatest part of China, and whose children and grandchildren, at one time, bade fair to overrun with their huge armies the whole of the then known world. I have commenced a translation of this work, and hope to complete it before my return to England."

No wonder, then, that Borrow, who had so yearned and thirsted and longed for opportunities to study languages, like many another before his day and since, was now running over with gratitude and joy, in view of the unlimited possibilities held out to him by the contact with Russian scholars. No wonder that he adds at the close of the letter from which we have already quoted so much—too much, perhaps—these notable words:—

"I consider myself especially favoured by Providence in having been permitted to come to St. Petersburg, where I enjoy facilities for the acquisition of languages which I certainly

[1] See *Romany Rye*, p. 9, sm. ed.

should meet with nowhere else, and by which I hope the Lord in His mercy will permit me to profit by preserving my health and causing me still to take an interest in what has hitherto constituted one of my chiefest delights. What I principally apprehend is the loss of this interest; for it is too often the case that when the objects for which we have long sighed are within our reach, they become indifferent to us, and we will not stretch out our hands to make them our own, and only recover our zest for them when they are removed; then, indeed, we are astonished at our stupidity, and crave for the return of the chance which we lost by our own fault, and which seldom offers itself a second time."

But George Borrow had been sent to Russia to work and not to amuse himself with literature or literary men. His duties were clearly laid down in the official letter of July 5th, and so from his very arrival he began to co-operate with Mr. Swan in carrying forward the transcription of the Peking MS. Bible. Not to weary the general reader, I will simply state that this occupied them both till far into October, while the thorough collation of their copy with the original employed them for the remainder of the year 1833.

The manuscript completed and despatched to London, together with a report concerning their estimate of its value, Mr. Swan departed for his station in Siberia, and Mr. Borrow settled down to the proper work which had brought him to St. Petersburg. This stage of his duties synchronised with the opening of the new year.

The exact account of all the difficulties that beset his pathway in the great task before him, and the obstacles which he overcame one by one by the exercise of an indomitable energy, can now never be fully known. The story was drawn out of him by an official complaint, and was consigned by him in two letters addressed to Mr. Jowett in the autumn of 1834.[1] But these important

[1] Dated October 8/20 and 13/25.

letters, as indeed almost all that he wrote to the Bible Society during the eight years of his association with them, do not appear to have been preserved. At all events, the present Secretary knows nothing of their whereabouts. Borrow's own archives, however, were more secure, and thanks to them, a tolerably clear outline of the work done may still be gleaned from the sources in my possession.[1]

The enthusiasm of Messrs. Brandram and Jowett had gone on accumulating intensity, until, in lieu of the publication of St. Luke and the Acts, as previously intended, they resolved to commit to the press the entire New Testament, translated into Manchu by Mr. Lipóftsof. It must be understood, once for all, that this New Testament to be printed at St. Petersburg, under the sole direction and responsibility of George Borrow, was no pocket edition of a common book; rather, it was a work consisting of eight volumes in 4to, numbering one thousand pages. Furthermore, it was the first time that the Scriptures in this language had ever been printed, save the specimen of St. Matthew issued twelve years before. The perplexing nature of the alphabet can be best exhibited to the eye by the reproduction of a fragment of the text in question. It must be read by columns from right to left.

The whole weight, then, of this delicate business fell upon Borrow alone. The translator had become a member of the *Tsenzúrny Comitét*, or Board of Censors, and was therefore incapacitated from taking an active part in pushing the preliminary steps. Besides, the government had evinced a certain hostility to the cause by suppressing the Russian Bible Society, and refusing all permission to reproduce the then exhausted Scriptures, in modern

[1] Borrow's letters to his mother, Mr. Cunningham, Mr. J. J. Gurney; the Society's, his mother's, Mr. Cunningham's and Mrs. Clarke's to G. B.—have all been gathered and preserved.

Russ. Mr. Lipóftsof wisely took the hint, which doubtless he was personally inclined to do, in view of his age and the pressure of public duties in the Asiatic section of the Foreign Office.

The first preliminary step, and by no means the least difficult one of all, even to those who were well acquainted with the ins and outs of red-tapeism in Russia, was to obtain the formidable *imprimatur* for so suspicious a book as the Bible. However, by the aid of the Hon J. D. Bligh, the British Minister, acting unofficially through Baron Schilling, the coveted document was secured in the month of February.

There was great rejoicing in Earl Street when the glad tidings arrived; and the good brethren promised that ere long the "Steppes of Tartary should flourish as the garden of the Lord." In the exuberance of their gratitude they voted a handsome present to the Baron, a present such as a Muscovite bigwig might decorously accept, and a bibliomaniac delight in, namely, a copy of the Chinese Bible—of the large size, mind you—together with the more readable Voyages of Gutzlaf, Lindsay, and Amherst.

Nor was our George disposed to be outdone in self-denial by his more cautious contemporaries and chiefs. He too would lay his offering—his מִנְחָה—upon the altar, even "in the noontide of his mortal life." In March he formally proposed to the Committee that, after the printing was over, he should undertake the distribution of the one thousand copies, or the eight thousand parts, of the Manchu New Testament in the benighted regions of the then Far East. That, in his own words, he "would wander, Testament in hand, overland to Peking," by way of Lake Baïkal and Kiakhta, "with side-glances at Tartar hordes." The Committee were astonished at the boldness of the "noble offer" their agent made them; but in their reply they were unable to say at that moment

whether "such a scheme would be found to lie within the range of safe and prudent speculation." Evidently, however, it made a deep impression upon their minds, and the subject will be constantly surging up in their correspondence till the climax came.

A SPECIMEN OF THE MOUSEI ECHEN ISUS GHERISTOS I TUTA PUHA ITCHE GHESE, OR, THE NEW TESTAMENT IN MANCHU-TARTAR.

CHAPTER XVIII

(1834–1835)

Preparations for Printing—Cleansing the Type—Beneze's Plant—Pundit and Compositor—Strikes and *Na Vodku*—Home Letters—The Society Complains—"What is Mr. Borrow Doing?"—The Answer—Great Satisfaction—Mrs. Clarke of Oulton—The Conclusion—Eulogy—On to Kiakhta!—The Imperial Veto—Novgórod and Moscow—Russian Fanaticism.

SOME weeks elapsed before the necessary authorisation to proceed with the work reached St. Petersburg.[1] The interval, however, had not been wasted. A Tartar "pundit," Ali Makisha by name, had been engaged, to further the more practical acquisition of spoken and written Manchu, and much time was likewise devoted to the language of the country.

Another occupation that engaged Borrow during this period was the rehabilitation of the font of type abandoned since the inundation of 1824 in the vaults of the Sarepta house. Ten years of rust and damp had not left them, it may be conceived, in a state fit for immediate use. They were, therefore, inspected, and found to be stuck together in one solid mass. Borrow spent whole weeks in dissecting and cleansing them one by one, thus fitting them anew to perform their legitimate office.

By this time the authorisation from home having been received, together with a credit of £700, he proceeded to contract for the paper and to engage his printers. Fortunately there was at that time in St. Petersburg a Ger-

[1] Early in June, 1834.

man printing-house under the firm name of Schulz and Beneze. Borrow succeeded in detaching H. Beneze (I know not whether Heinrich or Hermann), who set up an office with German compositors, devoted exclusively to the impression of the Manchu Scriptures. But alas! not one of them understood the mysteries of the Tartar alphabet with its delicate diacritic points and numerous almost identical letters. An additional claim on the Director's energy and perseverance. He must himself turn pundit and fellow-craftsman. So he taught them to set up the type; he worked with them for months.[1] Then when they had become skilled workmen, they murmured, grew insolent, complained of the hard work and small pay. What should he do? Russian type-setters were out of the question; they had too many holidays, and besides were not steady—could not be relied on. Not wishing to appear to have been vanquished, he refused to increase their wages, but offered them occasional presents or gratuities—*Trinkgeld, na vodku*—which the Society cheerfully approved, *vodka* and all!

And thus the work went bravely on. Our Danish friend wrote long after:—

"I well remember how you toiled over your Mandshur Testament; how thin you grew, and how you almost killed Beneze and his lads."

A letter to his mother at this period gives us also a glimpse of his intense application:—

"I am exceedingly sorry that I have not been able to write to you before, but I have been so much occupied that I have scarcely time to eat or sleep. I have to correct the manuscript and the press, to superintend the printers and the binder; in a word, all the weight of this immense undertaking hangs on my shoulders."

[1] *Athenæum*, March 5, 1836, p. 177. Article by Hasfeldt.

Nor were words of encouragement wanting from home. Mrs. Borrow wrote to her son in September:—

"There has been a Bible meeting all this week, and your name was sounded through the Hall both by Mr. Gurney and Mr. Cunningham. They said you had left home and your dearest friends to go to a foreign land to translate and edit the Manchu. They hoped your fellow-citizens would offer up their prayers to Almighty God for health and strength to enable you to get through your great work. Mr. Cunningham held up your [last] letter in his hand and said it was most interesting—and much more. All this is very pleasing to me. God bless you!"

Mrs. Clarke of Oulton Hall likewise wrote:—

"You were mentioned at many of the Bible meetings this year, and dear Mr. Cunningham spoke so nicely of you at our Oulton gathering held in a malt office near Mutford Lock where you left the coach to come to us just two years ago [November, 1832], and, as I am not afraid of making you proud, I will tell you one of his remarks. He mentioned you as one of the most extraordinary and interesting individuals of the present day. I believe you have done far more than any of them expected."

Meanwhile, the Society, ignorant of all that had been achieved, complained. Not a word had come from Russia to satisfy their interest in the progress of the printing. In October, Mr. Jowett ventured to remonstrate.

"Now you are sufficiently aware," wrote he on the 7th, "that the publication of the Mandchu Scriptures is a work in which our Committee have taken a very lively interest. You may, therefore, readily conceive of their disappointment at receiving so very few notices of your progress. . . . You ought to reflect that the Committee who stand between you and the public, should be enabled to give an answer to the

question, 'What is Mr. Borrow doing?' And it should also be considered that the Society lives in the public estimation by the knowledge of its difficulties, trials, and hopes, as detailed in the Reports of its agents.

"You can have no difficulty in furnishing me with such monthly information as may satisfy the Committee that they are not expending a large sum of money in vain. It would be well if you would occasionally inform me of the manner in which some critical difficulty has been surmounted by the translator, or editor, or both united, not to mention the advance already made in actual printing."

The reception of this letter, which I have given in a very abridged form, called forth from Borrow a full and frank statement of all the facts, consigned in two letters. Those documents, as we have observed before, are lost; but the reply to them from the Bible House furnishes a clue to their contents.

"It is my very agreeable office," wrote Mr. Jowett on the 18th of November, "to add a declaration of the Committee's high satisfaction with the manner in which you have carried forward the Society's work and maintained its interests. If there was anything in my last letter to cause you pain, I do most sincerely regret it; and yet I scarcely know how to be sorry for what has been the occasion of drawing from you what you might otherwise have kept locked up in your own breast—the very interesting story of your labours, vexations, disappointments, vigilance, address, perseverance, and successes. How you were able in your solitude to keep up your spirits in the face of so many impediments, apparently insurmountable, I know not. I can only refer it to the blessing of a kind and gracious Providence watching over the execution of a work in which the wide extension of the Saviour's glory is involved. Do not fear that *we* should in any way interrupt your proceedings. We know our interests too well to interfere with an agent who has shown so much address in planning, and so much diligence in effecting, the execution of our

wishes. It is, however, particularly requested that you will transmit an account of all extra expenses which you find necessary for promoting the speedy accomplishment of your task, in order that they may be discharged. I allude, you perceive, to such things as your journies *huc et illuc* in quest of a better market, and to the occasional bribes to disheartened workmen. In all matters of this kind, the Society is clearly your debtor."

The two letters to which the above was a response, must have stirred the conservative body to whom they were addressed in no common degree. They were sent about to be read by select friends of the Bible Society, and thus passing from place to place, and from hand to hand, finally reached the sponsors of George Borrow at Earlham and Lowestoft. Mr. Cunningham, in his turn, joyfully delivered them over to Mrs. Clarke, and from her letter of December 13th we cull these words:—

"The descriptions and cheerful strain of your letters to me led me to hope that your exertions, although laborious and difficult, were not so rough and trying as I find they have really been. I think I hear you exclaim: 'How can Mrs. Clarke possibly know anything more than I have communicated to her?'[1] I will unfold the mystery. Last week I had in my possession two letters written by your own hand to the Rev. J. Jowett dated in October. They were sent about, and at last came for Mr. Cunningham's perusal, who forwarded them to Oulton. Thus we are put in possession of those wonderful achievements which I feel sure no mortal without divine help could possibly have accomplished.

"We rejoice in your having now comparatively an easy task before you, but we feel for your past anxiety and suffering, and sincerely hope your health is again re-established; for what can be done without it? I think you did perfectly right when the question was asked, 'What is Mr. Borrow about?' to answer it fully, and I am glad it was drawn out of you and

[1] Mr. Borrow's correspondence with Mrs. Clarke began October, 1833.

not 'kept locked up in your own breast.' . . . How much you have been able to save the Society by good management and perseverance! for, as you remark, the money ought to be carefully expended, especially when we glance at what there is to do, and the supplies that are needed."

I need not pursue further the incidents that occurred to George Borrow in the editing and printing of the Manchu Scriptures. It will be sufficient to remark that the four Gospels were completed at the close of the year 1834, and the remainder by July 31st, 1835. The whole edition of one thousand copies was ready for use early in September (*N.S.*).

That the work was correctly printed may be inferred from the long critical article published on it in the *Chinese Repository*.[1] Nothing is said there or elsewhere of inaccuracies; Borrow's name is only mentioned as the editor and a Protestant. The critique chiefly concerns itself with the choice made in the translation of certain theological terms, such as *God*, *soul*, *Spirit*, etc. A short notice of this work and the *Targum* appeared in the *Athenæum* of 1836, written by Hasfeldt. This item was utilised in 1851 by Thomas Gordon Hake, M.D., then of Bury St. Edmund's, for an article on *Lavengro*.[2]

But the most estimable encomium is that which the Bible Society published in their official Report for the year 1835, and which reads as follows:—

"The printing of the Mandchou New Testament in St. Petersburg is now drawing to a conclusion. Mr. G. Borrow, who has had to superintend the work, has in every respect afforded satisfaction to the Committee. They have reason to believe that his acquirements in the language are of the most respectable order; while the devoted diligence with which he

[1] Canton, 1848, vol. xvii., p. 308. See also pp. 352–353.

[2] *Athenæum* for March 5, 1836, p. 177.—*New Monthly Magazine* for April, 1851, vol. xci., pp. 460–461.

has laboured, and the skill he has shown in surmounting difficulties, and in conducting his negociations for the advantage of the Society, justly entitle him to this public acknowledgment of his services." [1]

George Borrow had not forgotten the overland Bible expedition to China, which so stirred the hearts of the home Board in March, 1834. The time had now come to take steps to carry out that tremendous scheme. Mr. Jackson had written in November of the same year to this effect:—

"'Thus far,' you will say, 'and not one word of Kiakhta!' —Well, be not disheartened, even though the Committee postpone for the present the consideration of your enterprising, not to say intrepid, proposal. Thus much, however, I may venture to say: That the offer is more likely to be accepted now, than when you first made it. If, when the time approaches for executing such a plan, you give us reason to believe that a more mature consideration of it in all its bearings still leaves you in hope of a successful result, and in heart for making the attempt—my own opinion is that the offer will ultimately be accepted, and that very cordially."

And accepted it was, a year later, in the early autumn of 1835. But, in the interval between the offer and its acceptation, much had occurred to dilute the enthusiasm and chill the ardour of the proponent. His mother and Mrs. Clarke of Oulton stoutly opposed the projected perilous expedition. Since the death of John, George was the sole stay and comfort of his now aged and widowed parent, who seems from her very marriage to have had little intercourse with her own family. Mrs. Clarke had written:—

"I must tell you that your letter chilled me when I read your intention of going as a Missionary or Agent, with the

[1] Thirty-first Report, London, 1835, p. lxxi.

Mandchou Scriptures in your hand, to the Tartars, that land of incalculable dangers; but of course you will not suffer your zeal to cause you to act unadvisedly, but wait direction from Him who never errs, and a clear evidence that this path of danger is your path of duty."

Borrow, however, did not shrink from his engagement. When the time arrived, he made application for a passport to proceed across European and Asiatic Russia to the frontier town of Kiakhta. The passport was refused, and the project nipped in the bud. There was no more to be said. The *non possum* of the true Bátyushka was a wall as unscalable as that of China, and it decided the question.

Mr. Browne, the official historian of the Bible Society, declared in 1859:—

"Mr. Borrow applied to the Russian government for permission to go himself to distribute the Manchu New Testament. *This, however, was not granted*, and the whole impression was brought over to this country, whence, as opportunities have offered, copies have been sent to China." [1]

And Mr. Brandram wrote to Borrow in 1837:—

"I often think of *your not being able to get a passport for Manchuria*. I look at our Manchou Testaments as so much seed laid up in the granary; but 'it is not yet written' that the sowers are to go forth." [2]

Then what in the name of justice and fair-dealing did the same Mr. Brandram mean, when he wrote these words to the same George Borrow in 1838?—"I trust we shall not easily forget your services in St. Petersburgh; but

[1] Rev. George Browne's *History of the British and Foreign Bible Society*. London, 1859, i., 517.

[2] Letter of November 15, 1837.

suffer me to remind you that when you came to the point of *distribution*, your success ended." [1]

Was it want of success to be met, on the very threshold of an expedition that appalled the world even thirty years later, by the formidable *Nolo* of Nicholas I. ? I have long since had occasion to observe that there is such a thing as fallibility even in religious corporations.

George Borrow's mission to Russia was limited to the editing and printing of a difficult work, and that mission was faithfully and satisfactorily discharged. There his mandate expired. He had received no other proposition at all. And if in his generous enthusiasm he offered himself voluntarily as a sacrifice to Bible distribution in the Far Orient by the then only possible route, the Tsar's refusal to sanction it abrogated it, nullified it, if you please. It was not renewed, and the new departure—*the way by sea*—was an afterthought of the Committee, by which their late agent was in no sense bound. It descended to the common grade of a new proposition for employment, and as such he would doubtless have treated it, had it not been for the turn of events in Spain.

But Borrow always *believed* that he went to Kiakhta, China, and over the East, and so did the readers of his books. "Did it never strike you," wrote his Danish friend on one occasion, "how much you resemble the good hidalgo Don Quijote de la Mancha ? To my notion, you might readily pass for his son."

While the binders were engaged with the final details of their contract, Mr. Borrow, perceiving that the month of August would not require his presence in the capital, resolved to employ it in a journey to Novgórod and Moscow. Of this run to Moscow and back by diligence we can particularise little that is new; no record of it is extant, save the few scattered fragments found in his writings, and in a mutilated manuscript account drawn up in

[1] Letter of June 29, 1838—when their relations were strained.

Norwich, and dated September 23, 1835. A part of this letter, in so far as it relates to the *Tsygány*, or Gpysies of Russia, was handed to the editor of the *Athenæum*, and published in that journal.[1] The same, with additional matter, was incorporated into the section on Russian Gypsies in Borrow's work on those of Spain.[2] There he relates what he saw "on the meadow before Novo Gorod, where stood the encampment of a numerous horde." This was doubtless the spot where he met Baron Taylor the second time; for he says in the *Bible in Spain:* "I saw him first at Bayonne [in 1826]; then, long subsequently, beneath the brick wall at Novogorod."[3] In the *Athenæum* letter and in my original, Borrow cites his visit to Maryna Roshtcha, a suburb of Moscow, and tells us how the Tsygány received him and his speech in English Romany, with a "*Kak my tut kamasa!*" (How we love thee!)[4]

The Kremlin, and the Bell of Moscow, with other remarks about that city, are made the subject of discourse in *Wild Wales* on p. 313 of the recent editions.

But in the original letter of which I have spoken a tragic incident is mentioned that has never seen the light of day. It had evidently just occurred at some *hostínitsa*, or hostelry, where Borrow had stopped on his way to Moscow, and was related to illustrate the intense fanaticism of the Russian people. A gentleman with his young son came to the inn on a certain fast day (August 1/13 ?), and demanded cream at his repast. The host urged him, in view of the sacred character of the day, to use lemons instead of cream. "No, I will have no lemons," said

[1] August 20, 1836, pp. 587, 588.

[2] *Zincali*, i., pp. 5–11.

[3] *Bible in Spain*, i., 319.

[4] Of Borrow's *kak mitute camama*, *kak* and *my* (not *mi*) are pure Russian; *tut* and *kamasa* (not *camama*) are Gypsy. He strove to correct his phrase in the small edition (p. 5) into *Kak camenna tute, prala!* but the verb is still wrong.

the gentleman, "and if you do not bring me what I want, I shall complain of you to the *Natchálnik* [governor of the district], and have you punished."—"Then you insist on having the cream?"—"I do." The cream was brought, the repast concluded, and the father and son retired for the night. The son slept in a small cabinet communicating with his father's chamber. Some time after midnight he was awakened by a tremendous blow in his father's apartment, which was instantly followed by a dreadful groan. He got up and rushed to the spot where his father lay. There stood the innkeeper brandishing an immense axe with which he had just crushed the unfortunate gentleman's skull. The poor boy uttered a shriek of horror; but the man, turning upon him his wild fierce countenance, said: "Be quiet. I intend you no harm. You are guiltless, and I have only done my duty in punishing an accursed wretch who has brought dishonour on me and on my house, which can never be washed away. He compelled me to cause the fast to be broken under my roof; but he has now got his deserts." He then flung down the axe, and went off. In the morning he submitted very quietly to the police, without making the slightest attempt to escape or to deny the deed, which he considered in the light of a highly meritorious action. At the date of the letter from which we derive these facts, the prisoner was declared to be on his way to Siberia.

CHAPTER XIX

(1834–35)

The Last Night in St. Petersburg—The Brorskål and the Shekel—The Passport—The Departure—The Review—Extracts from Epistles (1833 to 1834).

BORROW was back in St. Petersburg on the 1st of September of our reckoning, and after settling his accounts with Beneze and shipping his "Bibles" to England, he made his private arrangements to follow them.

On the night of the 27th of August, that is, the 8th of September, 1835, the two friends, Borrow and Hasfeldt, met to celebrate in due and ancient form their prospective long separation. Hasfeldt after the morrow would not behold the face of "tall George" again in seventeen years. When that day does arrive, the one will be a man of fifty-two, and the other will be turned forty-nine. The one will have conserved his genial nature and his independence, while the other will have sacrificed both, and have begun the descent into a churlish, soured, old age. But now they were yet young, and sat together in Hasfeldt's apartments on the corner of the Rue des Pois and the Grande Marine, on this said 8th of September evening. They had a jug of ale between them on the table, from which they took occasional draughts, alternating with fitful cries of "Old England," "Gamle Norge," and the loyal chorus: *Bózhe Tsaryá Khrani!*

At last they rose, and solemnly drank the *Brorskål* of Scandinavia, Hasfeldt draining the jug with these words:

> "*Han kan ikke döe, uden at han först skriver:*
> *Nu drikker jeg den sidste Draabe af Kruset.*"

And so parted the two brothers after exchanging a gift. Now the gift of the Dane was a genuine Jewish *shekel.*[1]

Grant us to join in the wassail, free from the shadow of an interpreter![2]

The next day, September 9th (*N. S.*), Borrow repaired to Cronstadt, and took the regular packet for Lübeck, Hamburg, and home. He had been absent a little more than two years.

His passport deserves a moment's notice. It was made out in Russian, with a German translation. His age was set down at twenty-eight; it was in fact thirty-two years and two months. The official description of his person was as follows:—stature, *tall;* hair, *grey;* face, *oval;* forehead, *medium;* eyebrows, (German) *grey*, (Russian) *blond;* eyes, *brown;* nose and mouth, *medium;* chin, *round.*[3] The document was dated August 28th, that is, September 9th, 1835, and, though good for three weeks, we know he left the same day by the Cronstadt *visa.*

And now, while he sails over the Baltic with his face turned homeward, let us linger a while with the friend he abandons, and review the traces of his short campaign in Russia—especially the incidents of his life and his literary activity while resident in St. Petersburg. As we anticipate the judgment of our readers, they will not chide us if we first appeal to his letters.

[1] *Bible in Spain*, ed. 1888, p. 300.

[2] "Old Norway!" "God, preserve the Tsar!"—"Neither can die without first writing to the other: Now drain I the last drop of the jug."

[3] This *signalement* reminds us of Leonora's "Grey, tall, and talks Rommany."—*Lavengro*, iii., 47; or p. 220.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

1. *George Borrow to Rev. F. Cunningham.*

"St. Petersburgh, October 18/30, 1833.

"I am sorry to say that this country, in respect to religion, is in almost as lamentable a state as the darkest regions of the East, and the blame of this rests entirely with the Greek hierarchy, who discountenance all efforts for the improvement of the people. They, poor creatures, are exceedingly willing to receive instruction, and, notwithstanding the scantiness of their means, eagerly buy up the pious tracts which a few English Christians, established here, cause to be printed and offered for sale. As the last few copies which remained of the only edition of the New Testament in Russ were purchased and distributed a few days ago, you will hear with pain that at present there appears to be no probability of another edition being permitted. It is true that there are nearly twenty thousand copies of the Sclavonic Bible for sale at the shop in which are deposited the books of the lately dissolved Russian Bible Society, but the Sclavonian translation is upwards of a thousand years old, having been made in the eighth century,[1] and the language of this translation differs as much from the dialect at present spoken in Russia as the Anglo-Saxon does from the modern English; therefore, it cannot be of the slightest utility to any but the learned, that is, to about ten individuals in one thousand. So it is not surprising that vice and crime are very prevalent here, when the people are ignorant of the commandments of God. The wonder is that so much goodness is to be found in their nature as is the case, for they are mild, polite, and obliging, and in most of their faces there is an expression of great kindness and benignity.

"I find the slight knowledge which I possess of the Russian tongue of the utmost service to me here. The prevalent opinion in England, that French and German are spoken by all Russians of respectability, is a great and mischievous error. German they very rarely understand, and, though the nobility

[1] Rather in the ninth century, by SS. Cyril and Methodius.

for the most part speak French when necessity compels them —that is, when in company with foreigners who are ignorant of Russian—yet the affairs of most strangers who arrive here do not carry them among the nobility; therefore a knowledge of the language of the country is indispensable if you would be understood by your servants and by nine out of ten of the middle classes of the Russians. I might as well address Mr. Lipofzoff (who is my coadjutor in the editing of the Mandchou New Testament) in Hebrew, as in either French or German; for though he can read the first a little, he cannot speak, or understand when spoken, a word of either."

2. *To his Mother.*

"November 9/21, '33.

"I have taken a small lodging, in order to be by myself, for which I pay about nine shillings a week, firing included. I dine at an eating-house for fivepence; consequently I am not at much expense, being able to live for about sixty pounds a year and pay a Russian teacher, who has five shillings for one lesson a week. But I shall not keep him on much longer. I stayed three months with Mr. Hubbard; but I was so interrupted that I was obliged to leave, for I could neither copy Mandchou nor study with any satisfaction. . . .

"The next time you write to John tell him to come home instantly.[1] I see by the Russian papers that Guanajuato has been taken and plundered by the rebels, and that the cholera is raging in Mexico; so he had better be anywhere than there, poor fellow!"

3. *Dr. John Bowring to George Borrow.*

"Paris, 26 January, 1834.

"My dear Sir,—I received your letter just before I left London, and rejoice much in your well doing and well designing. I was often thinking of you and of your projects in your new sphere, and dreamed that some day or other some words

[1] John died in Mexico the day after this letter was written in St. Petersburg!

of yours would be wafted toward me. I am glad that they are words of content. I arrived here yesterday, but my stay will not be long; so that your reply will perhaps be best addressed to London. All you have to do is to send to the British Minister under cover to J. Packhouse, Esq., Downing Street, and it will reach me in due course.

"I shall treasure up for you the Britanny Lyrics. I earnestly hope the time will come when you and I shall do more busy services to Philology, Poetry, and Tradition than we have hitherto done. You will collect much, you will learn much, you will communicate much. *I* am flung into another field from which I shall retreat, some day or other, to the better and brighter enjoyments of literature. Meanwhile, those enjoyments which are mine in prospect are yours in possession. Hold them, honour them, turn them to account.

"Send me some of your Malo-Russian translations.[1] I will get them printed and speak of you in reference to them. All that I have written on the Finnish is in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* and *Monthly Repository*. If you study this tongue, pray write to my friend John Julin of Abo [*oboo*], who will be delighted to help you. I am charmed with the thought of your taking to your bosom all these desolate and abandoned damsels.—Ever and affectionately yours,

"John Bowring."

4. *George Borrow to his Mother.*

"St. Pet., February 1/13, '34.

"Dear Mother,—I have sent you the £20 in the same manner as before, and if you call for it at Messrs. Gurneys in a day or two, I dare say you will get it. This makes £40 for the two quarters. Next quarter I shall try and send you thirty, for I read in the Russian newspapers that there have been great storms in England, and I am afraid lest some of the houses should have been damaged.[2]

[1] "Little" Russian Government, in which are Kiev, Pultava, and Kharkov.

[2] Their little property consisted of rented cottages at Mattishall Burgh and Bergh Apton, Norfolk, and Grapes Hill, Norwich.

"I have obtained permission from the Russian Government to print the Mandchou New Testament, and unless my friend the Hon. Mr. Bligh, the English Ambassador, had lent me his interest, I should never have obtained it. The Bible Society depended upon Dr. Schmidt and the Russian Translator Lipofzoff to manage this business, but neither the one nor the other would give himself the least trouble about the matter, or give me the slightest advice how to proceed; therefore I was left entirely to myself, for Mr. Swan had gone to Siberia. However, thank God that point is gained, which will be good news for the Bible Society.

"We shall begin to print in about two months; by which time I shall have received my instructions from England. It is very probable that I shall have to remain here for some time, for I do not see how it is possible for the work to be printed in less than a year from the time we begin.[1]

"We have had a cold winter, and are still in the midst of it. There have been five and twenty degrees of frost; whereas two or three are the most you ever have in England. The river Nevá runs through Petersburg at the rate of four miles an hour, yet the surface is frozen seven feet thick, and there is a regular road across it and down it, and it is covered with horses, carts, and sledges. The cold when you go out into it cuts your face like a razor, and were you not to cover it with furs the flesh would be bitten off. The rooms in the morning are heated with a stove as hot as ovens, and you would not be able to exist in one of them a minute; but I have become used to them and like them much, though at first they made me dreadfully sick and brought on bilious headaches. You cannot imagine the change from one of these rooms to the open air. Your eyelids, if you shut them a little time, are frozen so that you cannot open them, and your nose, after you have walked for a few minutes, is filled with ice.

"I can speak Russian now fluently, and write it tolerably well; but it is one of the most difficult languages I ever studied, and the pronunciation is almost impossible to be obtained by a foreigner. I can also speak Mandchou tolerably well, for I

[1] They were fifteen months printing it.

have a regular master. It is certainly the most difficult language in the world, and if I were not to study at it night and day I should make no progress whatever. I mean to make myself perfect master of it, as I shall doubtless have the editing of the Old Testament which I helped to transcribe. . . . May God bless you, my dear Mother,

"GEORGE BORROW."

5. *To his Mother.*

"St. Pet., May 1/13, 1834.

"DEAR MOTHER,—I have sent the £20 in the old way; therefore go for it in a few days. I should have sent more, but I have been very ill with the fever, which I caught just as the winter was breaking up, and which at that time attacks many people, and is very dangerous. I went mad, and when the fever subsided, I was seized with the *Horrors*, which never left me day or night for a week. I believe I should have died, had I not been advised to attempt to drive them away by drinking Port wine. I took a bottle a day, and after the first day they went away. I find they are caused by weakness only; therefore I must take care never to let myself be brought too low. *I am now perfectly well.* Do not tell people that I have been ill.

"I hope that by this period you have heard from John, and that he is coming home; for, if he is alive, it is quite ridiculous for him to stay in that wretched country, where there is nothing to be made. Let him come home, recover his pay, and live like a gentleman. You and he can reside in that nice house in Lakenham,[1] which I mean to buy, and, as there is a river there [the Yare], he can keep a boat and amuse himself. I dare say I shall continue for a long time with the Bible Society, as they see that I am useful to them and can be depended upon. . . .

"I have made a great many pleasant acquaintances here, but all amongst the Russians and foreigners. The English are cold-hearted and inhospitable, while the Russians and

[1] South-east suburb of Norwich.

Germans are never easy except when they are cramming you with good things. When I was ill the Emperor's apothecary sent me word to order of him anything I wanted, medicine or otherwise. In a word, though the country is a dismal and dreary one, I like living here very much; for the Russians are the best-natured, kindest people in the world, and though they do not know as much as the English, they have not their fiendish, spiteful dispositions, and if you go amongst them and speak their language, however badly, they would go through fire and water to do you a kindness. . . . God bless you, my dear Mother,

"George Borrow."

CHAPTER XX

(1834–1835)

The Review continued—Extracts from Epistles (1834 to 1835).

BEFORE we advance further in our review of the year 1834, it is fitting to pause a moment and consider a painful episode—the arrival of Mr. Dudley's letter (No. 7) at Norwich, conveying the tidings of the death of Lieutenant John Thomas Borrow in Mexico, at the age of thirty-three.

No sooner had the Bible Society's May letter reached St. Petersburg, authorising their agent to proceed with the printing of the work in hand, when another followed from Mrs. Borrow, sealed with an ominous seal.

I am sure that all who are friends of *Lavengro*—and few others will care to read my book—will be glad to learn how his mother wrote at the age of sixty-two.

6. *Mrs. Borrow to George*

"Norwich, June 14th, 1834.

"My Dear George,—I received your letter.[1] I am sorry to hear you have been so unwell, and particularly the 'horrors.' I am afraid you do not live regular. When you find yourself low, take a little wine, but not too much at one time; it will do you the more good; I find that by myself.

"My dear George, take care of your *health*, for you are now my *only hope*. It grieves me to tell you, but I must. Our dear John is no more! He died the 22nd November [1833],

[1] Letter of May 1/13, which reached Norwich May 30th.

rather suddenly. He was taken ill one morning and died the next day afternoon.[1] I hope and trust in God his soul is at rest. Poor fellow! When I first heard it my heart sank, but the Lord supported me. Miss Gurney was with me at the time and gave me great consolation, and also came the next day. Mrs. Gurney too has called on me and desires her kindest regard to you.[2] I have many kind friends.

"The account of my dear John's death was sent by W. Dudley to Allday Kerrison, to desire him to inform his mother and brother, that is, you and me. There is all the particulars of his death and funeral. I have got the copy, and it states that after all expenses are paid, if anything is left it will be sent home to his mother; but he thought there would be little or nothing left. If there was ever so much I do not expect to see any part of it.[3]

"Poor fellow, he had entered again into the Company's service, and was going in a few days to Colombia to manage a mine there. Everything was settled, but the Lord ordered it otherwise. His troubles are over, and I hope and trust he is happy. God bless him!

"Do not grieve, my dear George. I trust we shall all meet in heaven. Put a crape on your hat for some time.

"What a charming woman Mrs. Gurney is! The little Miss came too, and also Mrs. Gurney's sister, Miss Fowler. *Keep friends with the religious who are English!*

"Mr. Sayer and Mr. Pilgrim drew up a letter in my name to the Earl of Orford for my dear John's arrears of pay. I have just got his answer. He made inquiries, and found that he is not entitled to any pay, being absent without leave. Poor fellow, had he come home, he would not have been reinstated, for it is thought the Militia will be done away.

[1] Mrs. Borrow misunderstood the original letter. Read: "*and died the same afternoon.*" See our No. 7.

[2] This was the second wife of Joseph John Gurney of Earlham; she was a Miss Mary Fowler; she died the following year.

[3] Nearly a year after, Mrs. Borrow received through Mr. Kerrison in Mexico £50 11*s.* 1*d.* from the sale of John's effects. It was sent in September, 1834, and the receipt is dated April 9, 1835.

Williams have commuted for his [pay ?]. . . . Once more, take care of your health. God bless you, my dear George.—Your affectionate mother,

"ANNE BORROW."

The letter referred to above reads as follows:—

7. *William Dudley to Allday Kerrison, Zacatécas*

"Guanajuato, 24th November, 1833.

"DEAR KERRISON,—Poor Borrow, who was to have set out for Colombia within a few days, is now no more. As I believe he was more known to you than to any other person, and as you are acquainted with his brother and mother, I hope you will inform them of his death.

"About ten months [a year and ten months][1] since, Borrow left the service of the United Mexican Company, against the advice of his friends, thinking that he could better his condition by so doing. As ever since I have known him he has been of a restless disposition and never satisfied with what was present, I was not much surprised at his taking this step, although I foresaw a gloomy prospect for him. For some time he did very little but make complaints to his friends of having nothing to do. He had a few hundred dollars when he left the Company's service; part of his money he lost in speculation in smelting ores bought at the mine of Rayas, part he lost in working a lead mine near Leon. The cholera being very violent in the neighbourhood, Borrow turned doctor, and it is impossible to describe the scenes of misery and death which he witnessed. About a month since he told me confidentially the state of his finances, and that he must soon get something to do or that he should not have a dollar left.

"Mr. Hurry and Capt. Veitch, who are both Directors of the Colombian Mining Company, had at length agreed to send Borrow to Colombia for the purpose of introducing the Mexican system of beneficiating there. Everything had been

[1] See John's letter to George, dated Guanajuato, February 10, 1832; "I have resigned my situation in the United Company."

arranged, and nothing was wanted but the signing of the agreement, and Borrow had again become cheerful and happy.

"On Thursday last [November 21st] at eight o'clock in the evening, he called at my house, but I was not at home. At eight o'clock on Friday morning [the 22nd] Dr. Jennison, with whom Borrow had lived for some time, sent for me to see him, as he was very ill. I found him speechless and apparently senseless, and breathing with great difficulty; but at first sight I did not think that his end was so near. Jennison thought that he would recover after a few hours' sleep, and therefore left him. At about nine o'clock in the morning [1] he looked at him again, and found him breathing hard. He then thought that something serious was the matter, and sent for Meek, one of Borrow's particular friends, and cupped him on the temples. Immediately business called me away, and about eleven o'clock, when I saw him again, I had no hope of his recovery. Dr. Coulter, who also saw him in the morning, said he could not live. At a few minutes to two o'clock in the afternoon of Friday [November 22nd], your old friend breathed his last. I never before saw any person die, but, although Borrow was insensible, life seemed unwilling to leave him. A priest had been sent for, three or four hours before he breathed his last, and some mummery was gone through in order to procure burial in the Campo Santo. A coffin was made for him, and his remains were taken in the evening to the church of San Diego, from which, yesterday morning [Saturday, November 23rd], after certain ceremonies and music, they were carried to the parish church, attended by most of the English gentlemen here—Mr. Hurry, Mr. Gillivray, Capt. Veitch, etc., and, after other ceremonies, the body was taken, preceded by *léperos* [2] bearing wax candles, to the Campo Santo, nearly a mile from the church. Thither also most of the English followed it, and about twelve o'clock yesterday the earth covered all the mortal remains of John Thomas Borrow, who, although he had his faults, had many very good, manly qualities, and

[1] Text: "three o'clock"—evidently a mistake of copyist, since John died Friday, the day he was taken ill.

[2] A crowd of people of the lower classes (local word).

had he not been of such a restless disposition might have been more useful to himself and to others.

"As he had lived with Dr. Jennison some time, I requested the doctor to look after what little property he has left, and to pay the expenses of the funeral. His property will be sold, and I will let you know if, after paying his debts, there is any left to be remitted to his mother; but I fear there will be very little, if anything, left.

"(Signed) Wm. Dudley."

[Kerrison copied Dudley's original and sent it to Mrs. Borrow. That copy I have given above.]

8. *George to his Mother*

"St. Pet., June 18/30, 1834.

"My dear, dear Mamma,—I have received your melancholy letter, which has given me the severest stroke I ever experienced. It quite stunned me, and since reading its contents I have done little else but moan and lament—though doing so is of no use. O that our darling John had taken the advice which I gave him nearly three years since, to abandon that horrid country and return to England! though it is probable that would not have saved him; for I think from his departing so suddenly that his constitution was undermined and gave way at once. Peace be to his soul! a nobler, better, kinder being never walked God's earth. Would that I had died for him! for I loved him dearly, dearly. Perhaps his was the best lot, for the pain he felt is nothing to the pangs which torment me when I think of him. Thank Heaven, his sufferings, if he suffered at all, were short. It is a great consolation to think that he did not lie long languishing on a bed of sickness, with scarcely any one to assist him.

"Be not anxious about my health, for I was never better in my life. My *eye* is also much better. I find that the painful sensation was occasioned by lying in bed with my head too high. I now lie with it on a level with the rest of my body, so that my neck is not bent, and the nerve of the eye not

strained. This may seem strange to you, but it is true. I learn how to cure my disorders by experience. The ' horrors,' for example. Whenever they come I must drink strong Port wine, and then they are stopped instantly. But do not think that I drink habitually, for you ought to know that I abhor drink. The ' horrors ' are brought on by weakness. Remember that I had them just after I had been so physicked by Nichols that I could scarcely stand.[1] I had them at Hamburgh, after having been three days and nights in the steamboat, very dreadfully sick and not being able to take refreshment. I had them here after the fever left me, during which I could eat nothing, and which left me without strength. How came you, my dear mother, to think I live irregularly ? I have three meals a day. True it is that my dinner is in general a very poor one, for the Russians, in the first place, are very indifferent cooks, and the meat is very bad, as in fact are almost all the provisions. They have immense quantities of fish, but the fish have no taste.[2] The salmon, instead of being red, is yellow, and not so savoury as English skate. The fowls, as they are never fatted, are poor and dry, and the mutton stinks worse than carrion, for they never cut the wool.

" Now I wish to talk about yourself. And in the first place, I wish you to keep a maid, for I do not like that you should live alone. Do not take one of the wretched girls of Norwich, but engage one of the daughters of your tenant Woodhouse,[3] for her you will be able to manage. What am I working for here and saving money, unless it is for your comfort ? for I assure you that to make you comfortable is my greatest happiness, almost my only one.

" I have lately received a letter from the Bible Society in which they express themselves highly satisfied with my exertions, and have engaged me for another year. They place

[1] William Peter Nichols, surgeon, of Surrey Street, Norwich.

[2] " You must soon leave off eating *pike ;* they already begin to complain that no fish of this species is to be had, either for love or for money, because they are all devoured in St. Petersburg."—Hasfeldt, Cronstadt, June 5/17, 1835, to G. B.

[3] Of Mattishall Burgh, near East Dereham.

great confidence in me, and I am firmly resolved to do all in my power to prove that they have not misplaced that confidence. I dare say that when I return home they will always be happy to employ me to edit their Bibles, and there is no employment in the whole world which I should prefer and for which I am better fitted. I shall, moreover, endeavour to get ordained, and then you and I can sit down very comfortably.

"Therefore do keep up your spirits, my dear mamma, and engage yourself in reading, especially good books, and think as much of God as possible. In about six weeks you will hear from me, when I send the money.

"Since I have been at this place, I have translated two of the homilies of the Church of England into Russian, and I am going to translate a third, and when I have finished that, they will be printed for circulation.[1] . . .

"Now for the love of God do keep up your spirits, and remember I shall soon return to you. If at any time you want me, send for me, and I will come. Take the advice I have given you: hire a servant, and read as much as possible. Read books of Travels also, Lives of Missionaries, and all that is calculated to interest you. . . . Perhaps bills will be brought to you against John, but you must not pay them. Remember that. . . . My dearest mother, yours for ever,

"George Borrow.

"P. S.—I have got the crape."

9. *Mr. Hurry to George Borrow.*

[I place this letter here, also, out of the order of dates, so as to close up the episode of John's death at this point.]

"Guanajuato, February 18, 1835.

"Sir,—By the last English packet I received your letter dated the 18 September O.S., relative to the effects of your deceased brother, Mr. John Borrow.

"I find on enquiry that his effects were sold and his affairs settled by his friend Dr. Jennison, a highly respectable gentle-

[1] See our Bibliography of Borrow's MSS.

man with whom he lived at the time of his decease, and that a statement of the account, together with the balance, two hundred and sixty-nine dollars, five rials [$269.50], were transmitted to Mr. [Allday] Roger Kerrison of Zacatecas in the month of August last. No doubt they will long ere this have reached England.

"The above sum does not appear to me smaller than under the circumstances I would have expected. Your brother had been for some time out of employment, and had been unsuccessful in some business which he undertook; and it fell under my observation that in the appointment he obtained for Colombia, it was necessary for him to stipulate for an advance on account of his salary in order to complete his outfit, which advance, however, he had not received.

"As this opportunity offers of mentioning the subject, I am sure it will be gratifying to his mother and yourself to be told that your brother's benevolent, indefatigable, and successful exertions amongst the poorer inhabitants of this place, during the prevalence of the cholera, not long previous to his decease, were the subject of general admiration here, and I trust may now secure him a more substantial reward.—I remain, Sir, your most obedient servant,

"Edward Hurry."

10. *George Borrow to Rev. F. Cunningham.*

"St. Petersburgh, July 17/29, 1834.

"Reverend Sir,—[After Introduction, History of the *imprimatur*, printers, etc.]. During my residence in St. Petersburgh I have translated some of the Homilies of the Church of England into the Russian language. The first, second, and third will, I believe, be shortly printed for distribution. I wish they may prove of service to the interesting people amongst whom I am sojourning. It is a matter of surprise to me that, though particular homilies have been translated into many of the petty dialects of Europe, for example, the Danish and Finnish, none should have hitherto appeared in Russian, a language spoken by sixty millions of human beings

over a tract of country extending from West to East upwards of five thousand miles.

"I have commenced a version [of the same homilies] into Mandchou;[1] and, though the difficulty of rendering from English into that language is immense, the thoughts and manner of expression of the two nations being utterly at variance, I mean to continue it at my leisure; for, such a pursuit in some degree varies the scene and prevents a too great uniformity.

"For Baron Schilling, to whom the Bible Society are under considerable obligations, I have lately been translating one of the sacred books of Boudh, or Fo, from the Mandchou into English. The work was originally written in Tibetan, the sacred language of the North of Asia, and was translated by order of the present Emperor of China into the language of the court and diplomacy, which the Mandchou is. The Baron intends to print the Mandchou and the English translation side by side. He is a great admirer of Boudh and his doctrine, which I cannot say I am; for the belief, properly speaking, is no belief at all, the very essence of it being to doubt the existence of everything, even of a world and of human beings. The book in question consists of a Dialogue between Boudh, or, as he is there styled *Foutsidsi*, and his disciple *Souboudi*, in which Boudh delivers his dogmas to the latter, that he may convey them to the *Potisatou Mahasatou*, or followers of Boudh. I shall take the liberty of transcribing one of the most characteristic passages, from which you may form a pretty correct idea of the strange faith, or rather infidelity, of which the Grand Lama of Thibet is the chief priest. Boudh speaks:—

"'O Souboudi! Those who enter with sincerity into the Congregation of Potisatou think in this manner: Although I have delivered all living things of all the kinds which exist, whether born from the egg or born from the womb, or produced by humidity or by transformation, endowed with form or not [so] endowed, possessed of intelligence or not [so] pos-

[1] An astounding MS. of 226 pages, imperial folio!

sessed, everything speaking of the rational or irrational order, or to speak better, all living beings not liberated by the law which delivers from misery of every kind and leaves no scar behind—Although I have delivered from overwhelming misery all such-like living things, whose number is infinite; nevertheless it must by no means be supposed that all the living things which are delivered from misery are delivered in reality. How should this be? O Souboudi! If the Potisatou imagine that there are living beings, the Potisatou ought not to imagine so. How should this be? O Souboudi! If they think that there are others, think that there are living beings, think that there are old men,—the Potisatou ought not to think so.'

"You will doubtless be surprised, Sir, that Satan by such inconsistent trash should have been able to ensnare, and still is able to ensnare, the souls of millions; but that is really the case. The religion of Boudh is the most ancient of all false creeds. It arose many centuries previous to that of Brahma, which is indeed merely a modification of it. It flourishes at the present day most luxuriantly; for the Mongols and the wild Mandchou Tartars are rapidly becoming converted to it, and, abandoning their old Shamanism, or sorcery, are rushing headlong into its bewildering mazes. . . .—I remain (etc.),

"G. Borrow."

11. *To his Mother.*

"St. Pet., August 1/13, 1834.

". . . . I have removed from my lodgings and have taken an unfurnished floor and a Tartar servant. The furniture I had to buy, and it cost me only seven pounds. To the servant I give thirty shillings a month, and he provides himself with food and everything. I wanted much more room than I had, and furnished lodgings are excessively dear. My address is: To the care of Asmus, Simondsen and Co., Sarepta House, St. P. [the Society's Bankers].

"G. B."

The Society's Minutes of May 26, 1834, authorise Mr. Borrow to hire rooms for the storage of the paper and the

volumes as completed. The rooms were taken of Pœhl, August 1/13, and were situated in the Gorókhovaïa Úlitsa, or, Rue des Pois.

Mr. Cunningham's answer to our No. 10, was dated September 12, 1834, from Earlham Hall, and is one of the most beautiful epistles ever penned. But from its nature, nothing touching Mr. Borrow's life in Russia is contained in it, and, therefore, like many others of interest, it must be excluded from this review.

12. *George Borrow to Rev. F. Cunningham.*

"Gorókhovaya Úlitsa, Maison Pehl, St. Petersburgh,
17/29 November, 1834.

"Rev^{D}. Sir,—. . . . I will now proceed to a subject which is the principal cause of my troubling you with this letter. In your own you were kind enough to express a willingness to apply to the Homily Society respecting the publication of the three first Homilies of the Church of England in the Russian language; also of the second in the Mandchou, or Court dialect of China. I am aware that the Society have long wished to circulate the said Homilies in the Russian Empire and in a Russian dress; but no steps having been taken by them towards providing a translation, their wishes have hitherto not been gratified. I am, Sir, as you well know, a zealous, though most unworthy, member of the Anglican Church, and on arriving at this place my cheeks glowed with shame at seeing dissenters, English and American, busily employed in circulating Tracts in the Russian tongue, whilst the members of the Church [of England] were following their secular concerns almost regardless of things spiritual in respect to the Russian population. I said to myself: 'The Dissenters are circulating Tracts which they call *theirs;* wherefore should we not circulate Tracts which the best of us should be proud to call *ours;* Tracts written by Saints and Martyrs, several of whom flinched not from Christ even amidst the agony of the flames; Tracts of old renown which have stood the test of

ages, and which, next to the inspired writings on which they are founded, most deserve the close perusal of every Christian.'

"Not to be prolix, I translated three of these Homilies into Russian, and they have since been corrected by natives, persons well versed in the language—the most difficult by far of all European ones. They are ready for the press, and you would much oblige me by communicating this intelligence to the Homily Society. If that Society be willing to defray the expenses of publication (a mere trifle), the translations are at their service. Should they accede to this proposal, they would do well to correspond on the subject with their friend, the excellent Mrs. Biller of St. Petersburgh, to whose hands, and those of her husband, whatever relates to the publication ought to be entrusted.

"Upon the much more important matter of printing the second Homily in Mandchou, I must be a little more diffuse, so that, in the event of publication, no misunderstanding may arise between the parties interested. This Homily, which in the original is contained in eight not very closely printed pages, will in the Mandchou language occupy at least twenty; and yet I solemnly affirm that there is not one thought, one image, one expression in the translation the equivalent of which is not to be found in the original. To say that it is a literal translation would be wrong; for of all impossibilities the greatest would be to render literally from any European language, or perhaps from any language in the world, into that of the Chinese Tartars, which widely differs in structure and genius from all others with which I am acquainted. From its lacking some of the most necessary and indispensable conjunctions, recourse must be had, when translating the most simple of our expressions into it, to the most tedious paraphrase. Of this I will give an example. Should an Englishman wish to say to a Tartar: '*I am as tall as you*,' he must, if using the speech of the latter, express himself to the following effect: '*In respect to my person, the height of my person is similar to the height of your illustrious person.*' Nevertheless, let no one speak in dispraise of the Mandchou language; for majesty and grandeur of sound, and also for general copiousness, it is

unequalled by any existing tongue. Its importance will be instantly acknowledged by those who consider that it is the speech of the conquerors of China, the language of the Court and Diplomacy, and into it all the ancient lore of Hindostan, of Thibet, of Mongolia, and of China, has been translated, so that at present it may be styled a lake of learning overflowing with the tribute of a hundred rivers. Let the Homily Society be assured that the printing of some of our Homilies into this the most important language of the East is a matter which demands their earliest and most earnest attention. The second Homily is at their service, and I will myself superintend the publication, if they will be answerable for the expense of printing and paper. . . .

"I shall take the liberty of sending, as a specimen, the opening to the second Homily. In this part I experienced much difficulty from not knowing how to render the words 'cockle' and 'darnel' into Mandchou (in the passage: 'We be ourselves of such earth as can bring forth but weeds, nettles, briars, cockle and darnel'). I therefore had recourse to the Chinese language, no unfrequent practice with the writers in Mandchou in similar cases, and I translated the words in question by the Chinese [— —], in the Mandchou character [—] *khar* [— —] *choko khar*. Even in my Russian translation I had much difficulty in finding equivalents for those words, which at last I rendered by плевелы and куколь. Here follows the [Manchu] specimen [*sixteen columns*—$4\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$ *inches*].

"I must now conclude, and with my best respects to Mrs. Cunningham, I have the honour to remain . . .

"George Borrow.

"P.S.—My best remembrances to my dear friends, Mrs. Clarke and the Skeppers."

CHAPTER XXI

(1835)

The Review concluded—Extracts from Epistles (1835)—The *Targum* and *Talisman*—The Autograph Notes of Pushkin and Zhukofski to George Borrow.

MR. BORROW'S letters to the Rev. Francis Cunningham (Nos. 10 and 12) were duly sent up to London for the Secretaries of the Bible Society to read, according to the custom of exchange established in the past year. But Mr. Borrow's system of translating into Manchu as exhibited in the last letter, did not meet with the approval of Messrs. Brandram and Jowett, and they addressed to him an *admonition* worthy of record.

13. *Mr. Jowett to Mr. Borrow.*

"Bible Society House, 31 December, 1834.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—. . . . My motive for writing just now, arises out of a single expression in the extract from your letter [No. 12] which stands on the preceding page.[1] Your specimen of the need of paraphrase, in translating from English into Mandchou, may possibly be a little exaggerated. It has, however, suggested the following admonition, which I have no doubt you will receive as candidly as it is made. My text is: 'Beware of confounding the two distinct ideas of translation and interpretation!' Now I am not so ignorant of the effects of Babel and its confusions, as not to be aware that there are occasions, where we are compelled to step for a

[1] "I am as tall as you," etc., copied at the head of the letter.

moment out of that which is literal, into that which is paraphrastic. But these cases must ever be the exception, not the rule. I notice also the plea, that the want of Mandchou conjunctions, etc., places that language beyond the canons by which others may be more closely bound. And therefore I will not (in regard to the specimen above quoted) make you an offender for more than one word, to wit, the word '*illustrious*.' The passion for honorificabilitudinity is a vice of the Asiatic languages, which a Scripture translator, above all others, ought to beware of countenancing. It must not be confounded with idiom; it is not consistent with fidelity; it has sometimes appeared to me almost to amount to 'being ashamed of' the simplicity of 'God's word.'

"You may perhaps have heard of the trouble our Society formerly fell into, by reason of the Turkish Bible and its honorific adjuncts to Scripture names—'Lord Moses,' 'Lord Daniel,' etc. We are at this moment at a loss how to proceed, with respect to a Persic translation made at our own expense, wherein we fear that the English translator has deferred to this pompous and sickly taste, under the influence of his Persic *Moonshee*. 'But no Persian, no Mandjurian, will read so simple a composition as the Hebrew Bible!' Nay, its Divine Author says they shall, and they will (Isaiah lv. 11); and His most learned Apostle makes a merit of having discountenanced 'excellency of speech and of man's wisdom.'

"In the translation of other books, it is right that we should endeavour to make them, in their new dress, appear as much as possible like originals. But I would not have a Mandjurian read the Bible as a book written by his own countrymen; it ought to be felt to be the production of a foreigner—of another country, aye, of another world! I have confidence in you, my good friend, that you are none otherwise minded, though I have, by your (perhaps caricatured) specimen, been led to speak thus plainly. A burned child dreads the fire. . . . —Believe me ever affectionately yours,

"Joseph Jowett."

I must here pause at the dawn of a new year—1835.

The "Russian" autograph letters in my possession, running from July 5th, 1833, to September 9th, 1835, number *forty-nine*. These do not comprise documents, reports, contracts, receipts, etc., in English, Russian, and German. Some of the letters are immense—one, of four closely written pages, is 16¼ inches long by 10½ inches wide. It was from Mrs. Joseph John Gurney. It was a Fourth Homily after all—fresh from the shades of Gyldencroft, where the Quaker Meeting House stands, and where the writer sleeps, lo! these sixty-three years.

I will now make a few extracts from Hasfeldt's Danish letters to Borrow, in so far as they portray the life he led in St. Petersburg or refer to the friends he knew.

14. HYACINTH.[1]—"I must tell you that Hyacinth has been to see me to-day. He stayed two hours. He informed me that Crimski is still at Kiakhta; gets four thousand roubles per annum and a large house to live in. He is, as of old, a Chinese schoolmaster. Hyacinth has published a Chinese Grammar, and written a work called *Kitaï* [China], containing a description of the government, army, dignities, manners and customs, diversions, etc., etc., of that country. He is now busy with a translation of the History of China. You know how interesting the old chap (*den gamle Fyr*) is to talk with. He dresses nowadays in a long robe with wide sleeves and a broad hat on his head. In his face he looks more like a Chinaman than aforetime—he seems like a Mandarin in the dress of a Russian priest.

"He helped me drink a bottle of Port, which you shall pay for when we next meet. He is attending my lectures to learn English. I have explained to him my system, and he seemed much pleased with it. I am glad to have him among my hearers, for many come for the sole purpose of gazing at Hyacinth. You may turn up your nose at this, but I assure

[1] Hyacinth Batchurin, Archimandrite of the Monastery of St. John Nefski, St. Petersburg.—See S. Wells Williams's *Middle Kingdom*, New York, 1883, ii., 443: and Borrow's *Zincali*, 1843, i., 100; or sm. ed., p. 61.

you he is very useful to me. He maintains that Stanislas Julien of Paris is a very good Chinese scholar, and expressed his satisfaction with several translations he had seen from his pen. H. promised to send me shortly a set of his works for you. I shall try to find an opportunity to forward them to you; so you can read what he has written, and perhaps make your fellow-countrymen acquainted with them. All his books were printed at the Emperor's expense. I am myself eager to see them.

"The Port must have been good, for Hyacinth expressed himself well pleased with my Russian, praising me so highly that I grew a whole inch taller in my own good opinion of myself. As a fox has two holes to burrow in, so has H. two dwellings to live in—one in the Nefski Cloister and another in the Foreign Office. Besides, in summer he resides in the country. His conversation is as brisk and entertaining as of yore. There are many wrinkles on his old face, but on each wrinkle sits a wag and grins. He will have it that the Chinese have known for hundreds of years a philosophy which has much in common with the German. He is of the opinion that England can never get the better of China, for even if she gets into the country the Chinese will sweep it so clean that not a handful of rice could be scraped together in all its borders. It will be quite possible to get in, but the difficulty will be to get out again.

"We shall often meet, for he is a complete original. His life and exploits would make a droll confection—more entertaining than edifying, I ween. It would be a kind of Owl-glass in Peking."

15. Baron Schilling.—"You know, of course, that the stout Baron Schilling is dead. I do not know what has become of all his books, which he never could read himself. . . . I fear this letter will be as bulky as the good Baron." —October, 1838.

——"Since you mention Baron Schilling, it will be a pleasant souvenir for you that his collection of books and Chinese legends has been acquired by the St. Petersburg

Academy of Sciences. When you come again you will be able to see all your old friends very neatly shelved, and the MSS. nicely preserved in silk cases."—July, 1841.

16. SHEKEL.—"Tell me what has become of the marvellous coin I gave you at your departure—you know, the Jewish coin."[1] (*Sig mig hvad der er bleven af den underlige Mynt jeg gav Dig ved Afreisen. Du veed, den Israelitske.*)—October, 1838.

17. TAGLIONI.—"The charming *danseuse* Taglioni is at St. Petersburg, and I never miss the theatre when she dances. Yet this is like talking to a blind man about colours, as you probably never saw her."

18. FISH AND CO.—"Do you still eat Pike soup? Do you remember the time when you lived on that dish for more than six weeks, and came near exterminating the whole breed? And the pudding that accompanied it, that always lay as hard as a stone on the stomach? This you surely have not forgotten. Yes, your kitchen was delicately manipulated by Machmoud, your Tartar servant, who only needed to give you horse meat to have merited a diploma.

"Do you still sing when you are in good humour? Doubtless you are not troubled with many friends to visit you, for you are not of the sort who are easily understood, nor do you care to have every one understand you; you prefer to have people call you grey and let you gae" (*at men kalder dig graae og lader dig gaae*).—1840.

19. HOMILIES.—"Mme. Billers told me your Homilies could not be printed in St. Petersburg. You know the Russian priesthood cannot suffer foreigners to mix themselves in the affairs of the Orthodox Church. The same would have happened to the New Testament itself. You may certainly print in Mandjur-Tartar or what the d—l you choose, only not in Russian—for that the long-bearded he-goats do not like."—June, 1837.

[1] *Bible in Spain*, iii., 283, 284; sm. ed., p. 300.

20. SPAIN.—"The very last I know of you is that you have had the great good fortune to be stopping in the *cárcel de corte* at Madrid, which pleasing intelligence I found in the *Preussische Staats-Zeitung* this last spring. If you were fatter no doubt the monks would have got up an Auto de Fé on your behalf, and you might easily have become a nineteenth-century martyr. Then your strange life would have been hawked about the streets of London for one penny, though you never obtained a fat living, to eat and drink and take your ease after all the hardships you have endured."—September, 1838.

——"Write and tell me whether you have not fallen in love with some nun or Gypsy in Spain, or have met with some other romantic adventure worthy of a wandering knight."

21. HASFELDT.—"Sometime since we had a public exhibition, that is, an Examination in the dull School where I have given instruction to the rude apprentices for thirteen years, at 1200 roubles a year. They hav'n't yet learned to pay me better. There was hard ice on the Nevá, notwithstanding it was the 8th of May (O. S.). The Exhibition commenced with questions on religion. The priest sang to the last verse; all the other teachers were on the opposite bank of the Nevá. The Director sat as if on needles, for an *Archiéreï*—Athanasius, rector of the Theological Seminary of Alexander Nefski—was present. The gathering was quite large. Although I did not stand first on the list of Examiners, the Director called on me to begin. When I stood up and made my salaam, I saw that my old custom of examining by means of English only would be less interesting to the man with the long beard; so, without the slightest preparation, I began with an introductory speech in the Russian language. I observed that it was successful. All pricked up their ears to hear the foreigner speak Russian fluently. The whole assembly was amazed, including the Ἀρχιερεὺς Athanasius and the Director. My boys answered well, for I only asked them what they knew. I was invited to examine them more than an hour; and when it was over, the Archiéreï asked the Director to present me, and he

requested me to take tea with him that evening. The other teachers had come in the mean time, and rejoiced over me as if they would swallow me alive. You can easily understand that I did not pretend to notice such nonsense.

"In the evening I was at the Cloister of Alexander Nefski, and did not get away from the learned monk till eleven o'clock. I discovered that he spoke French, German, and also English, and was a worthy, well-bred, and amiable man. I have often visited him since then, and have been pleased to note his freedom from prejudice and his tolerant spirit. Every time I go, he sees that I am well treated, and as he always accompanies me to the door and takes leave of me in a particularly friendly way, his servants have conceived a great respect for me, and make me especially low bows. He knows your *Bible in Spain*, and has expressed his delight to hear my description of the Author. Few can give it better than I; for, Heaven be praised, I can comprehend you as a reality, while many regard you as an imaginary fantastic being. But they who portray you have not eaten bread and salt with you.

"I have now read your *Zincali*. There is no doubt that the work is very original and entertaining; but you are perfectly right in placing the *Bible* far above it. Yet the distinction lies not so much in the treatment as in the subject. To portray the rags and tatters of a nation that has not produced a single man of distinction; that has never been lifted above the multitude except by the help of the gibbet; that possesses no literature, and that is not credited with a single virtue—that is indeed a work of no slight difficulty, and one that only 'tall George' could undertake. The *Zincali* has been useful to you to make the world acquainted with your name and prepare the way for subsequent writings.

"If you are determined to leave England, why do you not buy a little piece of property in easy-going Denmark? Thence you could make excursions to Sweden, Norway, Russia, Germany; you might even visit Iceland. The patriarchal habits that exist among the hills of Norway would charm you, and Murray would give you heaps of coins for descriptions you alone could write. There you would find poetry in every

valley; every hill has its tradition. In the fine season you could lead the pleasant roving life that is the only one you care for in this world. He who supposes that you can live quietly in one place anywhere, knows little of you. You must have motion and emotion. Stagnant water becomes green and filthy, but the running stream is clear.

"I am quite of your opinion that in England they have an incorrect notion of education and instruction in the Universities. Who is to blame if the scholars have perverted ideas? The world must advance in time, but your Universities force it back into the Middle Age. They fill men's heads with trash instead of good serviceable wares. The greater part of those products of art, called 'the learned,' would not be able to earn a living if our Lord were not a guardian of fools. What would these creatures do if they did not have uncles and aunts?"—St. Petersburg, June 21 (O. S.), 1845.

THE "TARGUM" AND "TALISMAN."

The letter from Bowring in January, 1834, had excited anew in Borrow the old appetite for rhymed translating, and every spare moment was devoted to the preparation of a fresh delivery of these unmarketable wares. This time, however, the specimens were not confined to Denmark, but embraced a polyglot collection of versions from China to Ireland, and from Iceland to Persia.[1] The whole he named, very infelicitously, we should say, *Targum*, and by the 15th of June, 1835, the book was printed by Beneze in one hundred copies.

Later, on his return from Moscow, he printed an appendix of fourteen pages, entitled *The Talisman*, that is little known because not usually bound up with the *Targum*. It consists of translations from Púshkin, *Narodniya Pyesni*, or Russian National Songs, and the "Renegade" from the Polish poet Mickiewicz.[2]

Mr. Hasfeldt praised the *Targum* very highly, as in-

[1] See Chronological Bibliography.

[2] *Mitz-kié-vitch.*

deed all of Borrow's work in Russia. In a review of his activities there, published in the *Athenæum* in 1836,[1] Hasfeldt says of the book under consideration:—

"Just before completing this great work [the Manchu N. T.], Mr. Borrow published a small volume in the English language entitled *Targum, or Metrical Translations from Thirty Languages and Dialects.* The exquisite delicacy with which he has caught and rendered the beauties of his well-chosen originals, is a proof of his learning and genius. The work is a pearl in literature, and, like pearls, it derives value from its scarcity, for the whole edition was limited to about a hundred copies."

And Dr. Hake, referring to William Bodham Donne long years after, wrote to Borrow:—

"Donne is greatly delighted with the *Targum.* He says the language and rhythm are vastly superior to Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*, which created such a sensation."[2]

Speaking in general of Borrow's Danish versions, Mr. Hasfeldt, in a letter of 1841, lectures *ex cathedra* the English public in this strain:—

"It is a pity that your countrymen are not qualified to do you justice to such a high degree as I can. They do not know how you, and you only, give them the original in unadulterated form, preserving the thoughts, words, and metre. On what you have translated, Hasfeldt can take his oath and affix his official seal as *Interpres Regius.* The good English people do not fully appreciate what they possess, and do not believe it

[1] March 5th, p. 177.

[2] Dr. Thomas Gordon Hake, Bury, to G. B., Oulton, March 24, 1851. And his article in the *New Monthly Magazine*, April, 1851, p. 459, of which W. H. Ainsworth wrote to Hake: "Your friend Borrow must be an extraordinary fellow" (March 8, 1851).

possible for one poet to render another without robbing the garland of a single leaf."

In another letter of 1845, the Dane gives an amusing conversation with a St. Petersburg bookseller on the work that occupies us.

"Some days ago," wrote he, "I was at Kirtof's bookshop on the Galérnaya Ulitza. I wanted to buy a *Bible in Spain* to send to Simbirsk (on the Volga), where they torment me for it every post-day. The stock was all sold out in a few days after its arrival last autumn. The bookseller asked me if I knew a book by Borrow called *Targum*, which was understood to have been written by him and printed at St. Petersburg, for he had never been able to light upon it; and the surprising thing was that the trade abroad and even in England did him the honour to order it. I consoled him by saying that he could hardly hope to see a copy in his shop or to get a peep at it. 'I have a copy,' continued I, 'but if you will offer me a thousand roubles for the bare reading of it, I cannot do you the favour.' The man opened his eyes in astonishment. 'It must be a wonderful book,' said he.—'Yes, in that you are right, my good friend,' I replied."

Borrow left presentation copies with his friend for the poet Púshkin, and for Zhukofski, the Russian translator of Homer. Hasfeldt thus describes the execution of these commissions:—

"As soon as I learned that Pushkin had come to town, I called on him and presented him with your book. He accepted it with evident satisfaction. He greatly regretted that he had not made your acquaintance while you were here. He asked me if I corresponded with you, and when I answered in the affirmative, he desired me to express to you his thanks. Availing myself of the opportunity, I instantly drew from my pocket this sheet of paper and requested him to write a few words, which you will find below, together with a fair copy of the same in less poetical orthography, for otherwise you might

have to study a long while before you could decipher his crowstracks." [1]

"Zhukofski is still at Tsárskoye Seló (*Bourg Impérial*), and is not expected in town till next week. I shall not fail to hand him your child *Targum*, and if I can get him to write a few words they will serve to beautify my next to you." [2]

In the months of July and August, 1835, Hasfeldt went to Denmark, and while there presented a copy of the *Targum* in Borrow's name to the Scandinavian archæologist Professor Finn Magnusen, with this inscription in Hasfeldt's writing:—

"*Professor Finn Magnusen med dyb Höiagtelse fra Oeversætteren.*"
(Professor F. M. with profound respect—from the Translator.)

This copy is now in the British Museum.

[1] Александръ Пушкинъ съ глубочайшей благодарностію получилъ книгу Господина Борро и сердечно жалѣетъ что не имѣлъ честь лично съ нимъ познакомится.

Alexándr Púshkin s glubotchdïsheï bldhoddrnostiyu polutchíl knigu
" " with profoundest gratification received book
Hospodína Borro i serdéshno zhalyéyet shto ne im'yél tchest'
of Mr. Borrow and sincerely regrets that he did not have the honour
Ushno s n'yim poznakómitsa.
personally with him to make acquaintance.

[2] Я съ величайшею благодарностію получилъ вашу книгу и обѣщаю себѣ много удовольствіе отъ ея чтенія. Примите увѣреніе съ душевнымъ моимъ почтеніемъ.—Жуковскій.

Ya s velitchdïsheyu bldhoddrnostiyu polutchíl vashu knigu i obyeshtchdyu
I with (the) greatest satisfaction received your book and promise
sebyé mnogo udovólstvié ot yeyó tchténiya. Primíte uv'yerénie s
myself much pleasure from its perusal. Accept (the) assurance with
dushévnym moïm potchténiem. Zhukofski.
(my) sincere my regard.

SECTION IV

PORTUGAL AND SPAIN

(1835–1840)

CHAPTER XXII

(1835)

The Return to England—Misgivings—Visit to Oulton—Bible Society hesitates—"What do you think of China?"—*Ad interim* Commission to Portugal—Sudden Departure for Lisbon—Captain Heyland—Cintra—Isabel de Belem—Letters home—Journey to the Alemtejo—Political state of Portugal.

GEORGE BORROW reached London about the 19th of September, 1835. For some time he had had misgivings as to his future course, and dreaded most of all a return to his old occupations. His past experience in England had not tended to stimulate optimistic feelings, and he was more than ever inclined to indulge in visions of evil. From St. Petersburg he had written to his mother:—

"I hope the Bible Society will employ me upon something new, for I have of late led an active life, and dread the thought of having nothing to do except studying as formerly, and I am by no means certain that I could sit down to study now. I can do anything if it is to turn to any account, *but it is very hard to dig holes in the sand and fill them up again, as I used to do.* However, I hope God will find me something on which I can employ myself with credit and profit. I should like very much to get into the Church, though I suppose that that, like all other professions, is overstocked."

"My dear George," wrote Mrs. Borrow in reply, "do not be melancholy; you should rather rejoice and be thankful to God for assisting you to bring your work to a conclusion. I

think the Bible Society will employ you; but if not, thank God you have a home to come to. I do not wish you to remain abroad; I am very lonely and shall be glad to see you. I have not spent the money you sent home."

The Bible distribution project that would carry him across Russia and Tartary to China had failed, as we have seen. A new one by sea had been suggested in London, but the Society hesitated and waited. Doubtless a little show of enthusiasm on their agent's part would have turned the scale in favour of the perilous journey.

From Norwich, Borrow wrote a long report to Mr. Brandram on the 23rd of September, giving an account of his visit to Moscow, a portion of which was published in the *Athenæum*.[1] Early in October he was at Oulton, visiting Mrs. Clarke and the Skeppers. On the 9th of that month he addressed the local Bible Society there, as we learn by the *Norfolk Chronicle* of the 17th, which reported the speech. He found his friends at the Hall in mourning. Mrs. Anne Skepper, the mother of Mrs. Clarke, had died just before his arrival in England, and Mr. Edmund Skepper had signed on the 6th of October his singular Will, by which he made over to the son an estate that was already mortgaged to the daughter, and which she will take good care to keep in her own hands during life.

At last, towards the close of the month, a letter reached Norwich from the Bible Society:—

Rev. Andrew Brandram to George Borrow

"No. 10, Earl Street, October 26, 1835.

"My dear Friend,—I fear you will have been disappointed at not hearing from me. Shortly after your departure we passed a resolution that you should go to Portugal; but when it came for confirmation my heart misgave me. I had

[1] August 20, 1836, p. 587.

in imagination set you down at Oporto, had inquired what you would do, and the more I turned it in mind the less did it appear that the door was sufficiently open to warrant the step, and—I suggested the *suspension* of the Resolution.

"What do you think yourself? What do your imaginings lead you to think of China? Supposing yourself arrived on its shores; from all the information you have picked up, do you imagine that you could make any progress in distribution? Favour us with your thoughts. Experimental agency in a Society like ours is a formidable undertaking. May God direct us!"

What passed in the interval to correct this painful hesitation we do not know, but certain it is that our "agent in foreign parts" was in London in less than one week; for, among the official Minutes, the following, dated November 2nd, inaugurates the new Bible campaign:—

"Resolved that Mr. George Borrow be requested to proceed forthwith to Lisbon and Oporto for the purpose of visiting the Society's correspondents there, and of making further inquiries respecting the means and channels which may offer for promoting the circulation of the Holy Scriptures in Portugal."

"*Je ne demande pas mieux!*" cried Borrow, with fresh enthusiasm, and all his pessimism and "black ideas" were gone in a trice. Thus, "suddenly and unexpectedly called to undertake the adventure of Spain," the steppes of Tartary were exchanged, in his imagination, for the "wilds of the Alemtejo." For back of Portugal lay "the land of old renown"—the "land where the Guadaléte flows!"[1]

The two correspondents mentioned in the Resolution, were John Wilby, Esq., a merchant of Lisbon, in whose hands were deposited the Society's stock of Portuguese

[1] Preface and p. 155 of the *Bible in Spain*.

Bibles of the Pereira version, and the Rev. E. Whiteley, British Chaplain at Oporto, likewise a depositary of the Society.

Borrow received letters to both of these gentlemen, one of which was delivered to its address, while the other seems to have been preserved to bear its unimpeachable testimony. I shall therefore give it entire:—

Rev. A. Brandram to the Rev. E. Whiteley, Oporto

"No. 10, Earl Street, November 4, 1835.

"My dear Friend,—The bearer of this letter, Mr. Geo. Borrow, has been engaged by our Society during the last two years in St. Petersburgh in editing the Mandchou New Testament. *We have some prospect of his eventually going to China;* but having proved by experience that he possesses an order of talent remarkably suited to the purposes of our Society, we have felt unwilling to interrupt our connexion with him with the termination of his engagement at St. Petersburgh. In the interval we have thought that he might advantageously visit Portugal, and strengthen your hands and those of other friends, and see whether he could not extend the promising opening at present existing. He has no specific instructions, though he is enjoined to confer very fully with yourself and Mr. Wilby of Lisbon.

"I have mentioned his recent occupation at St. Petersburgh, and you may perhaps think that there is little affinity between it and his present visit to Portugal. But Mr. Borrow possesses no little tact in addressing himself to anything. With Portugal he is already acquainted, and speaks the language. He proposes visiting several of the principal cities and towns. Should he require money, we shall be obliged by your putting him in the way of obtaining it, to an extent not exceeding, without further advice, one hundred pounds. Those who advance him cash may draw upon our treasurer, John Thornton, Esq.

"Our correspondence about Spain is at this moment singularly interesting, and if it continues so, and the way seems to

open, Mr. Borrow will cross the frontier and go and enquire what can be done there. We believe him to be one who is endowed with no small portion of address and of a spirit of enterprise. I recommend him to your kind attentions, and I anticipate your thanks for so doing, after you shall have become acquainted with him. Do not, however, be too hasty in forming your judgment.—With best wishes, believe me, yours faithfully,

"A. BRANDRAM, Secretary.

"P.S.—Mr. Borrow will direct his attention to Schools, and is authorised to be liberal in *giving* New Testaments."

From this important document it appears, then, that the mission to Portugal, and possibly to Spain, covered an *ad interim* mandate designed to bridge over the Chinese question. But if the back door to China was closed by the Muscovite veto of 1835, was the front door at the same period any the less hermetically sealed to Bible distribution? For not till six years afterwards did British pluck claim even the Hong Kong gate of its enemies.

On the 6th of November, 1835, Borrow sailed from London in the steamship *London Merchant*, Captain Whittingham, master, bound for Lisbon.[1] They touched at Falmouth on the 8th, and arrived at Lisbon on the 13th.[2] He had written his mother on the eve of his departure from the "Spread Eagle," that he should be back in four or five months. He was absent eleven months. On the voyage he made the acquaintance of an army officer, Captain John Rowland Heyland, of the 35th Regiment of Foot,[3] who shared his hotel at Lisbon, and his expedition to Cintra.

Mr. Wilby was not in town, and on the 19th Borrow,

[1] Lloyd's List, November 27, and *Royal Cornwall Gazette*, November 13.

[2] I do not follow the dates of the *Bible in Spain*, which are often inexact.

[3] Ensign, 1824; Lieutenant, 1826; Captain, 1831.—*Army List.*

accompanied by his Captain, paid a visit to Cintra. A very remarkable woman kept the Inn where they refreshed both man and beast.[1] A genuine *Bohémienne*, she had lived all over Europe, and spoke its leading tongues. She was born in London of Portuguese parents, was brought up in Spain, married a Belgian, who died in 1830, leaving her a dowry of two daughters—one of them born blind. So she started inns at Lisbon and Cintra to maintain them. Tired of Portugal, where no one travels, she afterwards sought an asylum in London, gaining a precarious livelihood by teaching languages. In a very cleverly written Spanish letter addressed to "Don Jorge" in 1845, she reminds him of the polyglot tournament they once held at Cintra in presence of the "English officer," at which Borrow and the *posadera* broke many a lance, till he frightened the whole company with his cis-tiberine *latinajos* (Latin quotations).

The signature of his hostess was—being literally rendered — Elizabeth of Bedlam. Portuguese by name—born in Cocagne—at Madrid bred—to a Belgian wed—*Isabel de Belem!* It is not surprising that the name of the quiet town of Bethlehem of Judea should have descended into the nomenclature of horror and of riot. It is the tradition of the Herodian slaughter—"Rachel weeping for her children." Bethlehem, Bedlam, Belén, Belém! In Spain, *armar un Belén* is to excite a tumult. And the old Palace on the Tagus! One has only to mention Donna María I. to be led to exclaim, "Belem? —*Bedlam!*"

Back in Lisbon on the 23rd, after his four days' run to Cintra, Collares, and Mafra, on a tour of inspection which will be found detailed in *The Bible in Spain*, Borrow spent the following week with his friend Mr. Wilby, who had now returned, and in writing voluminous reports and private letters to England.

[1] Ford's *Hand-Book*, 1845, p. 525.

From the moment our pilgrim reached the shores of the Peninsula, he seemed to have resumed his early habit of exaggeration and hyperbole, which he had successfully mastered while he was in Russia. Now we constantly discover that his "fortnight" signifies four days, and his "three weeks" ten or eleven. Hence we shall tell his story without much reference to the *Bible*, relying upon his letters and papers, aided by long personal knowledge of the two countries.

Borrow wrote his mother a short letter, November 30th, in which he informed her that he had *just* arrived in Lisbon from the country, where he had spent nearly a *fortnight;* that he had travelled upwards of a *hundred miles* on a mule, with a stick to get it along, making inquiries of the people and investigating the state of the country; that he had ridden into the fields and among the hills, stopping everybody he met, and had been very successful in gathering a vast deal of information; that he had posted off to England "an immense letter" for Mr. Brandram; and finally that he intended to cross the whole of Portugal into Spain in about a month.

After having despatched his reports and epistolary salutations to England, Borrow resumed his prospecting for local dirt and ignorance in a new quarter. This time he directed his attention towards the Eastern shore of the Tagus, with Evora as his objective. Of this journey, which lasted a fortnight in earnest, the printed account restrains our pen. It will therefore suffice to record a few remarks only. Between the Caes do Sodré, or quay of Lisbon, and Aldéa Galléga, the river expands into a broad bay some twelve miles wide. This he crossed on a Sunday evening of the 6th of December, with the wild Irish or Galician lad (which is much the same thing), who in the intervals of his song promised that he would not drown the Englishman if he could help it. The next morning, very early, Borrow started for Evora, where he

arrived late the following evening. The intermediate places where he stopped were Pegões, Vendas Novas, and Montemôr, or, in Spanish, Montemayor (Great Hill). Borrow (and his latest commentators) were not strong on Iberian topography, else they would not have written "Monte Moro" and trumped up Moorish legends about an innocent old *hill*.[1]

At Evora our traveller remained from the 8th to the 17th, studying the people—a pretty rough lot, save only Don Geronimo de Azevedo, of whom, judging by epistles, great things were expected with reference to introducing the Bible into schools. Here also Borrow wrote two letters: one to Mr. Brandram, and the other to—Dr. Bowring! The translation mania seems to have subsided on both sides. Bowring had got into Parliament for Kilmarnock, February 15, 1835, and, having reached the first and second stages of his ambition, thought no more of poetic interpretation.

Borrow merely wrote to ask for letters of introduction to "the most influential minds" of Madrid and Lisbon, and a Foreign Office letter to Lord Howard de Walden, British Minister to Portugal. He added that his chief object was to get the Bible into the Public Schools of both countries, *shortly* to be established (!). He announced his intention to start for Madrid in a few days, and subsequently to proceed to Granada in quest of his Gypsies.

Bowring answered from Brussels, January 29, 1836, forwarding two letters, one for each country, accompanied by a very cool note.

A rapid glance at the history of Portugal and the consequent state of the kingdom at the time of George Borrow's visit, may be not uninteresting.

[1] See Chapter xxxvi.

When Napoleon decreed the fall of the House of Bragança, in 1807, the situation was this:—

Donna María I. was queen in name (1786–1816), but, since her mental alienation in 1790, her son, Dom João,[1] had been Regent. At the invasion of Junot in 1807 the Royal House embarked for Brazil, leaving behind them a Council of Regency. In 1816 Dª María I. died, and her son, Dom João, became Emperor of Brazil and King of Portugal, under the title of João (John) VI. In 1820 a Constitution was proclaimed at Lisbon, and Dom João was forced to accept it. In 1822 he came to Portugal, leaving his son, Dom Pedro, viceroy of Brazil. Pedro declared Brazil independent and himself Emperor.

In 1826 João VI. died, leaving Dom Pedro (the Emperor) and his brother, Dom Miguel.[2] Pedro IV. resigned the crown of Portugal the same year in favour of his daughter, Donna María da Gloria, a child of seven years.

Hence the eight years' civil war (1826–34) between the partisans of Donna María II. and her uncle the Pretender, Dom Miguel, which was brought to a close by the Convention of Evora Monte (May, 1834) when D. Miguel abandoned Portugal for ever.[3]

In November and December, then, while Borrow was in Portugal, he witnessed the sad condition of a nation just emerging from a frightful state of anarchy and civil

[1] French *j*—Jwow^{ng}, *ow* as in *now*, with an indistinct or smothered nasal sound.

[2] Pronounce *Me-gail'*, *Mä-re'-ah*, *Pā'-dro*.

[3] María I. (1734–1816) reigned 1786–1790, deranged 1790–1816.

João VI. (1767–1826), regent 1790–1816, emperor and king 1816–1826.

Pedro IV. (1798–1834), emperor 1822–1834.

Miguel (1802–1866). [Civil war by the pretender, 1826–1834.]

María II. (1819–1853), reigned 1833–1853 (died in child-birth).

strife that had lasted more than a quarter of a century (1807–1834). As a consequence, it was not strange that, soon after consultation with Mr. Wilby, he resolved to adjourn all further operations in Portugal and push on into Spain.

CHAPTER XXIII

(1836)

"Probing the Wound"—Journey to Spain—Badajóz and the Gitanos—St. Luke in Caló—The Wild Ride to Castile—Madrid—Plans—New Testament in Spain—The Spanish Scriptures in and out of the Peninsula.

THE Bible Society's reply to Borrow's bulky despatches from Portugal approved the methods and proceedings of their agent in this wise:—

"We have been much interested by your two communications. They are both very painful in their details, and you develop a truly awful state of things. You are probing the wound, and I hope preparing the way for our pouring in, by and by, the healing balsam of the Scriptures. We shall be anxious to hear from you again. We often think of you in your wanderings. We like your way of communicating with the people, meeting them in their own walks," etc.

Borrow returned to Lisbon from his excursion in the Alemtejo on the 20th of December. Before proceeding with his plans in Portugal, he had resolved to visit Spain, as we have seen, expecting to resume his schemes for the introduction of the Bible among the Portuguese at a later period.

Accordingly, on the 1st of January, 1836, he recrossed the Tagus to Aldéa Galléga, and began his journey to Élvas and Badajóz.[1] His course was the same as it was on the preceding expedition till he came to Montemôr,

[1] Arabised from *Pax Augusta* into Badalioz, thence into Badajóz.

whence it turned more to the north, following the old coach-road to Arrayólos (not Arroyólos), Estremóz, and Elvas.

Borrow relates in his book how he came near being shot, a short distance beyond Arrayólos, by some half-starved Portuguese soldiers who were escorting a train of military stores. I should not have mentioned the circumstance did he not corroborate it in two letters, one addressed a little after to the Bible Society, and the other to Mrs. Clarke of Oulton.

On the 6th of January our traveller crossed the boundary stream of La Caya,[1] and, filled with a kind of rapture which all comprehend who know Old Spain, he rode into Badajóz. He established himself in the inn of the "Three Nations," at No. 30, Calle de la Moraleja. It was here he first met his Gypsies, one of whom accompanied him on his way through the greater part of Estremadura. Although he had expected to proceed at once to Madrid by the regular diligence, his encounter with these wretched pariahs of Spain so interested him that he tarried some ten days at Badajóz. He even went so far as to translate the xvth chapter of St. Luke into *Caló*, or Spanish Gypsy, which the Bible Society subsequently consented to print.[2] As to the version of the entire Gospel which he says he accomplished at Badajóz in the winter of 1836, we must not take that statement too literally. He certainly was not there three weeks, and one of his letters gives *ten days*. At all events, even in the longer period he could hardly have performed so

[1] Anciently Acaya. Sandovál, *Cárlos V.*, ed. 1606, ii., l. 26, fo. 1, col. 4.

[2] March 1, 1836.—"Presented a Specimen of a Translation into Rommanee or Language of the Spanish Gypsies made by Mr. Borrow, being the 15th chapter of St. Luke's Gospel.—*Resolved* that Mr. Borrow be authorised to print this Specimen and other single chapters in the same dialect, for distribution among those wandering tribes, as a trial of his success in endeavouring to communicate to them a knowledge of the Scriptures, and that he inform the Committee of the results as they arise."

grim a task as it appears in the printed edition of 1837–1838.

In fixing the chronology of the strange ride to Madrid, most of the way accompanied by the wild *Caló*, Antonio López, and at his mercy, we know no other method to pursue than to follow the date *à quo* consigned in the letters to the Bible Society. In one of these, written the same year,[1] Mr. Borrow states:—

"On the 16th of January, 1836, I quitted Badajóz for Madrid, where I arrived in safety."

Let us, then, adopt this date, which is without doubt the true one, and by it trace his route. I have gone slowly and carefully over the same road in a *galera*, or kind of small diligence, and found the stations to have been as follows:—

Jan. 16, *Saturday*.—Badajóz, Lobón, Mérida.
Jan. 17, 18, 19.—Spent at Mérida.
Jan. 20, *Wednesday*.—Mérida to Venta de la Guia.
Jan. 21, *Thursday*.—Venta de la Guia to Trujillo (*night*)—and the forest of Las Gamas.
Jan. 22, *Friday*.—Las Gamas, Jaraicéjo, Pass of Mirabéte, Tagus, Almaráz.
Jan. 23, *Saturday*.—Almaráz to La Calzada.
Jan. 24, *Sunday*.—La Calzada, Oropésa, Talavéra.
Jan. 25, *Monday* (*evening*).—Talavéra to Madríd.
Jan. 26, *Tuesday*.—Arrival at Madríd, 10 a.m.

This journey is detailed in *The Bible in Spain*, and developed here and there in the author's writings, both published and manuscript. Nevertheless, some remarks on it will possibly not be unwelcome to those who are not familiar with the old stage-coach roads of the Peninsula, now unused by travellers and ignored by guide-books.

The three days spent in Mérida were occasioned by the gypsy wedding described in the *Zincali*, and by J. W.

[1] Report to Bible Society, dated London, October 17, 1836.

W. in the *Morning Herald*, but suppressed in *The Bible in Spain:* "The gypsies crowned him their king, near the ruins of Mérida in Estremadura, at a barbarous festival, where they strewed the ground with sweetmeats and danced upon them, performing at the same time other wild and uncouth ceremonies."[1] On the 20th López and Borrow started for Trujillo, where they arrived in the night of the 21st. Not finding the "Chabés of Egypt" at home, they were forced to push on in the darkness and rain till they came to a *soto*, or wood, near the hamlet of Carrascál.[2] There, amid trees and the thick growth of the evergreen oak, in a spot called *Las Gamas*, the Does, they discovered the camp-fires of the wanderers, and bivouacked with them the rest of the night. On the following morning, the 22nd, they hastened forward to Jaraicéjo, a breezy, dilapidated village, redolent of poverty and dirt, half-way up the gradual ascent. Through this straggling ruin Borrow managed to escape, by exhibiting a Foreign Office passport, signed by "the Caballero Balmerson," and which the *carabinero* pronounced "*fehaciente*"—capable of inspiring confidence—by the flattering terms in which it discoursed of the bearer. Before he reached the foot of the Pass of Mirabéte he rejoined Antonio, who was lying hid in the brushwood, waiting for his arrival from Jaraicéjo, and that of a Gitana from over the Pass. The Gypsy girl rode up opportunely, in the midst of an awkward conversation on the Englishman's mission to Spain. Here the two left him, not, however, till he had purchased the savage *burra* by which the messenger had come, on "business of Egypt." The mountain which Borrow now slowly ascended is one of the lower spurs of the Sierra de Guadalupe. From the top, where a few houses are gathered, called *las Casas del Puerto*, or the Houses of the Pass, the view is striking.

[1] *Zinc.*, pp. 190, 191; *Morning Herald*, May 21, 1838.

[2] *Zinc.*, p. 55 of chap. v.

Between the long ranges of the Sierra de Gredos on the left, and the Montes de Toledo on the right, a vast plain lies before you, extending like a silver sea as far as the sight can reach, in the gorgeous sunlight of Spain.

At the foot of the Pass, in the descent, the Tagus rolls between high banks. The old bridge, erected in 1552, was destroyed in 1809 by the exigencies of the Peninsular War, and was not restored till ten years after Borrow's passage. So he was obliged to cross by a ferry a little lower down. At Almaráz he held that dialogue with the rustics of the village inn, which was so appropriate to the place and country. What a picture! The huge fire, the bustling housewife, the hunter with his musket, the shepherds with their dogs, the broken soldier just returned from the wars, and the beggar, who, after demanding charity *por las siete llagas de María Santísima*, sat down among them and entered into the conversation. And such a conversation! *Más vale ser un lobo ó cualquier otra cosa de lo que soy*—for to feel the full power of the dialogue, it must be reconstructed into its original popular form and simplicity. "I would I were a wolf!" What a magnificent ruin is the rustic Spaniard!

The next day brought our traveller to La Calzada de Oropésa; twenty-seven and one half miles on his little grey *burra*. He forgot the name of the place, but identifies it when he declares it to be the first in Castile. The *mojón* stands just out of the village by the side of the way—a granite pillar with "Extremadura" on one face, and "Castilla" on the other.

The following day he reached Talavéra de la Réina in company with that strange Toledo Jew whom he met on the road, and whose pronunciation of the word "*bueno*" reminded him of Rabbi Menasseh, the Armenian's friend of 1825. And that, too, more than six years before the composition of *Lavengro* was even contemplated![1]

[1] *Lavengro*, p. 159.

At Talavéra he remained for most of the next day, and in the evening, having sold his donkey to the Jew, he set out for Madrid by the regular diligence. That would bring him into the capital between nine and ten in the morning thereafter—Tuesday, January 26th, 1836.

Borrow must have travelled very leisurely. He was five days going from Lisbon to Badajóz, a journey that is set down for three in the official post-books as far back as that by Campománes.[1] And in this expedition through Estremadura he employed four days, leaving out the detention at Mérida; a trip which I have done by stage-coach in not more than two.

Of course, we now go to Talavéra on the direct railway line to Portugal, in three hours and a half.

But the old coach-road from Talavéra to Madrid, which Borrow followed in 1836, and which I traversed forty years later, passes through territory full of unwritten, but authentic, history, reaching far back into the legendary period of Spain's annals. Who would not know, in remote ages to come, of the common origin of the New Englander and the Briton, when he read the names of places common to the countries of each—Boston, Cambridge, Lynn, Suffolk, Essex, Windham, Norwich, Colchester, New London, New York, Thames, Hartford (Hertford), etc., etc.?

So, on this plain of the Tagus, a score of villages lie on either side of the river, which were peopled by the immortal tribes that escaped to Tarshish from the carrying away into Babylon. Once their names were as clearly identical with those of their homes in Palestine, as those of the Anglo-American are with English topography; but time and the overturnings of history have replaced them with profaner substitutions. Still, in a few we may yet read the story of all. There are Nóves, once *Nob;*

[1] *Itinerario de las Carreras de Posta de dentro y fuera del Reyno.* Madrid, 1761, 8vo (pp. 502).

Yépes, *Joppa;* Máqueda, *Makkeda;* and Escalona, the *Askelon* of the Philistines. Santa Olalla, Nombela, La Guardia, are among the many whose sacred names were obliterated by the revolutions of race-hatred and power. But there they stand to-day, as they have stood for nearly two thousand five hundred years, like jewels set in the crown of their ancient citadel. And that citadel, placed on its rocky height, they called it—not *Zion*, in their distant exile—but *Toledoth Yehúdah*, or the Generations of Judah, and so the name *TOLEDO* has been transmitted to these times.

To deny all this is to deny common sense in archæology and the direct tradition of ages.[1]

Soon after the arrival of George Borrow in Madrid, he took up his quarters in a dilapidated lane very appositely denominated *Calle de la Zarza*, or Street of the Brambles. But it was conveniently situated for his purposes, just behind the Puerta del Sol, on or near which are found most of the Government Offices. That historic public centre was at this time a very small affair in comparison with its present dimensions, thanks to the amplifications wrought in the forties and fifties by Don Ramon de Mesonero Romanos and his colleagues in the municipality. In place of the old Church of the Buen Suceso, which projected far out into the Square, now stands the handsome Hôtel de Paris, and at the opposite extreme a network of squalid lanes has been demolished, among them the Calle de la Zarza.

The ideas and plans of the Bible Society's agent had developed a good deal since he left Portugal, and at last he had formed a definite project. His principal motive for visiting the Spanish capital was now frankly stated to

[1] See Medina, *Libro de Grandezas*, 1547; Mendez Silva, *Poblacion Gen. de España*, 1675; Rodriguez de Castro, *Bibl. Esp.*, 1781–86; Pisa, Alcocer, Rojas, Gamero, Castro, Amador de los Rios, etc., etc.—Medina gives the approximate date, 580 B.C.

be "the hope of obtaining permission to print the New Testament in the Castilian tongue for circulation in Spain."[1] This is clear and reasonable; for the Bibles must be *printed in Spain* ere there could be any distribution in the kingdom, according to its laws.

The next and most difficult thing to get was the permission to print an edition—even of the New Testament —*without note or comment.* What Government or Cabinet dare grant such a permission in a country where, from 1520 to 1868, the prohibition had been constant and instinctive and traditional! Since the invention of printing in the middle of the fifteenth century, down to the year 1820, no Bible or New Testament in Spanish, in a cheap form, *had ever been printed in Spain.* It is true that from 1790 and 1823 Father Scio de San Miguel and Don Felix Torres Amat, began to publish their respective translations from the Latin Vulgate, the one at Valencia in ten volumes folio, and the other at Madrid in nine volumes quarto. But these were the rich man's Bibles, got up in luxurious style with steel engravings (at least the Valencian), and both with notes and exposition more voluminous than the text.

First Spanish Scriptures Printed in Spain.

Bible (O. & N. T.),	*Scio*,	Valencia,	1790–93, 10 vols., fol.
id.	*id.*	Madrid,	1793–94, 10 vols., fol.
id.	*id.*	"	1794–97, 19 vols., 8vo.
id.	*id.*	"	1797–98, 2 vols., fol.
Gospels only,	*id.*	"	1804 (*with notes*), 8vo.
Bible (O. & N. T.)	*id.*	"	1807–16, 15 vols., 4to.
N. T.[2]	*id.*	Barcelona,	1820 (*Revolution of* 1820–23), 8vo.
Bible (O. & N. T.),	*Amat*,	Madrid,	1823–25, 9 vols., sm. 4to.
id.	*id.*	"	1832–35, 6 vols., sm. 4to.
N. T.,[2]	*Scio*,	"	1837 (*Borrow*), 8vo.
N. T.,[2]	*id.*	Barcelona,	1837 (*Graydon*), 8vo.
Bible (O. & N. T.),[2]	*id.*	"	1837 (*Graydon*),[3] 8vo.

[1] Letter of October 17, 1836.

[2] Editions in one vol., "without note or comment."

[3] See Villanueva, *De la Leccion de la Sagrada Escritura en Lenguas Vulgares.* Valencia, 1791, fol., and *Can. et Dec. Conc. Trid., Romæ*, 1564, fol.

The Roman Catholic version of the Spanish Scriptures by Scio de San Miguel had, then, very properly been fixed on by the Society as the authorised text of the country and the only one likely to prove acceptable to the people.

A great hue and cry was raised against Borrow in 1849 and 1850, by men like Wallis in the United States and Widdrington in England, neither of whom seemed to know anything about the subject, because, forsooth, he did *not* print and circulate the very Catholic version he *did* print and circulate in Spain. This leads me to present a short account of the Spanish Protestant Bibles of the Reformation, now generally used by non-Catholics in that country, since the Revolution of September, 1868.

Spanish Scriptures of the Reformation.

1. N. T.—translated by Francisco de Enzínas. Antwerp, 1543, 8°.
2. N. T.—translated by Dr. Juan Pérez. Venecia (Geneva), 1556, 16°.
3. Psalms—translated by Dr. Juan Pérez. Ven. (Geneva), 1557, sq. 16°.
4. Bible (O. & N. T.)—by Casiodóro de Réyna. (Bâle), 1596, 4°.
5. N. T.—by Réyna, revised by Valéra. (London), 1596, 16°.
6. Bible (O. & N. T.)—by Réyna, revised by Valéra. Amst., 1602, f°.
7. N. T.—Réyna-Valéra. Amsterdam, 1625, 12°.
8. N. T.—revised by Sebastián de la Enzína. Amst., 1708, 8°.

All on the *Index* of their time, from those of Toledo, 1551; Valladolid, 1551, 1559; Madrid, 1583, 1612, etc., to 1747!

The original *Protestant* translations of the New Testament, as we have seen, were *three* in number—all of the sixteenth century. That by Francisco de Enzínas, Antwerp, 1543, was made from the Greek in Melanchthon's house at Wittemberg, in the winter of 1542–3. The whole edition was destroyed, as soon as issued, by Louis van Schore, President of Brabant. Some half-dozen copies, however, had been distributed, and one of these came into my possession from the Sunderland sale many years ago, and completed my collection of ancient Span-

ish Scriptures. The printer, Stephen Merdmann, was ruined, and fled to England, where he afterwards printed an *Herbarium*.[1]

Dr. Juan Pérez's version was the second. He brought it out at Geneva in the press of that wonderful man, Jean Crespin, in a diminutive little volume that could be easily hidden away from the Argus-eyed Inquisitors of Spain. Crispinus and Perez contrived a little pious fraud. They printed on the title-page—*not:* GINEBRA: EN CASA DE IVAN CRESPINO—but: VENECIA: EN CASA DE IVAN PHILADELPHO, M.D.LVI. Who was this Venice Publisher, "John Lover of the Brethren"? No one knew. He lived in grand old Geneva, in the *hearts* of Perez and Crépin. These men filled a large barrel with the little books, headed it up, and fastened or suspended it by iron rods within the empty space of a puncheon for wine. They poured in the wine, closed up the whole, and sent it off to Spain by the mountains of Jaca. It passed the frontier, reached Seville, and the Testaments were distributed to the secret Church. But they were discovered; and one morning in February, 1558, a placard was set up on the Church-doors of Córdova and Seville, calling on all men to beware of those little books "for the harm that might come to him who should read them,"—a ghastly *double entendre* of "Pedro Despino ynquisidor," who signed the notice 340 years ago.[2]

Thus the Perez Testament perished, for few were printed. It was gotten up as a campaign book for "running the blockade" in the confusion of the advent of Philip and the exit of Charles.

The third distinct translation was made by a quondam

[1] Lelong, *Boek-Zaal der Nederduytsche Bybels*. Amst., 1732, last page, if I recollect rightly. But see also its Index.

[2] "Vedan los ss. inquisidores los dichos libros por el daño q̃ se podria seguir a quien los leyese.—*El licenᵈᵒ Villar*—y por su mandado *Pº Despino ynqr*.—13 de Hebrero del año 1558."—My copy of the original.

monk of Santiponce or San Isídoro, near Seville—Casiodóro de Réyna. He escaped from his convent, hid by day and travelled by night till he reached Geneva, and finally settled at Frankfort-on-the-Main, where he supported himself by twisting silk. He worked twelve years amid much poverty and contempt, which always go hand in hand. He printed his—the first—Protestant Bible in Spanish, at Bâle, in the House of Thomas Guarinus, 1569, in 4°. There was no Basilea (Bâle) or Thomas Guarinus on the title-page, of course, but he gave some copies away to those who had been kind to him, and on one of these, now preserved at Bâle, he wrote the imprint, that posterity might know this landmark of his unrecorded history.

In 1596 and 1602 Cipriano de Valéra[1] brought out revised editions of Réyna's Testament and Bible, the first at London, in the House of Ricardo del Campo, or Richard Field, and the whole Bible at Amsterdam by Lawrence Jacobi, in folio. To this book Valéra's name has been very wrongfully attached as translator, which he never was.

These three editions of the *Protestant* Scriptures, which might have saved Spain, had been trampled underfoot and tossed into *hogueras* and burned with shouts of Satanic derision, which I still seem to hear mingled with jubilant cries of "Their ashes be upon us and upon our children!"

Thus I have answered, as briefly as I could, the carpers against Borrow in Spain.

In 1837 he knew nothing of these early versions; his Society nothing. They printed what was available then, and they did well. The old versions had long since perished, or lay concealed as priceless curios in the libraries and museums of the learned and the great.

[1] After Réyna's death, which occurred in 1594, I believe—my books are far away; but see his portrait and inscription in Lehnemann's *Historische Nachricht.* F. a/M., 1725, 4°.

CHAPTER XXIV

(1836)

Permission to Print—British Minister—Spanish Cabinet Changes—Interview with Mendizábal—"No, No! Come again in Six Months"—Writes for Instructions—Discretion Accorded—Istúriz Cabinet—British Minister's Kind Offices—Revolution of La Granja—Borrow at Granada—To England—Return to Spain—Cádiz—Seville—John Wetherell—Zohar—Córdova—Madrid.

ARRIVING in town an entire stranger, without letters of introduction—Dr. Bowring's had not yet come to hand, of course—or any acquaintance with the proper mode of gaining access to the ear of Government, Borrow lost much time in vain efforts to learn how to proceed. Consequently the country and the people made a lasting and most unfavourable impression on his mind, as is always the case when a stranger goes to Spain ignorant of the true method of stroking the Iberian lion. On two or three occasions he made unsuccessful attempts to secure an interview with the Prime Minister. At last, in pure desperation, he bethought him of the British envoy, Sir George Villiers.[1] After some hesitation he called at the Legation in the Calle de Torija. He was delighted with his cordial reception and the warmth with which Sir George entered into his views. He was quite willing to give Borrow a letter to the Premier, but told

[1] Sir George William Frederick Villiers (1800–1870) was Minister to Spain from 1833 to March, 1839, having become fourth Earl of Clarendon at the death of his uncle, December 22, 1838. (See *John Bull* of December 30, 1838, pp. 616, col. 1, and 620, col. 2.)

him frankly that he had little hope of a favourable answer to his request, in view of the Minister's pronounced hostility to the Bible Society and all its works.

During Borrow's residence in Spain, the Cabinets changed on an average twice a year; so that in five years the country had enjoyed the variety of *ten* do-nought Ministries. At the death of Ferdinand VII., September 29, 1833, the Cea-Bermúdez Cabinet was in power. Then followed, under the Queen-Regent María Cristina—

The Martinez de la Rosa Cabinet.....July, 1834, to June, 1835.
The Conde de Toreno Cabinet.....June to Sept., 1835.
The Mendizábal Cabinet.....Sept., 1835, to May, 1836.
The Istúriz Cabinet.....May to Aug., 1836.
The Calatrava Cabinet.....Aug., 1836, to Aug., 1837.
The Bardají Cabinet.....Aug. to Nov., 1837.
The Ofalía Cabinet.....Nov., 1837, to Aug., 1838.
The Duque de Frias Cabinet.....Sept., 1838, to Feb., 1839.
The Perez de Castro Cabinet.....Feb., 1839.

The Prime Minister, therefore, with whom Borrow had to do was Don Juan Álvarez de Mendizábal, a gentleman of Basque origin, as his name plainly shows,[1] and, as a consequence, no friend of dissenters and other "importers of novelties." Early one Sunday morning, the 7th of February, our enthusiastic agent directed his steps towards the Palace of the President of the Council of Ministers in the Calle de Alcalá. But although his story of the interview as written by himself to the Society some days later,[2] differs somewhat from the account published in *The Bible in Spain*, it is very voluminous, and cannot, therefore, be introduced here. The most amusing part of the narrative consists in the reflection upon Borrow's credulity; for, when the Minister, evidently to get rid of his troublesome visitor, promised that the case might be

[1] From the Basque *mendi*, mountain, and *zábal*, broad—Spanish: Monte Ancho.

[2] Letter found by Mr. Murray in 1896 in private hands.

altered when the Civil War was over, and suggested that he should suspend his calls for six months, our credulous agent determined to wait, and accordingly wrote home for instructions on the 13th of February, asking what he should do in the *interim proposed* by Mendizábal! Should he proceed to Granada and Badajóz, and finish his translation of St. Luke into *Caló*, with the assistance of the Gypsies of those places? or should he return to Lisbon, and endeavour to carry out his plan of attempting to induce the Government to adopt the Scriptures as a text-book in the schools which they were *about* to establish there?

The desired instructions for which George Borrow was waiting, reached him on the twentieth of March. The general feeling at home seemed to be in favour of granting their agent a large margin of discretion as to his future movements—as if the Society already anticipated coming changes. "In these wondrous days," wrote Mr. Brandram, "opportunities may open unexpectedly." They consented practically to all that had been asked for, but inclined to a return to Lisbon, where the door was open, while on the other hand his further continuance at Madrid might tend to excite increased prejudice against the mission.

One of the Resolutions accompanying this letter of March 8th authorised the tentative publication of extracts from the Gospel by St. Luke in the dialect of the Spanish Gypsies; but the Committee were not enthusiastic about pushing the "business of Egypt."—"In the matter of translation," wrote Mr. Brandram, "we say *festina lente*. You will be doing well in occupying leisure hours with this work; but we are not prepared for printing anything beyond portions at present."

Mr. Borrow decided to remain at Madrid, and await events which were already casting their shadows before. On the 13th of May, the Mendizábal Ministry fell and

was succeeded by a *moderado*, or reactionary, Cabinet, led by Istúriz, another Basque, and made up of the following members:—

D. Francisco Javier de Istúriz, President and Foreign Affairs.
Don Mateo Seoane, War.
Duque de Rivas, Interior (Home Office).
D. —— Solarte, Finance.
D. Antonio Alcalá-Galiano, Marine.

From this Ministry Borrow at last secured permission to print Bibles without note or comment. We need not, therefore, enter into details with reference to his interviews with the Duke of Rivas, or his under-secretary D. Alejandro Olivan, the subject of that famous phrase: "*Al secretario; él hará por V. el gusto*" (To my secretary; he will do the favour for you). It would only be to repeat the account given fully enough in *The Bible in Spain*. However, we cannot refrain from printing the British Envoy's original letter of June 9th to Borrow, to encourage him in his arduous struggle with the Canons and Decrees of the Council of Trent[1]:—

Sir George Villiers, etc., to George Borrow

"June 9, 1836.

"DEAR SIR,—I have had a very satisfactory conversation with the Duque de Ribas, in which I hope I convinced him of the advantage not only of permitting but of encouraging the publication of the Bible.

"I trust you will not experience any further difficulty, but pray command my services if you require them.—Yours faithfully,

"GEORGE VILLIERS."

The permission to print which Borrow had received was a verbal one, it is true, but it was given by Istúriz himself and in the presence of the British Minister. So

[1] *Bible in Spain*, p. 78.

our agent of the Bible Society took immediate measures to execute his design. He entered into negotiations with the Government printer, Don Cárlos Wood, a respectable Englishman established at Madrid. Five thousand copies of the Spanish Testament were to be reprinted from the Society's Scio edition of London, 1826, without note or comment.

All was arranged and Borrow was about to depart for Granada, Malaga, and England, leaving the work in the hands of Wood, when the Revolution of La Granja broke out (August 12/16), and everything was suspended.[1]

The best contemporary account of the Revolution of La Granja—a royal Palace and Park situated in the village of San Ildefonso, about forty miles from Madrid—is given in the *Morning Chronicle* of August 26, 1836. We cannot afford the space for even a *résumé*. The late Conservative Cabinet had been in power three months, and the motive which occasioned its triumph over that of Mendizábal, namely, personal spite, was now employed to set up the Constitutional system of 1812 and 1820. Espartero was at the bottom of it, and he used the sergeant García as his tool. On the night of the 12th of August the soldiers invaded the Palace of the Queen-Regent, and forced her to promulgate the Cadiz Constitution of 1812 for the third time. On the 15th the Cabinet was dissolved by a general *sauve-qui-peut*, and Quesada was massacred at the village of Hortaleza. Mr. Borrow describes accurately the orgies that took place in the Café Nuevo on the Calle de Alcalá over the severed members of the late Captain-General of Madrid. The Queen-Regent returned to the capital on the 16th, the new Calatrava Ministry was installed, and the incident ended. *The Press was now free!*

Borrow lingered to translate Riego's Hymn on the 18th, and on the 20th he was on the way to Valdepeñas,

[1] Letter of August 6, 1836.

Jaen, and Granada. The progress of this excursion can only be traced by passages in the *Zincali*,[1] hints in letters, and the following autograph found in the visitors' book at the Alhambra, under date of August 30, 1836 (vol. i., f. 13):—

"George Borrow Norvicensis."

The object of his visit to Granada is positively stated in his correspondence to have been a desire to study his strange friends, the Gypsies, there. Thence we know he journeyed to Malaga, and from there he may have taken the steam-packet at Gibraltar that brought him to London October 3rd.

At Oulton he found that Mrs. Clarke's father had died, and that the estate was now in the hands of the Trustees, according to the terms of the will. Mrs. Clarke's brother, however, survived, and so far the peace of the family was not disturbed. She still held the winning card—the mortgage on the whole estate.

George Borrow's stay in England was short—thirty-one days. On the 17th of October he wrote from Norwich a full report of the year's work for the Bible Society, and urged an immediate offensive campaign in Spain, involving printing and distribution. These views met the wishes of the Committees in Earl Street.

Again he bade adieu to his dear mother, and turned his face towards London. He wrote her on the 29th of October, enclosing for her £130 of the £150 he had received on account of salary, and making the interesting remark that his ordination would be put off till his return. We hear no more of this project of taking orders in the Church. The events of the year 1838 quite cured him.

He left London for Cadiz on the 4th of November, 1836, by the steamer *Manchester*, Captain McLeod. On

[1] *Zincali*, i., 234–236, 336–7, ed. 1843.

the 6th they reached Falmouth, where he again wrote his mother:—

"We have had a most unpleasant passage, for the ship is full of invalids going out to Lisbon and Madeira. Some of them are three parts gone with consumption, some are ruptured, some have broken backs; I am the only sound person in the ship, which is crowded to suffocation. I am in a little hole of a berth where I can scarcely breathe, and am every now and then wet through."

The next day they sailed, arriving at Lisbon on the 13th November. Here they were obliged to spend a week to repair the machinery. On the 20th (I follow Lloyd's Register) they set out again, and reached Cadiz the 22nd —safe, if not sound—eighteen days from London!

There was one other person besides Borrow on board the *Manchester* who suffered neither from defective lungs, a broken back, nor abdominal weaknesses. This was the Marquis of Santa Coloma, a secret agent of the Carlists in England. He smuggled himself through the Spanish lines as often as he would, carrying aid and comfort to the enemy. In his old age he knew our excellent friend, the Rev. Wentworth Webster of St. Jean de Luz, and talked to him of bygone memories and of George Borrow in Spain. Santa Coloma was well acquainted with the Bible Society's agent in the Peninsula, where they often met from 1836 to 1840.

Mr. Webster reproduced these Memoirs of Borrow, first in the *Academy*, and again, more fully, in the *Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society*. We shall consider them when the campaign of Spain is ended.

The marquis says that he was Borrow's companion on the ship that was "wrecked," and that they landed together at Cadiz.

"When they stepped on to the quay," relates Mr. Webster,

"Borrow looked around, saw some Gypsies lounging there, said something that the marquis could not understand, and immediately 'that man became *une grappe de gitanos.*' They hung round his neck, clung to his knees, seized his hands, kissed his feet, so that the marquis hardly liked to join his comrade again, after such close embraces by so dirty a company."

Borrow put up at the Posada Francesa, on the Calle de San Francisco and the Neveria; now the Hôtel de Paris. He was taken very ill on the evening of his arrival, and was detained in Cadiz till Thursday morning, the 24th, when he journeyed by the river Guadalquivir to Seville. Here he was forced to remain fourteen days on account of the threatening attitude of certain Carlist bands.

While at Seville he met his old *compagnon de voyage*, Baron Taylor, under the circumstances detailed in the *Bible in Spain* (p. 92). The gentleman whom he introduced to Borrow as "My dear Monsieur W.," was not Mr. Williams, the British Consul, as might be imagined, but John Wetherell, the son of the famous leather-cutter of Snow-hill, London. In the year 1784 the father was induced by the Spanish Government to go to Seville and establish a tannery and the manufacture of fine leathers in that country that had the monopoly of moroccos in the Middle Age (*cordobán, cuir de Cordoue*), and which gave their name to our shoemakers (*cordouaniers, cordwainers*), "workers in Cordova leather." It seemed like carrying coals to Newcastle; but it was the Moriscos of Spain, and not the Spaniards, who made the great "boom" in cordovans, moroccos, and guadamesíes. When the Jewish bankers, Rachel and Vidas, had loaned the Cid, in 1085, six hundred marks on his two chests of *sand*, which they supposed to be jewels, Madam Rachel asked for a present when he should have returned from the wars. And what could even then be more precious than a "red Moorish skin"?

" Rachel advanceth to my Cid, boweth to kiss his hand:
' Warrior, in lucky hour thou girdedst on thy brand!
From Castile now thou farest into the stranger's land.
Such is thy great fortune, thou shalt win a booty there;
One only, bright-red, Moors-skin, precious, fine and fair
(I kiss thy hand, Oh Cid!)—in guerdon I would share.'
' *Placet*,' quoth my Cid, ' bespoke it be this day;
If hence I bring it not, count it upon thy pay.'" [1]

Returning to our story, the Spanish Government gave the elder John Wetherell the Convent of the Jesuits in Seville and about seven acres of good land, rent free, with other privileges, and army contracts. He introduced many steam machinery and English workmen. But the enterprise failed; the Government did not pay for the contracts; in fine, withdrew their protection—*ut solet*. Old Wetherell died a ruined man, the victim of *Punica fides*, and was buried in his gardens of San Diego, Seville.[2]

The son, who was the John Wetherell whom Borrow met on that November day, gave the latter an old Amsterdam edition of the *Zohar* in Hebrew and Rabbinic letters, with these words on the title-page :—

ספר
הזהר
על התורה

Sepher Hazzohar 'al Hattôrah, or Book of the Zohar on the Torah. Pages 620.[3]

On the fly-leaf is this autograph note: " *This book was taken out of the Inquisition of this City on the 10th of March, 1820, & [is] presented to Mr. Borrow by John Wetherell. Seville, 30th Novr., 1836.*" I saw the volume

[1] *Poema del Cid*, 174–181. I have corrected line 181 to read: " *Si nos (noos) la aduxier dalla, contalda sobre las arcas.*"

[2] Joseph Townsend's *Journey through Spain in 1786–9*. London, 1791, ii., 311–313. Ford's *Hand-Book*, 1845, pp. 247 and 279.

[3] The *Zohar* is a mystical cabalistic commentary on the Pentateuch, according to my friend Dr. Cyrus Adler.

in a second-hand book-shop at Norwich, in 1895! From this book it is pretty clear that, even in this century, there were secret Jews in Spain.

Borrow wrote to the Society December 3rd, and left Seville the 9th. At Cordova he tarried eleven days, set out for Madrid the 20th, reached Aranjuez (Ad *Aram Iovis*) on the 25th and Madrid on the 26th of December. How he ever succeeded, practically alone, all those three hundred and odd miles from Seville, in threading the defiles of the Sierra Morena and of Despeñaperros, the dreary and frigid plains of La Mancha, with Carlist cutthroats and Spanish banditti hovering over his path, will never be told. Before he left Seville he wrote Mr. Brandram, that in case he should not be heard from, not to say anything to any one, and to keep it secret as long as possible from his dear mother, and when it should be necessary to reveal it to her, he begs Mr. Brandram to try and go to Norwich and break the news to her. I have quoted his words faithfully, only putting the language in the third person for greater convenience.

CHAPTER XXV

(1837)

Madrid—María Díaz—Andrés Borrégo—Five Thousand Spanish Testaments—Ride over "Poor Spain"—Don Quixote y su Buen Escudéro—Antonio Bouchino—Luis de Usóz—Chronology—Return—*Notulæ:* Rey Roméro and Benedict Moll—Borrow in Business—The Vision of Prince's Street—Bátyushca's Empire Threatened—Two New Missiles (Missals)—Heber and Cush—St. Luke Preaching in Romany.

THE new quarters that George Borrow selected on his arrival at Madrid were situated on the third floor of No. 16, Calle de Santiago. It lies in that network of streets and lanes which are hidden away between the Calle Mayor and the Teatro Real, or Opera House. The landlady was a woman of remarkable intelligence and goodly qualities, who was and ever remained a faithful friend of Borrow. She died in 1844.[1] I find four of her letters written to him after he had taken up his abode in Seville. They are penned in an excellent hand, direct and business-like in composition, concluding with the fine old Castilian formula of "duty," expressed in this wise: —"*Páselo usted bien y disponga como guste de la inutilidad de su afecta Servidora—QBSM.*[2]—MARÍA DÍAZ." (Fare ye well, and command as you please your unprofitable but attached servant, who kisses your hands.—*María Díaz.*)

The Calatrava Ministry was still in power. It was a Liberal Cabinet, and bade fair to allow the country to

[1] Ford to Borrow, January 8, 1845.

[2] *Quien besa sus manos* (who kisses your hands).

breathe a few months, and indeed, under its ægis came forth the best Constitution the nation ever has known, save that of 1869.

Everything was at length ready for carrying forward the plans lately matured and authorised in London. The understanding with the Government printer, Mr. Charles Wood, was set aside for some reason left unexplained.[1] It was probably due to the intervention at this stage of a gentleman by the name of Don Luis de Usóz y Rio, a great friend of Borrow, of whom we will have much to say in the course of these Spanish memoirs.

A regular contract was drawn up by Borrow, Usóz, and Andrés Borrégo, the printer that had replaced Wood, and was signed by the two contracting parties. The instrument is dated January 14th, 1837, and contains seven articles. By the first of these, Mr. Borrégo pledges himself to undertake the printing of five thousand copies of the New Testament, according to the revised Catholic version of Father Scio de San Miguel, the whole to be executed in strict conformity, as to text, orthography, size of type, and make-up, with the Society's edition printed in London in 1826, a copy of which was to serve as original and model.

Mr. Borrégo agreed to finish the impression in ten weeks from the twentieth day of January. They were, therefore, due by the first of April, 1837.

While the printing was going forward at Madrid, correspondence was not idle as to the all-important work of distribution. Borrow had written to the Society early the year before, at the time of his interview with Mendizábal, as if, when the permission was obtained, his mission would be ended.

"I think," wrote he, "all our negotiations in the Peninsula

[1] "What does Mr. Wood say to the change of arrangement, as it respects him? Does he acquiesce without any remonstrance?"—*B. Soc. to G. B., January 28, 1837.*

may be brought to a successful termination in a few months. *Then* you must send over an agent for the distribution, a plain man of business, to engage colporteurs, and to make arrangements with booksellers, both in Spain and in the provincial towns of Portugal; but let him not be a hesitator, a starter of needless doubts and difficulties. Anything may be accomplished with a little shrewdness, a little boldness, and a great trust in God."

But now that the printing was fairly under way, his mind reverted to his early days and to his inbred love of horsemanship and horses. He determined to go himself. So he asked the Committee for the confirmation of his plan—to buy horses, take a servant, and start on a Bible-selling tour through Old Castile, Leon, and Galicia, returning by the Asturias and Santander.

By the first of April the New Testament was printed,[1] and on the third the official letter arrived with the authorisation. By it Mr. Borrow was "to undertake the tour suggested by him for the purpose of circulating copies of the Spanish New Testament in some of the principal cities of Spain," and was furthermore "requested to communicate as often as possible with this Committee on the subject of his proceedings." Mr. Brandram added, in the same letter:—

"You perceive by the Resolutions that nearly all your requests are complied with. You have authority to go forth with your horses, and may you have a prosperous journey. I would just recall your attention to what I wrote about your journey from Seville to Madrid—'Pray for wisdom to discern between presumptuousness and want of faith.' I shall often commend you to Him who alone can keep you."

Borrow was delayed a month while waiting for his books

[1] See Chron. Bibliog. for title of Borrow's edition of the New Testament.

to be bound, which was a distinct contract. In the interim he secured his two horses, and his famous Greek *Bouchino*, for so the latter signs his name on his receipts which lie before me.

Borrow stocked the book-shops of Madrid with his Bibles, advertised them in the leading Journals—the *Español*, the *Diario*, the *Mundo*, and the *Gaceta*—and handed over his affairs to a Spanish gentleman, who afterwards became famous as the collector and editor of the twenty volumes of the *Reformistas Antiguos Españoles*, or the Works of the Spanish Reformers of the XVIth century. Of course I do not mean Mr. Wiffen, but the true collector, editor, annotator, publisher, and supporter of that great series—the Parker Society of Spain—Don Luis de Usóz y Rio. Of him I shall speak more fully in the review on Borrow's Peninsular campaigns, under the year 1840.

On the 15th of May, 1837, our traveller and his good esquire Antonio set out with much clatter from the usually quiet street of Santiago, directing the heads of their horses by the Calle de Bailen down the slope to the Gate of San Vicente, and out on the highway to the north. Instead of proceeding by the direct road to Avila, he chose the great *carretéra* or transverse highway that leads to Coruña. The second day brought him to San Chidrian, whence a cross-road carried him to Peñaranda de Bracamonte, on the direct line from Avila to Salamanca, where he arrived on the third day.

So explicit is the description of this journey in the *Bible in Spain*, that we must pass it over, except so far as to record the mere itinerary.

1837

May 15.—Madrid, Guadarrama; San Chidrian, Peñaranda, Salamanca.

June 10.—Salamanca, Pitiegua, Pedroso, Medina del Campo, Tordesillas, Simancas, Valladolid.

June 15.—Julian Pastor, bookseller of Valladolid, receipt for Bibles.

June 19.—Valladolid, Dueñas, Palencia; Sahagun; León.

June 30.—Leon to Astorga.

July 4.—Astorga, Puerto de Manzanal, Bembibre, Cacabelos, Villafranca; Puerto de Fuencebadon, Nogales; Lugo.

July 13.—Lugo, Betanzos; Coruña.

Aug. 1.—Coruña, Santiago.

Aug. 14.—Santiago, Padron; Pontevedra; Vigo.

Aug. 16.—(en route) *G. B. to Bible Society.*

Aug. 20.—Vigo, Pontevedra, Padron, Noya; Corcuvion, Finisterra, Corcuvion; Santiago, Coruña.

Sept. 15. Coruña: *G. B. to Bible Society.*

Sept. 19.—Ferrol: *G. B. to Bible Society.*

Sept. 20.—Ferrol: *G. B. to Andrés Borrégo*, for N. T.'s.

Sept. 21.—Ferrol, Novales, Santa María, Coisa d'Ouro, Viveiro.

Sept. 22.—Viveiro to Foz.

Sept. 23.—Foz to Rivadeo.

Sept. 24.—Rivadeo, Castropol, Navia, Luarca.

Sept. 25.—Luarca, the Caneiro, Las Bellotas, Soto, Luiño, Muros.

Sept. 26.—Muros, Aviles, Gijon.

Sept. 27.—Oviedo.

Sept. 29.—Oviedo: *G. B. to Bible Society.*

Oct. 5.—Oviedo, Villaviciosa.

Oct. 6.—Villaviciosa, Colunga, Ribadesella.

Oct. 7.—Ribadesella, Llanes, Colombres (not *S. Colombo*).

Oct. 8.—Colombres, San Vicente, Santillana.

Oct. 9.—Santillana, Santander.

Oct. 20.—Santander, Renedo, Puente Viesgo, Onta-

neda (not *Montaneda*), Oña (not *Oñas*), Bribiesca, Búrgos, Valladolid, Guadarrama, Madrid—Oct. 30—5 months and 15 days absent.

On his arrival at Madrid, Borrow found that his Biblical reinforcements had been forwarded to Santander on the 26th October, and that Mr. Borrégo had written him on the 28th. Letters from England of the 14th and 15th of November corresponded to his from Madrid of the 1st. Therefore we incur no risk in recording his return on the 30th of the previous month.

How much permanent good the journey had achieved it is not for us to estimate. We may only be allowed to remark, from an intimate knowledge of all the towns and provinces visited, that Borrow certainly chose, for his five months' tour, the most unpropitious portions of the country in selecting Old Castile, Leon, and Galicia—the Bœotia of Spain. The terrible ride from Ferrol to Rivadeo was utterly useless, there being no towns of importance on the way, while the direct route by Mondoñedo would have had at least one worthy object, namely, that old Episcopal See.

As for the rest of the route, Borrow could hardly do otherwise than pursue the littoral or coast-line from Rivadeo, in order to reach such important places as Oviedo and Santander; for in those days there were few roads in the Peninsula, save the great post routes connecting distant provinces with the capital.

Although we are aware that we are not annotating a text, yet, before we close this chapter, it may not be unprofitable to offer a few explanatory observations on this Northern tour, that will facilitate the reading of the *Bible in Spain*.

Pontevedra

1. The ambassador of Enrique Tercero to Tamerlane, referred to by Señor García, the Notary of Pontevedra,

was Don Ruy (or Rodrigo) Gonzalez de Clavijo. His narrative was published at Seville in 1582, and again at Madrid in 1782.

2. The advocate introduced to our traveller as a prodigy of learning was D. Cláudio González y Zúñiga. He was the author of the *Descripcion Económica de la Provincia de Pontevedra*. Pontevedra, 1834, sm. 4°, a copy of which was thrust into Borrow's hand by García as they separated.

Corcuvion

3. The alcalde who was so fond of *Baintam* had no need to be acquainted with English in order to read his favourite author, since, from 1820 up to 1837, a good part of Jeremy Bentham's writings had been translated and published in Spain, some directly from the original, and others from the French of Dumont. The entire writings were issued in Spanish by Baltazar Anduaga Espinoza, Madrid, 1841–43, 14 vols., in 4°.

"Of all our writers," says the *Monthly Magazine* for 1822,[1] "Mr. Bentham ought to be most satisfied with his reception and reputation in Spain. Not less than five translations or commentaries on the treatises on legislation published by M. Dumont have been prepared here (Spain), while the most enlightened men look up to him as their master in legislation. The learned Toribio Nuñez has rendered his country an immense service by calling attention to the works of the English 'Solon,'" etc.

This article gives us the key of the alcalde's quotation of Bentham as the English "Solon," which was evidently an epithet borrowed from the Magazine his interlocutor so well knew. The latter's indifference to Bentham doubtless arose from his secret hostility to Dr. Bowring, one of the principal agents in the introduction of Ben-

[1] Vol. liv., pp. 608, 609.

tham's works into the Peninsula, and the editor of the collected English edition.

Luarca

4. When the honest guide, Martin of Rivadéo, decided to continue in Borrow's service as far as Gijon, the seaport to Oviedo, he went off to write a letter to his wife, humming an *English* Riddle-Song, which, of course, was put in his mouth by his romancing master. The original is home-born and bred, and discourses after this fashion:—

"*WHAT IS IT?*

" A headless man had a letter to write;
Twas read by one who lost his sight;
The Dumb repeated it word for word,
And he was deaf who listened and heard." [1]

Borrow was "well up" in out-of-the-way *English* rhymes; but I think I hazard nought in assuring his readers that he knew very little of Spanish poetry, whether fugitive or stock. His *Ghost Story* was from the *translation* of Lope (his original descended to us),[2] and his Spanish laws and extracts from novels in the *Zincali*, were all found and prepared for him by his good friend Don Luis.

Santiago

5. Benedict Moll? True, every word of it! Remember our artist never created; he painted from models. I have but one proof, but it sufficeth. Rey Roméro—King Palmer—writes to Hadji Borrow, both sworn pilgrims, and saith:—

[1] Bombaugh's *Gleanings from the Harvest-Fields of Literature*, 1870, p. 189. See in *Book of Riddles*, mentioned by Laneham, 1575, and in the *English Courtier*, 1586, or 1629.

[2] *The Pilgrim, or the Stranger in his own Country*, containing historical Novels by Lope de Vega. Also *Diana*, etc., London, 1738, 12mo. (George Borrow's own copy.) Also Autograph MS.

"The German of the *Treasure* came here last year (1838) bearing letters from the Government for the purpose of discovering it. But, a few days after his arrival, they threw him into prison; from thence he wrote me, making himself known as the one you introduced to me; wherefore my son went to see him in the prison. He told my son that you also had been arrested, but I could not credit it. A short time after, they took him off to Coruña; then they brought him back here again, and now I do not know what has become of him."—*Rey Roméro to George Borrow*, Santiago, June 22nd, 1839.[1]

After getting off his correspondence and resuming once more his relations with the world, interrupted by an eclipse of nearly six months in the saddle, Mr. Borrow took early measures for distributing his book in the very centre of trade. He resolved to establish himself in Madrid as a bookseller and publisher. To this end, on the 20th of November, 1837, he hired a shop in the Calle del Principe, fitted it up for the sale of the Scriptures, and placed over it a man by the unpromising name of José Calzado, whom he familiarly styled "Pepe." So far, however, his stock of offensive and defensive weapons, to be employed against the Legions of the Roman *Bát-yushca*, consisted solely of a few hundred copies of the New Testament in the vulgar tongue of the Spanish people. In order, therefore, to call especial attention to his armoury and to introduce an element of novelty, he resolved to print two little works in widely distinct languages.

The one was the Gospel by St. Luke which he had contrived to render into *Calo-Romano*, as he rather loftily

[1] "El Aleman del Tesoro vino aquí el año pasado recomendado del Govierno para descubrirlo. Pero, á pocos dias de su llegada lo metieron en la cárcel, desde donde me ha escrito dándose á conocer, indicando que era el recomendado de vm., en virtud de lo cual fué mi hijo á visitarlo á la prision. Le dijo que vm. tambien había estado arrestado, lo que no quise creer. Á poco tiempo lo llevaron á la Coruña; luego lo bolvieron á traer aquí, y por fin no sé lo que ha sido de él."—Santiago, 22 de Junio, de 1839.

christened it (the Spanish-Gypsy, in plainer speech), and to which he intended to add the interesting apparatus of a bilingual *Vocabulary*. The Society approved and authorised the impression of the *text;* but unfortunately consigned the Word-Book, the *Lavo-Lil* of that day, to an ignominious and "lasting" oblivion.[1] The printing was begun from the title-page near the close of 1837, and was carried on into the following year, although only the former date is given.

Of this work we can say less than it deserves. Since it was the first specimen of a book ever attempted in any Gypsy dialect, we must consider that Borrow had no models to aid him; so that on the whole it is a creditable performance. The well-known German philologist, Professor A. F. Pott, used it freely in the second part of his great work on the *Gypsies in Europe and Asia*,[2] and it excited no little attention among scholars throughout the Continent. The title is given elsewhere. On the second page the interpreter makes this statement in *Calo*, which we shall translate into simple *Busnee*:—

"This Gospel was turned into Spanish-Gypsy by George Borrow, a servant of the Bible Society, in the City of Badajoz, on the frontier of Portugal, at the opening of the Year of Our Lord 1836."

But in the second edition, published at London thirty-six years later, he gives the above with a noteworthy continuation:—

[1] "Resolved that Mr. Borrow be authorised to print 250 copies of the Gospel according to St. Luke in the Rommanee Dialect, *without the vocabulary;* and to engage the services of a competent person to translate the same Gospel, by way of trial, into the Dialect of the Spanish Basque."—*Proposed March 13th; confirmed March 20, 1837.*

[2] Die Zigeuner in Europa und Asien. Ethnographisch-linguistiche Untersuchung, vornehmlich ihrer Herkunft und Sprache, nach gedruckten und ungedruckten Quellen von Dr. A. F. Pott. Halle, 1844–45, 2 vols., 8vo., pp. xvi., 476 + iv., 540. I. *Grammatik.* II. *Wörterbuch u. Sprachproben.*

"And he gave it to the world for the first time, in Madrid, the royal city of Spaniards, in the year 1837, and now he sets it forth for the second time, with many corrections and improvements, in London, the Royal City of Britain, an island of the sea, in the year of Christ 1872." [1]

The second little book consisted of the same Gospel translated into Basque by a Dr. Oteiza. Of this, nothing further claims our attention, since the part which Borrow performed in its publication was simply that of an editor.

[1] See Bibliography for the originals.

CHAPTER XXVI

(1838)

Reaction in Madrid—Tories to the Front—Ofalia, Gamboa, and Entrena—Borrow Offers Battle—Coloured Posters Passant and Statant—The Battle Accepted—Bomb No. 1: Bible Suppressed—No. 2: Egypt Attacked—Masked Batteries: Rule at Cadiz and Graydon at Malaga—Bomb No. 3: Arrest and Imprisonment—The Carcel de Corte in 1838—Intervention of the Powers—Borrow Liberated.

FROM the middle of December, 1837, a strong reactionary sentiment had set in which voiced itself in the downfall of the two Liberal Cabinets that grew out of the Revolution of La Granja. Calatrava's Ministry had succumbed in August, when the Carlists presented themselves at the gates of Madrid, and now the Bardají-Espartero Cabinet gave way before the opposition as expressed by the Count of Ofalía and his colleagues.[1] From this date the Moderado party held sway until the triumph of Espartero over the Civil War placed him in the front rank. But that was in 1839–40, when Borrow's work was done.

In spite of the object-lessons contained in these sinister preparations on the part of the authorities, Borrow went forward apparently unconscious of them. In lieu of quietly opening his shop in the comparatively retired Calle del Principe and allowing the exhibition of his wares to effect their own propaganda, he adopted just the means to set up an active defiance of the Government and thus justify their intervention. In December he printed a

[1] The Ofalía Cabinet flourished December 16, 1837, to September 6, 1838.

large number of posters of various colours and fixed them up in prominent places over the city, and at the same time he employed placard-bearers to walk about the streets exhibiting his flaming advertisements.[1]

As might have been expected, and as Mr. Brandram anticipated, such a display of business energy in a country like Spain defeated its object. On the 14th of January an order was received from the Jefe Político, or Civil Governor, who was at that time Don Francisco de Gamboa, placing an embargo on the further sale of the New Testaments in the Prince's Street shop.[2] This was but the beginning of the end; the rest will be a prolonged struggle resulting in the total suppression of Bible distribution, not only in Madrid, but throughout the whole country, for the next thirty years.

Still Borrow appealed, first to the British Minister, Sir George Villiers, and through him to the Chief of the State; but all to no purpose.

The latter document, still existent among our papers, was translated by Don Luis de Usóz y Rio—at least the handwriting, the peculiar orthography and choice of words are incontestably his—and begins in this style:—

"Excelentísimo Señor!—I have the honour to inform Your Excellency, that, as the Agent of the [British and] Foreign Bible Society, I printed some months ago in Madrid, with due permission of the authorities, an edition of the New Testament in the Spanish language, according to the authorised

[1] "Your letter of December 25th was read Monday. Its contents afforded us no little merriment. The idea of your placards and your placard-bearers in Madrid is indeed a novel one. It cannot but be effectual in giving publicity. I sincerely hope it may not be prejudicial. Pray do let us hear again shortly."—*Bible Society to G. B., January 16th, 1838.*

[2] "Your letter of January 15th was read on Monday last. We could not be surprised at its contents. . . . Some *did* think your tricoloured placards and placard-bearers were somewhat calculated to provoke what has occurred."—*Society's Letter of February 8, 1838.*

version made by Father Philip Scio, confessor of the late king, Ferdinand the Seventh, of glorious memory.

"And furthermore, that, in order to effect the sale of the said work, on which the Society has expended more than one hundred thousand reals [£1000], I at once opened an office or shop in Madrid, where the said volume was being publicly sold at a very moderate price, when, in the month of January last, the person charged with the care of the shop received an official notice from the Civil Governor of Madrid, Don Francisco [de] Gamboa, forbidding him to continue the sale of the New Testament till further orders."

With this preamble, the appeal goes on to set forth the organisation and aims of the Society in terms so familiar to our readers that the repetition would be wearisome, and I therefore omit it.

Subsequently, when the Gypsy and Basque Gospels according to St. Luke came forth, the fury of those Jacks-in-office, with whom Spain was at that time afflicted, knew no bounds. The description of its manifestation is literally and faithfully portrayed in the *Bible in Spain*, and its culmination at last in the arrest of May 1st.

But other circumstances occurring in the provinces, synchronously with these in Madrid, were calling the attention of the Government, and furnishing a plausible pretext for making poor Borrow the scape-goat of their pent-up wrath.

The Wesleyan Society had a missionary stationed at Gibraltar, the Rev. W. H. Rule, who was at this time carrying forward an energetic religious campaign at Cadiz, of which much complaint was made by the hierarchy. Furthermore, there was a Lieut. James Newenham Graydon, R.N., an Irish gentleman, who was on the reserved half-pay list from the year of his appointment in 1815.[1] How long this naval record runs on, I have not the facilities for determining beyond the year 1854; but between

[1] Navy List for July, 1854, pp. 57 and 267.

the two dates he seems to have enjoyed the Royal bounty at the rate of *7s.* per diem, without performing any service.

Those to whom I have applied for an explanation of this benevolence in high places, have invariably remarked that he was "lucky."

In the course of his wanderings, Lieut. Graydon landed at Gibraltar in 1835, and made, soon after, the acquaintance of Mr. Rule. From that moment he became interested in Spanish Evangelisation, and being an independent gentleman, seeking neither money nor office, he easily drifted into relations with the Bible Society. He established his headquarters at Barcelona, where, by the Society's aid, he printed Bibles and Testaments in Spanish and Catalan, which he distributed in large numbers all along the eastern coast of the Peninsula and as far as Malaga in the south.

Latterly, in addition to his more legitimate work of disseminating the Scriptures, he had allowed himself to enter the arena of politico-religious controversy—as was the case in Italy after 1859—by distributing or fixing up certain pamphlets, tracts, handbills, and the like, chiefly at Valencia, Murcia, and Malaga, containing animadversions on the conservative government then in power, the Spanish clergy, and their doctrines. At the same time he declared his affiliation with the British and Foreign Bible Society, and worse than all, proclaimed his association and strict co-operation with Mr. Borrow as co-agent of the same Society. To understand the cruelty of this last reference, it must be steadily borne in mind that it was a direct attack on Borrow's conservative system of dealing with Spain, which tended always to co-operation with the priesthood. The authorities in Malaga happened to forward some of these compromising posters to the central government, which naturally enough identified Borrow, as an accomplice, with the outrage clearly com-

mitted against the laws of hospitality and good vicinage, as well as against the religious sentiment of the "immense majority of Spaniards."

He himself was totally ignorant of these circumstances, although by the end of April he observed unmistakable indications of official action against him. His summary ejection from his private apartments of the *alguacil* or constable who came to search his premises on Monday the 30th of that month, was legitimate, though perhaps unwise; for although the man was provided with a warrant to seize the "Gypsy books" in the Prince's Street shop, he had no right or authority to extend the investigation to the lodgings of their proprietor. So María Díaz was correct when she suspected that a trap had been set for "Don Jorge."[1]

The Civil Governor of the Province of Madrid, who was Don Francisco de Gamboa in January, had now been replaced by Don Diego de Entréna. This hot-headed Spaniard, who had been urged on by the animosity of the clergy, at once issued a warrant for Borrow's arrest. The immediate grounds for taking this step were twofold. First, he was charged with insulting an officer in the performance of his duty, which, as we have seen, was not true. Second, he was guilty of disposing of a book printed at *Gibraltar*, and introduced into Spain in contravention of the laws for the regulation of the press. The book was, of course, the *Gypsy Luke*, which, although it omitted the place of issue on the title-page, was known to have been printed at Madrid.

The subject of the warrant, however, had anticipated this movement and had taken up his quarters in a French tavern kept by one Géniès, in the street called Caballero de Gracia, which begins at the Calle de Alcala, and runs into that of Montera. From this retreat he had easy access to the British Legation by the back streets of

[1] *Bible in Spain*, iii., 12–14.

Jacometrezo, the Plaza de Santo Domingo, and the Calle de Torija, where the Legation then stood, and the Embassy now stands. Thus he was in no wise under the espionage of his persecutors who would shadow the Calle Mayor and the proximity of his house in the Calle Santiago, another part of the town.

The next day, Tuesday, the 1st of May, Borrow was returning from the Legation to his lodgings by the street of Caballero de Gracia, when a *pareja*, as they say in Spain, that is, a *brace* of constables, pounced upon him as he emerged into the Calle Alcala and pronounced his arrest in the name of the Queen-Regent. He was led along up that public thoroughfare, across the Puerta del Sol to the Governor's office in the Calle Mayor, the most populous portions of the city. After long waiting at the office, he was sent to the *Carcel de Corte*, or Metropolitan prison, as fully described in the *Bible in Spain*. Although we have almost daily passed the building for eight or ten years, we never sought or obtained the honour of inspecting its interior, and must therefore be allowed to cite a contemporaneous account which strikingly recalls our author's description [1]:—

"The *Carcel de Corte* is externally a fine building; but nothing can be worse than the distribution and arrangement of the interior, especially the want of sewers, and the defective ventilation. Four hundred prisoners might be commodiously lodged in it; in 1834 it contained, at one time, upwards of six hundred, including about seventy women.

"Many of these were *incomunicádos* (which might be translated *excommunicated*), persons temporarily deprived of all means of communication with their friends. The law gives twenty-four hours as the extreme limit of this solitary confinement, after which the prisoner must be interrogated, and allowed to communicate with his friends. Instances occur

[1] *Madrid in 1835. By a Resident Officer.* London, 1836. 2 vols., 8vo. Vol. i., chap. vii., p. 116.—A wonderfully exact book throughout.

daily of poor creatures being thrown into prison, and left to rot there for months, perhaps for years, without being accused of any offense, or a single question being asked them. Each prisoner is allowed one pound of bread and six ounces of *garbanzos* as his daily ration, which is put into a common mess, and a certain portion of oil is added to enable them to season this meal. The aliment thus provided is barely sufficient to support existence.

"No attention whatever is paid to the classification of the prisoners according to their age, the nature of their crimes, etc. Young and old, the greatest criminals and the merely suspected, political offenders among the rest, all live and sleep together.

"Those who are confined in the great *Patio* [or Court], have no other couch than the bare ground. They have neither blankets nor covering of any sort, and are not even allowed straw to make them a bed. A few, more fortunate than the rest, have retained their woolen *mántas*, and others a piece of matting, under which they seek shelter and warmth. The great majority are in a state of absolute nakedness. Those who can afford to pay from five to eight reals [1/– to 1/8] per day, are placed in a room somewhat more comfortable.

"Whoever has not had the means to procure this accommodation is condemned to herd with the general mass in the hall [Court]. Owing to inattention to cleanliness, and the want of ventilation, every room in the prison sends forth a stench so insupportable that it would, of itself, be sufficient to generate a pestilence. . . .

"The prisoners spend their days in utter idleness, stretched out upon the ground like the uncleanest of beasts. In this promiscuous crowd are to be found boys of not more than twelve or thirteen years of age. At the time of my visit there was a poor lad, charged with a petty theft, whose situation was most deplorable. He was so weak and emaciated as scarcely to be able to stand upright. He had not even a mat to cover his nakedness. Eleven months had elapsed since he was first confined there. . . .

"If the *incomunicádos* are illegally and tyrannically pre-

vented from seeing their friends, the other prisoners are allowed much too great facilities in this respect. Their friends and relations may visit them on two days in the week, and even more frequently if they will but fee the jailor. This laxity makes it an easy matter to introduce sharp-edged instruments, *návajas*, etc., and hence the deadly quarrels and occasional murders, which serve to relieve the monotony of prison life.

"It would be a tedious and disagreeable task to attempt any detailed description of the scenes of misery which are constantly to be witnessed within these prisons. Twelve *cuartos* (about 4*d.*) is the daily allowance made by government for each prisoner; but even this paltry mite is not spent upon them, a portion of it being 'cabbaged' by the jailors, who contrive to fatten themselves by the starvation of their captives.

"The great cause of the horrible state in which the Spanish prisoners are kept, is, no doubt, the want of respect and consideration with which the office of *Alcáyde*, or governor, is looked upon. The persons who are appointed to it are generally taken from the dregs of the people, and their conduct and manners are quite in harmony with their origin. They treat their prisoners according to the dictates of their own caprice or ill-humour, exercising their authority in the most despotic manner and with scarcely a shadow of responsibility. Every species of disorder is winked at, and the misconduct of those who find favour in their eyes is overlooked, so long as it is likely to bring grist to their mill. A bribe they never refuse, come in what shape it may. This is their general character, not only in Madrid, but all over the country."

This, then, was the situation in which Borrow found himself late in the afternoon of that first day of May, after a little more than two years' residence in Spain.

Sir George Villiers, H.B.M. Minister, was no sooner apprised of the arrest, by the Basque Francisco, than he forthwith despatched his secretary, Mr. Henry Southern, to the Plaza de la Villa, to remonstrate with the Civil

Governor, and prevent, if possible, the actual imprisonment of Mr. Borrow, who was then detained in the police office of that functionary, crowded with the worst characters, awaiting their examination. Mr. Southern, on his arrival at the office, sent in his card to Señor Entréna. The latter inquired who the gentleman was that had come from the British Legation, and on learning that it was a Secretary, remarked—"A Secretary! Let him, if he likes, speak to *my* Secretary," and refused to have any communication with the Legation except in writing.[1]

In the mean time, Borrow had been removed from the police office and conducted by an alguacil through the Plaza Mayor into the Calle de Atocha, near which the prison was and is located, and handed over to the *alcáide* or keeper. Being a "paying guest," he was installed in an unfurnished room and became a special object of interest to the hungry wardens and their chief. Once inside the Carcel de Corte (not de *la* Corte) he wrote a note to María Díaz, and was soon regaled with the sight of his faithful hostess and Francisco laden with food and furniture.

The same evening, however, measures were taken to allow Borrow to return to his lodgings on his pledge that he would appear for examination when summoned; but he stoutly refused to accept his liberty until his character had been publicly cleared from the stain cast upon it. This step was approved by the British Minister, as his autograph letter of the following day distinctly shows.

[1] Henry Southern (1799–1853), son of a barber of York (Bowring's *Memoirs*)—Trinity, Camb., B.A., 1819; M.A., 1822—Originator and Editor of the *Retrospective Review*—Co-editor with Bowring of the *Westminster Review*, 1824—Editor of the *London Magazine*—On the Staff of the *Spectator* and *Examiner*—1833–1839, Secretary to the British Minister, Madrid—1840–1847, Secretary of Legation at Lisbon—1848, Minister to the Argentine Confederation—1851, Minister to Brazil, and C.B. Died there January 28th, 1853.—*Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1853, p. 547.

Sir George Villiers to George Borrow

"My dear Sir,—I am this moment going to see Count Ofalía, and will let you know the result upon my return. I think you quite right, and for the motives you state, in not being anxious to quit the prison, the authorities having once ventured to place you there.

"I beg you will let me know if there is anything that I can in the meanwhile do for you or send you from hence to render your situation more tolerable.—Believe me, my dear sir, very faithfully yours,

"George Villiers.

"May 2nd, 1838."

Sir George had promptly taken up Mr. Borrow's case, and noticed in a proper manner the slight shown Mr. Southern by the Civil Governor. In consequence of the energetic notes passed to the Minister of State, a Cabinet Council was held at which Señor Entréna was requested to be present. Count Ofalía informed the ministers of the contents of the notes from Sir George Villiers, and emphasised the necessity of cutting the matter short, in view of the serious consequences that must accrue to H.C.M.'s cause, should any misunderstanding arise with the British government at such a moment. He warned Señor Entrena to be very careful how he acted towards foreigners, who were entitled to several privileges, and should be treated with more consideration. The Count even hinted that it would be necessary to give some satisfaction, without which he feared that a favour he expected through the British minister's intervention would be withheld.

Señor Entréna replied that personally he was disposed to carry out the Premier's wishes, but that as the chief civil authority of Madrid, he could not suffer any want of respect towards his dependents to pass unnoticed. "The best way," added he, "to solve the difficulty is to exonerate me from my office, with which I have no doubt

his excellency the British minister will be satisfied." To this proposition Count Ofalía made no reply, but the ministers of Grace and Justice and of the Interior both disapproved of such a step, and even expressed the opinion that Entréna was perfectly justified in acting as he did.[1]

From the same source we learn that the discussion got into the Chamber. That the Marquis of Falces, in a secret session of the Senate, brought the subject before that body, and complained of the civil authorities; whereupon the Bishop of Cordoba and several other senators censured in the bitterest terms the moderation exercised toward Mr. Borrow, who had been permitted to publish and sell a work proscribed by the civil and criminal laws of the country.

The publicity thus given to the affair became at last more serious than was anticipated, and the stubbornness of the Cabinet compelled Sir George Villiers to assume an attitude that produced the desired effect. On the 11th of May, Count Ofalía wrote the British minister announcing "that the judicial authorities had approved putting Mr. Borrow immediately at complete liberty, and declaring that his honour was in no way affected. The Police Agent was punished by suspension for four months, and Mr. Borrow's expenses while in prison were paid."[2] The same result is given in *The Times* and in the *Preussische Staats-Zeitung* of the period.

The Foreign Office paper further states that, according to H.M. minister's report, the extreme rigour with which Mr. Borrow was treated arose from three circumstances: 1st, his own imprudent zeal; 2nd, from suspicions excited by the conduct of Mr. Graydon in attacking the Roman Catholic religion; and 3rd, from the proceedings

[1] Madrid Correspondent's first letter to the *Morning Herald*.

[2] Statement drawn up in the Foreign Office from the original documents.

of the British Methodist Society in establishing a school at Cadiz.

The first of these charges, we have already seen, rested on the bare declaration of Señor Entréna, which he knew to be false. The Police Agent was simply exceeding his powers, according to the Constitution of 1837, for he had no warrant to search the Calle de Santiago premises. The second and third articles had nothing at all to do with Borrow, who was even ignorant of the proceedings of Graydon until informed of them by Sir George Villiers *after* his liberation from prison. As for Rule and the Cadiz mission, the Bible Society had no connection with either.

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CHAPTER XXVII

(1838)

The Further History of the Imprisonment of George Borrow in Madrid—A Chapter of Documents.

GEORGE BORROW left the prison on the morning of the 11th of May, and immediately wrote his mother a long letter, giving a full history of the affair. Its closing paragraph states that he suffered much from *miseria*, the popular euphemism for vermin, so that his servant had to bring clean linen every day.[1] His dinner was brought from an inn, and Sir George was very kind, sending his butler daily.

"A great many people came to see me," he adds, "amongst others, General Quiroga, the Military Governor of Madrid, who assured me that all he possessed was at my service. The Gypsies likewise came, but were refused admittance."

On his release, Borrow learned from the British Minister the cause of his detention and all the steps that had been taken in his behalf. He wrote to the Society an exhaustive account of this interview in his letter of May 17th, which he afterwards obtained and preserved. From it I shall make the following extracts:—

"Sir George Villiers and Mr. Southern, first Secretary of Legation,[2] were the persons who first informed me of what

[1] *Lleno de miseria* (full of misery) means in Spanish, "covered with l——," to avoid saying outright: *lleno de piojos* (*pediculos*).

[2] Lord Hervey was Secretary of Legation, Mr. S. private secretary to the Minister.

has taken place at Malaga. It appears that Mr. Graydon arrived there a short time before my imprisonment, and, instead of endeavouring to circulate the Scriptures in a quiet and reasonable manner, such as becomes a gentleman and a Christian, and such as had been recommended to me previous to my late long journey in the North of Spain, and which I have always endeavoured to follow,—he had recourse to means the most improper and disreputable, very similar to those which he is said to have adopted in all other towns which he has visited. In order to excite curiosity and cause a sensation, he published advertisements and hand-bills replete with the lowest abuse of the Spanish Clergy and Government, and containing his own private opinions concerning religion. Moreover, not contented with this, he had the cruelty—I will not call it baseness—to speak of *myself*, with whom he asserted that he was co-operating in every point, and that all he was doing was under the sanction of the Bible Society.

"Intelligence of these proceedings was of course sent to Madrid, with one of the hand-bills, which I have not seen, but of which Mr. Southern, a literary and accomplished gentleman, has said that its abusive virulence is only to be equalled by its stupidity and folly. Sir George Villiers, though very unwell, was deeply engaged in my affair, and exchanging official notes with the Government. He had informed Count Ofalía that unless full and summary satisfaction were afforded me, he should demand his passports, and write to the commanders of all the English ships of war engaged in furnishing assistance to Spain, to suspend operations forthwith.

"Suddenly Count Ofalía arrived at the Embassy and flinging down on the table one of Graydon's hand-bills, exclaimed: 'Peruse that and then tell me as a Cavalier and a gentleman, and the Envoy of a powerful and enlightened nation, whether you can any longer uphold the cause of your friend in prison, and persist in saying that he has been cruelly and unjustly treated. You see that he is in the closest connection with an individual whose conduct every civilised man must reprobate, it being a most flagrant breach of common decency and order.' This unexpected incident occurring at

such a critical moment almost stunned Sir George; but, recovering himself, he denied in the most positive manner that I had any connection with Graydon, and asserted that he did not believe the latter was an Agent of the Bible Society, and that at all events he was quite sure that he had acted in this case without its knowledge and concurrence, and that it would be willing to declare so in the clearest and most satisfactory manner.

"Count Ofalía, finding Sir George so positive, said that since I had such a voucher he could not reasonably doubt my innocence; and that, with respect to the Society, he supposed that it too well understood its own interests to trust its affairs to a person whose conduct was calculated to bring odium and misfortune on the fairest and most promising cause. Sir George has subsequently assured me that but for this unfortunate occurrence he could have made much better terms for me with the Spanish Government than from that period he thought politic to demand. . . .

"Up to the present moment this man has been the 'Evil Genius' of the Bible cause in Spain and of myself, and has so chosen his means and moments of operation that he has been almost invariably successful in shaking to the ground every feasible plan which my friends and myself have devised for the propagation of the Gospel in a *steady and permanent manner*.

"But I wish not to dwell upon this subject, and shall only observe that his insane career (for in charity I believe him to be insane) must be instantly brought to a termination. Sir George has already written him a letter, in which I believe he advises him to quit the country.[1]

"Mr. Southern made the following observation to me the other day which I shall ever remember: 'Sir George Villiers up to the present moment has been disposed to render you every assistance, and especially the Bible Society, which he looks upon as one of the most philanthropic institutions which the world has ever known. Take care, however, that he be not wearied and disgusted. He must not be involved in such affairs as that of Malaga, and it must not be expected that he

[1] Graydon left Spain in June, 1838.—*K.*

is to put his lance in rest in defense of every person who visits Spain to insult the authorities, and who after having received merited reproof and correction writes home to his friends that he is a martyr in the holy cause of religion.'

"I yesterday transmitted to you a Spanish Newspaper in which I have published an advertisement disclaiming in the name of the Bible Society any writings which may have been circulated tending to lower the authorities, civil and ecclesiastic, in the eyes of the people, and denying that it is its intention or wish to make proselytes from the Catholic form of worship."

Borrow having learned from the Minister of his nation the part that Lieut. Graydon had had in his arrest and incarceration, unfortunately put himself in an attitude of antagonism to Mr. Brandram, by addressing a letter to the *Correo Nacional* and signing it "George Borrow, the B. & F. Bible Society's *sole authorised Agent in Spain.*" The letter was dated May 12th and appeared on the 17th in the weekly paper alluded to. I can present only a portion of this important document which I translate as succinctly as possible:—

"Whereas, a report has been circulated that certain individuals styling themselves agents of the B. & F. Bible Society, under the guise of distributing copies of the Holy Scriptures, have visited certain cities on the Eastern and Southern coasts of Spain, and have published papers in which due respect towards the civil and ecclesiastical authorities of this country has not been observed, but rather, on the contrary, an evident intention manifested to discredit them in the eyes of the people; therefore I hasten to make public this declaration:

"That such individuals, if the report be true, have acted on their own responsibility, not only without the promptings, but also contrary to the intentions, of the Bible Society, since, in harmony with the teachings of the New Testament, that Society must regard such conduct with disapproval, as being directly opposed to the express commands of our Lord and

His Apostles, who, by their words and writings, inculcated respect and obedience towards the powers that be.

". . . The B. & F. Bible Society is made up of members gathered from all divisions of the Church of Christ, among whom are found Roman Catholics and members of the Greek and Anglican Communions, all co-operating in one great and holy cause, namely, the propagation of the Word of God in every land, setting aside forms of discipline and government peculiar to each church, as matters of secondary importance, which have too long filled the world with bloodshed and woe, and encouraged petty strife in the hearts of Christians.

"Far from undertaking to make proselytes, by separating men from the Roman Catholic form of worship, the Bible Society will always be happy to extend the hand of Christian fraternity to the Spanish clergy and to co-operate with those who believe, as they assuredly do, that *All will be saved, who, having faith in Christ, make it manifest by their good works.*

"Madrid, 12th May, 1838. Office of the Bible Society, Calle del Principe. *George Borrow*, sole authorised Agent in Spain of the B. & F. Bible Society."

In reply to this document, which had the lamentable effect of exhibiting before the country a schism in the ranks of the foreign labourers, the *Official Gazette*, or Government Organ, was not slow to deduce its lesson. In one of its leaders on the subject, it reviewed in three broad columns the disasters of the Reformation and the remedy to be applied now as then, beginning with Borrow's protest in this wise:—

"The anti-catholics tracts, which, according to *La Verdád* of Valencia, have been circulated in Murcia by the Agents of the English Bible Society, form part of the monstrous plan, whose existence can no longer be called in question, concocted by the enemies of all public order, for the purpose of inaugurating on our unhappy soil a *social* revolution, just as the political one is drawing to its close.

"Mr. Borrow, who signs himself the *sole authorised Agent* in Spain for the Bible Society, has inserted a declaration in the *National Courier* of this city, censuring the conduct of those agents, who, he affirms, are without authority from the Society. But this declaration does not correct the injury done to the religion of our country by those libels, although it may defend the reputation of the Bible Society and that of Mr. Borrow,—not entirely either, in view of his imprudence in inserting in his protest two errors, evidently *protestant*, as we have already demonstrated in another article," etc.

The writer then goes on to appeal, 1: to the Government, to put down with a strong arm such attacks against the religion of Spaniards; and 2: to the Princes of the Church and to the Ministers of the Catholic Faith, whose duty it is to preserve the flock entrusted to their care from the inroads of Protestantism, the right of private judgment against the infallible authority of Church, Tradition, and Councils.

Having now been sufficiently explicit touching the Spanish side of the arrest, although we have by no means exhausted the material that remains in our hands, we must turn to the mode of its reception by the Committee of the Bible Society. The reasons of our copiousness on this subject are that it furnishes the true cause of the progressive alienation that grew up from this period between the Bible Society and George Borrow, and accounts for much of the latter's subsequent character, opinions, and language, as manifest in his writings.

Lieut. James N. Graydon was Mr. Brandram's *pet*, as the correspondence shows, and a thorn in the flesh to George Borrow. For, not being "lucky" enough to enjoy a life-pension from the British Government, he was obliged to receive a salary and serve to earn it. In the Society's annual Reports, Borrow and Graydon are mentioned anonymously (*more* "*Fratrum*") as the "Two Friends," although at the end of each year Mr. Borrow's

salary and travelling expenses are always recorded as a true agent, while Graydon remains without a financial status.[1]

This was the condition of things when Mr. Borrow was shadowed and finally arrested, by reason of Lieut. Graydon's imprudence in the South—an imprudence which practically broke up the work in Spain for more than a quarter of a century. Borrow wrote Mr. Murray five years afterwards that he had faithfully kept the secrets of the Bible Society.[2] So he had, indeed, and it was no easy matter to pen the suave lines on Mr. Graydon, that may be read near the close of the Preface to the *Bible in Spain*.

Mr. Brandram replied officially to Mr. Borrow's letter of the 17th May under the date of the 30th. He says:—

"Your letter of May 17th arrived happily on Monday morning, and I now send you a series of Resolutions adopted at the meeting of the Committee on that day.

"I am almost afraid that Sir George Villiers and yourself will hardly think that we have responded to your appeal relative to Mr. Graydon in the manner which you have expected we should do. My letter to him requiring him to leave Spain proceeds simply upon the idea that his personal liberty was in danger. On the character of his proceedings I have not said one word, and I am not to say anything till he is safely out of Spain, and we have an opportunity of reading what he has written, and he of saying something on his own behalf. I have, I assure you, endeavoured to place myself in your situation and to enter into your feelings strongly excited by the irreparable mischief which you suppose Mr. G. to have done to our cause so dear to you. Under the influence of these

[1] I here make a few references to Letters and Reports up to May, 1838, to show a certain partiality towards the "agent" who works for nothing. *Letters:* Brandram to Borrow of March 8, 1836; October 18 and November 15, 1837; February 8 and April 12, 1838. *Annual Reports:* March, 1836, p. xxxix.; 1837, p. lviii.; 1838, p. xliii.

[2] February 25, 1843.

feelings, you have written with what appears to us unmitigated severity of his conduct.

"But now, let me entreat you to enter into our feelings a little, and to consider what we owe to Mr. Graydon. If we may at times have thought him imprudent, we have seen enough in him to make us both admire and love him. He has ever approved himself to us as an upright, faithful, conscientious, indefatigable Agent; one that has shrunk from no trials and no dangers; one who has gone through in our service many and extraordinary hardships. What have we against him at present? He has issued certain documents of a very offensive character, as is alleged. We have not seen them; neither does it appear that you have, but that you speak from the recollections of Mr. Southern. We are, however, referred to his proceedings in Valentia last year, as proceedings of the same kind. We have looked back to those proceedings. We find that he certainly exceeded those limits within which, as an Agent of our Society, he ought to have confined himself. He was admonished accordingly. At first he somewhat resented the admonition, as not being in his own view, strictly speaking, one of our Agents. We would not admit of this distinction, but told him plainly again that we felt ourselves responsible for his conduct, and that we could not escape the responsibility except by withdrawing our confidence from him, if he persisted in such a course. He yielded. It is now said that he is doing the same thing over again, and, if on examination, this appears to be the case, he will assuredly be recalled on this ground.

"You wonder, perhaps, that we for a moment doubt; perhaps we do not doubt the fact of his reiterated imprudence; but, *audi alteram partem* must be our rule; and besides, on reviewing the Valentia proceedings, we draw a wide distinction. Had he been as free as you suppose him to be of the trammels of office in our service, many would say and think he was perfectly at liberty to act and speak as he did of the authorities, if he chose to take the consequences. Really in such a country it is no marvel if his spirit has been stirred within him! Will you allow me to remind you of the strong

things in your own letter to the Valentia ecclesiastic,[1] the well pointed, the oft reiterated *Væ!* and further, to say that in England, where the battle between Papists and Protestants is hot and fierce, Protestants who speak boldly and fearlessly, and use language such as our Reformers used, are oftentimes described precisely in such terms by some of their brother Protestants, as you have employed in describing J. N. G.—Times there surely are when strong language has the highest sanction. I know not how our Lord was judged by some when He exclaimed, 'Woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees!' and surely the parallel between Scribes and Pharisees and Romish Ecclesiastics is not farfetched. Our Committee, you will recollect, is composed of men whose political feelings may differ; and some will condemn the use of language such as I have referred to, while others will approve it; though the judgment of all will be that an Agent of the Bible Society is a Reformer, not by his preaching or denouncing, but by the distribution of the Bible. If Mr. G.'s conduct is no worse than it was in Valentia, you must not expect anything beyond a qualified disavowal of it, and that simply as unbecoming an Agent of such a Society as ours.

"After what I have written, you will hardly feel surprised that our Committee could not quite approve your Advertisement. We have ever regarded Mr. Graydon as much our Agent as yourself. In three of our printed reports in succession, we make no difference in speaking of you both. We are anxious to do nothing to weaken your hands at so important a crisis, and we conceive that the terms we have employed in our Resolution are the mildest we could have used. Do not insert the Advertisement a second time. Let it pass; let it be forgotten. If necessary we shall give the public intimation that Mr. G. *was*, but *is not* our Agent any longer.[2] Remem-

[1] Don Pascual Marín, a priest of Valencia, who had been persuaded by Messrs. Rule and Graydon to come out of the Church of Rome, and was then abandoned by them and ruined.—*K.*

[2] This is the way it was done!—XXXVth Report, March, 1839: "Very shortly after the last Anniversary [May, 1838], circumstances occurred which obliged the Committee to *withdraw their* TWO zealous and indefatigable

ber, we entreat you, the very delicate position in which such a Manifesto places us, as well as the effect which it may have on Mr. Graydon's personal safety. We give you full credit for believing it was your duty under the peculiar circumstances of the case to take so decided and bold a step, and that you thought yourself fully justified by the distinction of salaried and unsalaried Agents, in speaking of yourself as the alone accredited Agent of the Society. Possibly when you reflect a little upon the matter you may view it in another light. . . . —Believe me, yours faithfully,

"A. BRANDRAM."

THE RESOLUTIONS

"At a Meeting of the Committee of the B. and F. Bible Society held at London, May 28, 1838—the Rt. Hon. Lord Bexley, Prest., in the Chair—

"RESOLVED, that Mr. Borrow be requested to inform Sir George Villiers that this Committee have written to Mr. Graydon through their Secretary, desiring him to leave Spain *on account of his personal safety.*

"RESOLVED, that Mr. Borrow be informed that in the absence of specific documents, this Committee cannot offer any opinion on the proceedings of Mr. Graydon, and that therefore he be desired to obtain, either in original or copy, the objectionable papers alleged to have been issued by Mr. Graydon, and to transmit them hither.

"RESOLVED, that Mr. Borrow be requested not to repeat the Advertisement contained in the *Corréo Nacionál* of the 17th inst., and that he be cautioned how he commits this Society by advertisements of a similar character. And further, that he be desired to state to Sir George Villiers that the Advertisement in question was inserted by him on the spur of the mo-

friends from Spain. They feel that it becomes them to be thankful that the door was continued open so long, rather than to complain that it was somewhat abruptly closed (!). *One of the two gentlemen referred to has returned to Spain,*" etc. (pp. xlvij.–xlviij.). Can any fair-minded man wonder that Borrow cried "*Abrenuntio* . . ." and wrote what he did in *Wild Wales* (p. 133.)?

ment, and without any opportunity of obtaining instructions from this Committee.

"Extracted from the Minutes, JOHN JACKSON, Assist. For. Secy."

Agreeably to the specious logic of this literary effort, Borrow ought to have recognised the *Domine, quo vadis*, and gone back into his prison; since the statements by which H. B. M. Minister caused his liberation were now officially disavowed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the Spanish premier's adverse criticisms remained valid and entire.

CHAPTER XXVIII

(1838–1839)

Suburban Bible Tours—The Sagra of Toledo—Ocaña—Segovia—Veláyos—Peremptorily Recalled to Cover Graydon's Expulsion from Spain—Home by France—Breach Mended—Third Journey—Lisbon—"Judah Lib"—Cadiz—Seville—Preparations for *Zincali*—Madrid—The Outlook—Sidi "Mustard"—Colportage Renewed—Alcobéndas—Carabanchel—The Alcárrias—Daddy Rampant—Roma Victrix—£ *s. d.*—Departure for Seville—The Manchegan Prophetess—Queen's Inn.

THE summer of 1838 was passed in correspondence of a very lively nature between the Society and their now "sole Agent in Spain." That correspondence is not of an edifying description, and we shall not reproduce it here. It was calling on Borrow in a vacillating way to return to England, declining to authorise further expeditions in the face and eyes of the Royal Order of May 25th, suppressing the Testament of 1837. Graydon had abandoned Spain and was awaiting his *friendly* "trial" in London. The work was killed and the Society disavowed the responsibility of the assassination. Borrow's Corsican nature could never forget the right of *vendetta*—a *vendetta*, not with the knife of Italy, but with the pen of Christian England. Hence he wrote, and wrote bitterly.

For the present, now that Madrid was poisoned by Government opposition, he proposed to go on selling his stock in parts and places where his name was not known. First he attacked the villages lying north of the Tagus in the beautiful "plain," called by the Arab *as-sahra*,

and by the Spaniard *La Sagra*. The gate of Toledo that leads to it is still known as "Visagra," *i.e. Bîb Sahra*, "the Gate to the Plain"—*la Puerta del Campo*.[1] So he visited Vargas, Villa Seca, Mocejón, Cobeja, Villaluenga, and Yuncos. This was in July. In August he started for La Mancha, but got no further than Ocaña, when he was warned to retreat in the singular manner described in the *Bible in Spain*.[2]

Next he climbed over the Navacerrada Pass (not *Peña Cerrada*) to San Ildefonso and Segovia, and westward among the villages about the highway to Valladolid—Abades, Labajos, Arevalo (not Arrevalo), Martin Muñoz, and Velayos, which he calls by the impossible name *Villallos*. On the 23rd of August he wrote Lord Hervey, Chargé d'Affaires at Madrid during the temporary absence of Sir George Villiers—that remarkable letter he prints in his book, of which we possess the original draft, written with the faded ink of some rustic *venta*.

It was at this date that he received the definite "Resolution" from home, peremptorily recalling him from Spain. The letter and Resolution are dated the 6th, but the kind-hearted Mr. Browne withheld it till August 10th. It reached Madrid the 22nd and Mr. Borrow the 24th. Here is the text of the Resolution:—

"At a Meeting of the Sub-Committee held at . . . London, August 6th, 1838—P. J. Heisch, Esq., in the Chair—Read letters from Mr. G. Borrow, dated Villa Seca (de la Sagra) July 14th and 17th, and Madrid July 23rd—and the Revd. A. Brandram having communicated various letters written by him from hence to the Society's Agent at Madrid under date of the 27th June, and the 3rd, 7th, 28th and 30th of July, it was

"Resolved, that it be recommended to the General Com-

[1] *Bâb*, in classic Arabic, was always pronounced *bîb* in Spain. See Dozy's *Dictionnaire*.

[2] P. 257, sm. ed. (iii., 127).

mittee to recall Mr. Borrow from Madrid without further delay.

"Read and confirmed at a Meeting of the General Committee held at London, August 6th, 1838—the Rt. Hon. Lord Bexley, Prest., in the Chair."

Borrow, who saw through it all, at once wound up his affairs and set off for England. This time he returned by way of the Pyrenees and France, making a halt of some two weeks at Paris, thence crossing the Channel by Boulogne.[1]

He remained in England three or four months, and then, having adjusted his differences with Mr. Brandram, the Committee, under the spell of his personal presence, were disposed to allow him to repair the third and last time to his field in Spain. He set out at 8 o'clock p.m. of the 21st December, for Falmouth, by coach, and embarked there on the 23rd for Lisbon and Cadiz. The name of the steamer was the *Thames*, which left London on the 20th, reached Falmouth on the 22nd, and sailed the next day with its belated passenger on board. They arrived at Lisbon on the 29th, and at Cadiz the 31st—according to Lloyd.

At Lisbon, Borrow first met the Jew whom he called *Judah Lib*.[2] What a strange mania our hero had for misnaming places and men! Was it ignorance or neglect, or neither?—was it a "way he had" to puzzle the *gorgios?* At all events this man's style and title was Judah *Loeb*, a Judæo-German confusion of Löwe (lion) and Levi. In the three letters I have, written by him, he signs himself the three different ways: Judah *Loeb*, *Lion*, and *Levi*. In his first, dated Jerusalem, October 18, 1849, he reminded Borrow that they met eleven years before at Lisbon, then at Gibraltar, and afterwards at Tangiers (August, 1839). "I am that Judah Löb,"

[1] His letter of February, 1839, to Usóz, then in Rome.

[2] *Bible in Spain*, p. 302, sm. ed.

writes he, "to whom you then gave several Spanish New Testaments to distribute, which I have done."

Borrow reached Cadiz on the last day of the memorable year, and Seville in the evening of January 2nd, 1839. Here he abode eleven days,[1] making arrangements with a certain courier by the name of Juan Antonio Bailly, who was connected with the Posada de la Reyna, to collect the so-called gitano literature in the purlieus of the town.[2] Indeed, his chief business at this time at Seville seems to have been to gather materials for his first original work—the *Gypsies of Spain*—which he composed there later, during the year of his residence.

On the 13th of January he started for Madrid by the regular diligence or mail coach, consuming four days and one half in the journey. The only incident that he chose to notice was the meeting at Manzanares with the "Manchegan Prophetess," the report of which incident, repeated on his return in April, so stirred the bile of good Mr. Brandram, that he administered a severe reproof.[3] My own account of an interview with this remarkable woman was given in an article on "George Borrow in Spain," which will appear in a subsequent chapter.

Our traveller found that, during his absence of four months, many changes had taken place in the capital. His friend Ofalía had retired in September, and the Duke de Frias had brought in a new Cabinet, only to perform a similar favour in December to his waiting friends, Perez de Castro, Pita Pizarro, *et socios*. The same Duque de Frias during his short term had acquitted himself of one bold stroke of patriotic valour, the documents of which lie before me. On the 17th of November he wrote the British Envoy—still Sir George Villiers—that 232 of Borrow's

[1] Accounts of G. B. from December 21st, 1838, to April 16th, 1839.

[2] Bailly: see Ford, 1845, p. 242, and letters.

[3] Letter of May 22, 1839; and see *Bible in Spain*, p. 262, sm. ed.

Bibles were in the possession of the Civil Governor of Toledo, and that "unless 'extracted' from the kingdom, the Government of Her Catholic Majesty would be compelled to take measures to destroy them" *(será obligado el Gobierno de Su Majestad á proceder á su destruccion)*. On the 21st of the same month, another immense sheet of gilt-edged paper, quite as formidable and quite as carefully written, announced to the Duke that the proprietor of the Bibles was at that moment in England; but that he (the writer) had communicated to him the order of His Excellency, and would inform the Government of the answer as soon as received. This State Paper was signed *George Villiers*, and was one of the last ever so signed by him; for, within a month, he became the Earl of Clarendon by the death of his uncle, the third Earl. Lord Clarendon, however, remained at his post till March, and Mr. Southern till the autumn of the year '39. Then the latter became Secretary of Legation at Lisbon, exchanging with the Hon. Geo. S. S. Jerningham, who went to Madrid.

On the arrival of George Borrow, as we have intimated, January 17th, the prospect of extended usefulness was not promising. On every side the clerical ire was still sustained by the "secular arm," but the imprudence of laying hands on the person of Shorsha and his friends was at last fully recognised by the principalities and powers of all the Spains. Nevertheless there was left to them an effectual mode of cutting off the evil, and that was the time-honoured "embargo." Against that legitimate resource the British Government could have no valid objection. So wherever the sower went forth to sow, the authorities would be justified in pouncing on his pack; the end could only be a question of time.

Unaware of this State secret, Borrow resumed the colportage policy that he had initiated the year before in the Sagra of Toledo, and in which he was interrupted at

Labajos by the summons to London. He bought his famous Sidi Habismilk, which he tells us elsewhere signified "My Lord Mustard,"[1] and a pony for Victoriano Lopez, his new auxiliary from Villa Seca de la Sagra. First they visited the villages lying about Madrid —Alcobendas, which he strangely records as Cobenna, and his commentators as Cobeña, neither of which forms exists. Next, the old man Lopez peddles about Carabanchel (Borrow's Cara*m*anchel), but does not say which, for there are two—*de arriba* and *de abajo*, upper and lower.

Finding the beat growing too hot for them, they meditated a trip to the Alcarrias (*Arabicè*, villages) of Guadalajara (*Wady-al-hadjarah*, River of the Stones), and Lopez was sent forward to "feel" the way. But after selling at Alcala de Henares and Daganzo (the Arganza of the text), he fell into prison at a village on the left of Guadalajara, called Fuente la Higuera, or the Fountain of the Fig-tree. Antonio the Greek, who had returned to Borrow's service, was despatched to extricate poor Victoriano, which he did, in the name of the Sultan whose subject he was, and "before whom the most powerful kings in the world were but worms." Then they attempted a descent on Talavera, but found at Navalcarnero (Sheep-grazing Valleys) that the door was fully closed, and they turned back to Madrid. The nine men and women hired the first sixteen days in April to sell Bibles from house to house, conclude George Borrow's campaign in the Castiles, and I might add, in Spain.

Certain hints published in the newspapers touching his lavish expenditure in the Peninsula, induce me at this point to give, exactly as I find them, his accounts with the Society, from the day he last departed from London to the date of his closing up in Madrid.

[1] MS. Moorish Vocabulary of 74 pages, compiled at Tangiers in August and September, 1839. *Habismilk*, mustard, p. 72.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

OF

GEORGE BORROW,

from December 21, 1838, to April 16, 1839.[1]

	Rs. Vn.
To baggage by coach to Falmouth, December 21st	115
" drivers and guards	62
" personal expenses	48
" expenses at Falmouth, December 23rd	145
" expenses on board and in landing at Cadiz, December 31st	190
" expenses at Cadiz, December 31, January 1st and 2nd	112
" from Cadiz to Seville, January 2nd	60
" Custom House, porterage, etc	37
" expenses at Seville eleven days, January 3rd to 13th	440
" passport (*visa*)	20
" fare from Seville to Madrid—four days—14–17	740
" postillions, couriers—60 + 60	120
" expenses by the way	98
" keep of two horses 6 weeks at $3 (60 rs.) per week	360
" purchase of pony for Victoriano [Lopez] ($12)	240
" saddle for self, 190; horsecloth and halter, 27	217
" For Victoriano, since the period of his entering the service of the Bible Society, namely, from January 20th to March 1st, for wages, expenses in journeys, board, etc	448
" journey of Antonio to Guadalajara, 3 days	90
" journey of self, Antonio, and Victoriano to Naval Carnero	235
" hire of magazine (storage) 5 months	630
" binding of 443 Bibles at $5\frac{3}{4}$ rs. each	2,547$\frac{1}{4}$
" Victoriano from March 1st to April 1st, keep and wages [at 8 rs. per diem]	248
" horse keep 7 weeks at $3 per week	420
" stable hire $3\frac{1}{2}$ months at $2 per month	140
" shoeing, etc	36
" removal of Bible Society's property from Magazine	50
" porterage on three chests of books for Andalusia	19
" expenses on selling of Bibles	886
" expenses on selling of Testaments (9 persons employed in Madrid for 16 days)	607$\frac{1}{8}$
	9,360$\frac{3}{4}$

[1] Borrow reckoned 100 Spanish reals vellon at £1 ($5)—*i.e.* one real at $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ (5 cents).

By cash from Mr. O'Shea [banker]	5,000	
" sale of 213 New Testaments in country at 3 rs....	639	
" sale of 122 New Testaments in town at 4 rs.....	488	
" 17 Bibles at 10 rs.....	170	
" 3 Gypsy St. Luke at 16 rs.....	48	
" 2 Basque St. Luke at 10 rs.....	20	
" (sales)	104	
" bill £40	4,000	
" sale of 443 Bibles at 10 rs.....	4,430	
" sale of 602 New Testaments in country at 3 rs...	1,806	
" sale of Victoriano's pony ($11.50).....	230	
Due to the Bible Society, Madrid, April 16th, 1839		7,574¼
	Rs. 16,935	Rs. 16,935

Everything was now in readiness for the start towards Seville on the 19th of April by the evening coach. Mr. Henry O'Shea, the well-known banker, had furnished Borrow with a draft for his money, and Santiago de Usóz (the brother of Don Luis) had handed him a letter for D. Serafin Estébanez Calderon.[1] This gentleman, known in literature as "El Solitario," had written a Novel which did not sell very briskly in those troubled times.[2] Don Luis de Usóz y Rio was the friend at Court who kept an eye on it in the interest of D. Serafin. On his marriage and departure for Italy in 1838, he had charged his brother, " Santiaguito," with the friendly commission. The latter now proposed to resign it into the author's hands; hence he availed himself of Don Jorge's journey to Seville, as economical people used to do. Calderon was at that time Gefe Político of the Andalusian capital; but before Borrow reached there, a popular *émeute* had compelled him to seek peace and safety in Malaga; so that the interesting note remained in the bearer's portfolio.

The old highway from Madrid to Seville passed places

[1] Dated Madrid, April 18th. The draft was of the 19th.

[2] *Cristianos y Moriscos.* Novela Lastimosa. Su Autor El Solitario. Madrid, Leon Amarita, 1838, 8vo, pp. xvi., 152.

of historic interest.[1] But we cannot linger over them. Our traveller saw again his *sacerdotísa* at Manzanares, whom the priest anathematised because she simply asked him in those days of exclaustration, whether "he still served at the altar." Evidently he did not, and hence his wrath; for, that a Spanish priest should fail to understand so elementary a phrase as "*facis adhuc sacrificium?*" is incredible to those who know the land.

At La Rumblar, a defile between Bailen and Andujar, the mail had been attacked on the previous trip, and a fearful butchery had occurred, of which a grim account is given in the *Bible in Spain.*[2]

Borrow reached Seville on the 24th of April and took up his quarters at the Posada de la Reyna, which was then really a *fonda* (hotel), although the landlord and proprietor, Francisco José de Silva, preferred the old-time designation of *posada* (inn). It is mentioned at the head of native hostelries in the first edition of Ford's *Hand-Book* (p. 241).

[1] Madrid, Aranjuez, Ontigola, Ocaña. *La Mancha:* La Guardia, Tembléque, Madridejos, Puerto Lapiche, Manzanares, Valdepeñas, Almuradiel. *Sierra Morena:* Venta de Cardenas, Despeñaperros, Santa Elena, Las Navas de Tolosa, La Carolina. *Andalusia:* Guarroman, Bailen (La Rumblar), Andujar, El Carpio, CORDOVA, Ecija, Carmona, SEVILLE.

[2] *Bible in Spain*, p. 274, sm. ed. Speaking of La Rumblar—"This is a curious slip," say the commentators of poor Borrow, to whom Spain seems to be *terra incognita*. So they make the defile to stand between *Velez Rubio* and *Lorca* (!), a hundred and thirty miles from the spot Borrow *said he traversed in the coach that day, going from Madrid to Seville*. No, neither the printer nor Borrow "evolved the strange compound." Ford gives the *torrent* Rumblar, *in situ* (p. 303, ed. 1845), and Vogel's Map (Perthes, Gotha, 1897) stamps also the *place*, or defile, as it is. But best of all, Tomás Lopez: *Mapas de las Provincias de Esp. y Port.* Madrid, 1760–85.

CHAPTER XXIX

(1839)

An Eye-Witness of Borrow at Seville in 1839—Preparations for Housekeeping—Rev. Mr. Brandram's Criticisms—Borrow Takes his Measures—An Expected Guest—Mrs. and Miss Clarke in Seville—A Review—Continuation of Chapter XV.—The Three Consecutive Deaths—Oulton Hall Estate—"Mortgagee in Possession"—Chancery Proceedings—The Disappearance of Mother and Daughter—WANTED: an Offensive and Defensive Alliance.

A GLANCE at Borrow at this period may be welcome, if so be it come to us from an eye-witness. A gentleman of the name of Lieut.-Colonel Elers Napier published a book which gives an account of the Bible Society's Agent for Spain as he lived and moved about Seville on the 4th, 5th, and 7th of May, anno 1839.[1] The book is not common, and therefore I shall take it upon myself to copy here what relates to our subject. The scene opens in a gallery overlooking the *Patio*, or interior Court, of the Posada de la Reyna (Queen's Inn).

"*Saturday, May 4th, 1839.*—After breakfast it set in a day of rain, and I was reduced to wander about the galleries overlooking the *patio*. Whilst occupied in moralising over the dripping water-spouts, I observed a tall, gentlemanly-looking man, dressed in a *zamarra*,[2] leaning over the balustrades, and apparently engaged in a similar manner with myself. From the stranger's complexion, which was fair, but with brilliant

[1] *Excursions along the Shores of the Mediterranean.* London, 1842, 2 vols., 8vo, ii., pp. 73–95. I condense as much as practicable, and correct the Spanish, which is vile.

[2] A sheep-skin jacket with the wool outside, a costume much worn here in cold weather. [The author says *semara.*]

black eyes, I concluded he was not a Spaniard; in short, there was something so remarkable in his appearance that it was difficult to say to what nation he might belong. Though apparently in the flower of manhood, his hair was so deeply tinged with the winter of either age or sorrow, as to be nearly snow-white. Under these circumstances, I was rather puzzled as to what language I should address him in. At last, putting a bold face on the matter, I approached him with a '*Bonjour, monsieur; quel triste temps!*'—'Yes, sir,' replied he, in the purest Parisian accent, 'and it is very unusual weather here at this time of the year.'—'Does monsieur intend to be any time at Seville?' asked I. He replied in the affirmative.

"We were soon on a friendly footing, and from his varied information I was both amused and instructed. Still, I became more than ever in the dark as to his nationality. I found he could speak English as fluently as French. I tried him on the Italian track; again he was perfectly at home. He had a Greek servant to whom he gave his orders in Romaïc.[1] He conversed in good Castilian with 'mine host'; exchanged a German salutation with an Austrian Baron, at the time an inmate of the *fonda;* and, on mentioning to him my morning visit to Triana, which led to some remarks on the Gipsies, and the probable place from whence they derived their origin, he expressed his belief that it was from Moultan, and said that even to this day they retained many Moultanee and Hindoostanee expressions, such as *pañee*, water, *buree pañee*, the sea, etc. He was rather startled when I replied in Hindee, but was delighted on finding I was an Indian, and entered freely and with depth and acuteness on the affairs of the East, most of which part of the world he had visited.

"In such varied discourse did the hours pass so swiftly away, that we were not a little surprised when Pepe the *mozo* (and I verily believe all Spanish waiters are called Pepe), announced the hour of dinner; after which we took a long walk together on the banks of the river. But on our return I was as much as ever in ignorance as to who might be my new and pleasant acquaintance. I took the first opportunity of ques-

[1] Antonio was not dismissed till July 1st.

tioning Antonio Baillie [Bailly] on the subject, and his answer only tended to increase my curiosity. He said that nobody knew what nation the 'mysterious Unknown' belonged to, or what were his motives for travelling. In his passport he went by the name of —— and as a British subject; but in consequence of a suspicion being entertained that he was a Russian spy, the police kept a sharp look-out over him. Spy or no spy, I found him a very agreeable companion; and it was agreed that, on the following day, we should visit together the ruins of Italica.

"*Sunday, May 5th, 1839.*—After breakfast, the 'Unknown' and myself, mounting our horses, proceeded on our expedition to the ruins of Italica. . . . A short ride brought us in sight of the Convent of San Isidoro, surrounded by tall cypress and waving date trees. This establishment is, I believe, the property of the Duke of Medina Celi, at whose expense the excavations are now carried on at the latter place [the neighbouring village of Santiponce], which is the ancient site of the Roman Italica.

"We sat down on a fragment of the walls; the 'Unknown' began to feel the vein of poetry creeping through his inward soul, and gave vent to it by reciting, with great emphasis and effect, the following well-known and beautiful lines:—

> 'Cypress and ivy, weed and wallflower, grown
> Matted and massed together, hillocks heap'd
> On what were chambers, arch crush'd, column strown
> In fragments, choked up vaults, and frescoes steep'd
> In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd,
> Deeming it midnight :—Temples, baths, or halls—
> Pronounce who can ; for all that Learning reap'd
> From her research hath been, that these are walls.'

"I had been too much taken up with the scene, the verses, and the strange being who was repeating them with so much feeling, to notice the approach of a slight female figure, beautiful in the extreme, but whose tattered garments, raven hair, swarthy complexion and flashing eyes, proclaimed to be of the wandering tribe of *Gitanos*. From an intuitive sense of politeness she stood with crossed arms and a slight smile on her dark

and handsome countenance, until my companion had ceased, and then addressed us in the usual whining tone of supplication—'*Caballeritos, una limosnita! Dios se la pagará á ustedes!*' —'Gentlemen, a little charity; God will repay it to you!' The gipsy girl was so pretty and her voice so sweet, that I involuntarily put my hand in my pocket.

"'Stop!' said the 'Unknown.' 'Do you remember what I told you about the Eastern origin of these people? You shall see I am correct.'—'Come here, my pretty child,' said he in Moultanee, 'and tell me where are the rest of your tribe.' The girl looked astounded, replied in the same tongue, but in broken language[1]; when, taking him by the arm, she said in Spanish: 'Come, Caballero, come to one who will be able to answer you'; and she led the way down amongst the ruins towards one of the dens formerly occupied by the wild beasts, and disclosed to us a set of beings scarcely less savage. The sombre walls of this gloomy abode were illumined by a fire, the smoke from which escaped through a deep fissure in the mossy roof; whilst the flickering flames threw a blood-red glare on the bronzed features of a group of children, two men, and a decrepit old hag who appeared busily engaged in some culinary preparations.

"On our entrance, the scowling glance of the males of the party, and a quick motion of the hand towards the folds of the *faja*,[2] caused in me, at least, anything but a comfortable sensation; but their hostile intentions were immediately removed by a wave of the hand from our conductress, who, leading my companion towards the sibyl, whispered something in her ear. The old crone appeared incredulous. The 'Unknown' uttered one word; but that word had the effect of magic. She prostrated herself at his feet, and in an instant, from an object of suspicion, he became one of worship to the whole family, to whom on taking leave, he made a handsome present, and departed with their united blessings.

[1] Gypsy radicals with Spanish inflections and connectives.—*K.*

[2] In the folds of this sash [wound many times round the waist—Latin *fascia*] is concealed the *navdja*, or formidable clasp-knife, always worn by the Spaniard [of the lower classes].

"I was, as the phrase goes, dying with curiosity, and as soon as we mounted our horses, exclaimed: 'Where, in the name of goodness, did you pick up your acquaintance with and the language of these extraordinary people?'—'Some years ago, in Moultan,' he replied.—'And by what means do you possess such apparent influence over them?' But the 'Unknown' had already said more than he perhaps wished on the subject. He dryly replied that he had more than once owed his life to Gipsies, and had reason to know them well; but this was said in a tone which precluded all further queries on my part. The subject was never again broached, and we returned in silence to the *fonda*.

"*Tuesday, May 7th.*—Pouring rain all day, during which I was mostly in the society of the 'Unknown.' This is a most extraordinary character, and the more I see of him the more I am puzzled. He appears acquainted with everybody and everything, but apparently unknown to every one himself. Though his figure bespeaks youth—and by his own account his age does not exceed thirty [he was six and thirty lacking two months]—yet the snows of eighty winters could not have whitened his locks more completely than they are. But in his dark and searching eye there is an almost supernatural penetration and lustre, which, were I inclined to superstition, might induce me to set down its possessor as a second Melmoth."

No sooner did George Borrow arrive in Seville, than it became evident that he intended to make a prolonged sojourn in the city. In May he engaged a house situated at No. 7, Plazuela de la Pila Seca, and furnished it, though in a very modest way. It was clearly a *Sic tu non tibi;* for the expense would hardly beseem a bachelor's purse, who might live simpler and more independently at the "Reyna," where he still took his meals.

Besides, affairs were not smooth and prosperous between him and Mr. Brandram. The last letter from home was not reassuring; nay, rather it was caustic and bitter.

"As you request to hear from us," begins the Foreign Secretary on the 22nd of May, "I sit down to write at once, and shall make a few remarks on your last two letters. I scarcely know what to say. You are in a very peculiar country; you are doubtless a man of very peculiar temperament, and we must not apply common rules in judging either of yourself or your affairs. What, *e.g.*, shall we say to your confession of extreme superstitiousness? It is very frank of you to tell us what you need not have told, but it sounded very odd when read aloud in a large Committee. Strangers that know you not would carry away strange ideas. The report of your successes in Madrid followed in the next paragraph, and made us forget the superstition.

"But to return to your first letter. In bespeaking our patience, there is an implied contrast between your own mode of proceeding and that adopted by others—a contrast this a little to the disadvantage of others, and savouring a little of the praise of a personage called number one.

"Your second letter has something of the same kind in it and leads me the more to make the remark. Perhaps my vanity is offended, and I feel as if I were not esteemed a person of sufficient discernment to know enough of the real state of Spain, and was therefore unreasonable in expecting large immediate good to result from your journeys; and that all this rendered it necessary for you to enlighten my somewhat dull mind.

"Bear with me now in my criticisms on your second letter. You describe your perilous journey to Seville, and say at the beginning of the description: '*My usual wonderful good fortune accompanying us.*'[1] This is a mode of speaking to which we are not well accustomed; it savours, some of our friends would say, a little of the profane. Those who know you will not impute this to you. But you must remember our Committee room is public to a great extent, and I cannot omit expressions as I go reading on. Pious sentiments may be thrust into

[1] See *Bible in Spain*, p. 274—the same words, for that work was mostly composed by copying the author's letters to the Bible Society.

letters *ad nauseam*, and it is not for that I plead; but is there not a *via media?*

"We are odd people, it may be, in England; we are not fond of prophets or 'prophetesses.' I have not turned back to your former description of the Lady whom you have a second time introduced to our notice.[1] Perhaps my wounded pride had not been made whole after the infliction you before gave it by contrasting the teacher of the prophetess with English Rectors."

But Borrow had the feelings of a gentleman, and proposed to preserve his dignity. Fortunately the means were at hand to enable him to do so for the rest of his life.

Hence that improvised *ménage* in Seville must signify expected guests or proprietors, not yet arrived. A letter received and answered in March, while he was yet in Madrid, hastened him off to prepare a habitation in Seville for certain old friends with whom he had corresponded for nearly seven years. They were a Lady and her daughter—their name may be guessed. His letter advised the Lady what to bring in the way of furniture, linen, and plate, adapted to a Southern clime.

Finally, on reaching the end of May in our archives, we discover sundry paid checks (or cheques, if you please) drawn for respectable sums on a certain Yarmouth banking-house. Then very naturally, with the date of the 4th of June, a steamer ticket comes to light, whereby Capt. George Brooks of the Peninsular Steam Navigation Company's Packet *Royal Tar*, that lay off Blackwall Stairs, was requested to receive on board *Mrs. and Miss Clarke*, as First Cabin Passengers from London to Cadiz, they having paid the required fare of £40 for the privilege.

By a glance at Lloyd's Register for 1839, a little further

[1] *Bible in Spain*, pp. 261, 262, and 275.

light is let in on this very quiet history. The *Royal Tar* dropped down the river and out into the Channel on the 7th of June, left Falmouth on the 10th, Lisbon on the 14th, and drew up off the sea wall of Cadiz on the 16th. Of course, by the next day, the three East Anglians were comfortably lodged in their new quarters at No. 7 of the Little Square of the Empty Trough, that is, being interpreted, *la Plazuela de la Pila Seca.*

Now what had brought about this strange convergence at Seville, at such a juncture? Was it planned deliberately since the last meeting at Oulton in October or November, 1838, or was it forced on them by the manipulation of the invisible threads of human destiny in the power of the All Wisdom above? Let us examine the material facts in the case, and leave the rest.

By a reference to Chapter XV. of this work, and by later remarks, it will be remembered that in 1832 George Borrow knew the Skeppers and the Clarkes as an unbroken family. But three years later, the invasion of that lovely and united family began. The mother was taken away in September, 1835. Then followed the father's death on the 5th of February, 1836, with an interval of only five months. Of the two children, Breame Skepper and Mrs. Clarke, Breame inherited the estate and Mary the cottage on the Broad. But on the 22nd of May, 1837, Breame Skepper, then living at the Hall, was also suddenly removed by death, at the age of forty-two, leaving a wife and six children.[1]

[1] An enclosure in Oulton Churchyard—

Sacred to the Memory of ANN BORROW widow of Capt. Thomas Borrow. She died on the 16th of Augt. 1858 Aged 86 years [& 7 months]. she was a good wife and a good mother.	Beneath this stone are interred the mortal Remains of BREAME SKEPPER who died May 22d 1837 Aged 42. Leaving a wife & six children to lament his severe loss.	Beneath this Stone are interred in the same grave The Mortal Remains of EDMUND SKEPPER who died Febry. 5th 1836 aged 69 *also* ANN SKEPPER his wife who died Sept. 15th 1835 aged 62.	Sacred To the memory of LIEUT. HENY. CLARKE of His Maj.'s Royal Navy who departed this life on the 21st of March, 1818, aged 25 years. Leaving a firmly attached widow and an infant daughter to lament his irreparable loss.

This of course was the end of peace between Mrs. Clarke and the family of her late brother. The Trustees under the Will were John Jacob Clark of Swaffham, and his son, William B. Clark of Southacre. The Executors were the two children, Breame and Mary, and the adviser or counsel of the Executors was fortunately stated in that Instrument to be John Pilgrim of Norwich.

Mrs. Clarke, now sole executrix and mortgagee in possession, found arrayed against her not alone the Trustees (her uncle and cousin), but, as I have already intimated, her sister-in-law, Mrs. Breame Skepper, and Mr. John Bateman her father. On Mrs. Clarke's side there was only the law firm of Jay and Pilgrim. The Trustees demanded the sale of the Oulton Hall Estate and a division of the money, according to the Will; Mrs. Clarke opposed the same, as Executrix and Mortgagee. The law under those circumstances gave her the lion's share of the control, and she used it, as was natural. Mrs. Skepper soon removed to Norwich with her children to be near her own family.

At last, on the 23rd of September, 1837, they all met at the Norfolk Hotel, Norwich, and agreed to sell the Oulton Hall Estate to a Mr. Joseph Cator Webb for £11,000. The contract was entered into and signed, *but it was not carried into effect*, and after a time "Mr. Webb filed a bill in Chancery to compel the vendors to perform their contract," etc.

It was the fault of the Trustees that this sale was not carried through. They believed that they could get better terms by delay—a view they deeply regretted afterward, as the value of land steadily diminished. But the Chancery proceedings went on, and it was these that compelled Mrs. Clarke to disappear for a while, by the advice of Jay and Pilgrim. They, with Mrs. Borrow of Willow Lane, were alone privy to it. And even when it was known, no one suspected where she had retired,

save the parties mentioned. Their letters to Seville in 1839 are interesting reading touching Norwich gossip.

I have stated the case in the barest outline in deference to those of the families who still survive. On Mr. Borrow's account, and in view of what has been published, so much of a private history had to be disclosed.

CHAPTER XXX

(1839)

Compromising Situation—Antonio Dismissed—Borrow Starts for Cadiz—Consul Brackenbury—Gibraltar—The "Scorpions"—Tangiers—"Englishmans, my Lord"—Joanna Corrêa—Dalzel, "Son of the Celebrated Greek Man"—Consul General Hay—Stern Chase—Mrs. Clarke at Gibraltar—Borrow at Tarifa—Recalled to London—Consul Brackenbury to Mr. Brandram—A True History—"Expected Soon."

CHAFING under his embarrassing situation, one not easy to be explained to the average Spaniard, Mr. Borrow's papers show an evident anxiety to separate himself for a time from his surroundings. I judge this, among other things, from his dismissal of the Greek Antonio on the 1st of July, and his letter to Mr. Southern (still at Madrid) asking for a line of introduction to H.M. Consul General at Tangiers, Mr. Drummond Hay.[1]

We might with propriety pass over the visit to Gibraltar and across the Straits to Tangiers; but since the *Bible in Spain* was trimmed to a rather mysterious ending at this point, it is perhaps advisable to make the narration continuous, provided it be succinct.

George Borrow sailed from Seville to Cadiz on a

[1] Perhaps some might like to read the *finiquitos* that passed between D. Jorge and Antonio. They are written by the former, and my corrections are in parentheses :—

"Recibido (*Recibí*) del Señor Jorge Borrow la cuantidad (*cantidaa*) de trescientos sesenta reales por salario del mes de Junio que es el todo que (*es todo lo que*) me debe. 1 (1° *de*) Julio de 1839. *Antonio Buchino.*"

"Además recibido (*recibí*) la cantidad de veinte duros que el Señor Don Jorge me ha regalado para proporcionarme (*los medios para*) la vuelta á Madrid. *Antonio Buchino.* 1 (1° *de*) Julio de 1839."

Wednesday night, July 31st. He stopped in the morning at Bonanza, and drove out to San Lucar de Barrameda to call on H.M. Vice-Consul, Mr. Charles Philippe (the *Phillipi* of the book), on business connected with some embargoed Bibles. At Cadiz he spent the 2nd and 3rd of August with Mr. John M. Brackenbury, the well-known British Consul, to whom, with the Marks of Malaga, Spain owes a lasting debt of honour for their influence and public spirit. Mr. Brackenbury was charmed with Borrow, and entered heartily into his feelings of bitter grief over the causes which had closed Spain against the Bible, as we shall duly see by his powerful letter to the Society in defence of their Agent. Mr. Brackenbury gave him letters to the Consul General of his country at Tangiers, and on the 4th Mr. Borrow proceeded by steamer along the beautiful coast, past the white Chiclana, the foreland of Trafalgar, and low-lying Tarifa. In the evening he reached the "Rock" and lodged at old Griffith's, who, like Shepheard's of Cairo, will never (let us hope) cease to welcome the tired voyager.

Here he met Solomons, the Jew, who probably did *not* see him at Bremen when he made his stolen trip from Hamburg in 1833. Here also he exhibited to the worshipful gaze of Israel the "shekel" that Hasfeldt gave him on that parting night in September, 1835. And here too we are introduced to the touching story of "Judah Lib," *i.e.* Loeb, whose father knew *Zohar*, and whom our hero met first, *not* "on the Baltic in the year 1834," but on the Caes do Sodré of Lisbon in the year 1838!

On the afternoon of the 8th of August, he sailed over to the Barbary shore, where they lay all night. In the morning he landed at Tangiers and must needs salute the Captain of the Port, as he saluted generally—each in his own tongue. "*S'ba 'l-khéir, ya Sidi,*" cried Borrow, in his purest Arabic, thinking to effect the conquest of

Morocco at a blow,—when lo! the answer of the grisly giant, "Are you Englishmans?" called forth the liturgic refrain: "Englishmans, my lord." That black-a-moor was not to be caught with chaff, and our friend lost his title of *El-Mansûr Billáh* (Conqueror in the name of God)!

"Put up at a Scotch lady's house, or at Joanna Corrêa's." So said Richard Ford three and fifty years ago —that is, the *first* "Ford," the only "Ford" worth reading.[1] Borrow, or rather the Consul General, chose the house of Joanna Corrêa, a Mahonese by birth, the widow of a Genoese. Now a certain man, officially stationed at Tangiers, soundly berated our traveller for making the choice he did. Robert A. Dalzel was the British Vice-Consul there. He was a son of Professor Andrew Dalzel (1742–1806), who held the Chair of Greek at the University of Edinburgh.[2] The son seems to have been a worthless fellow and yet is gazetted as far along as 1844 as Consul at Port Mahon, Island of Minorca.

Borrow omitted from the *Bible in Spain* an incident touching this character, which is still to be found in the autograph MS. As the parties interested will not at this distance be shocked, I may be warranted in restoring it. It was taken out from between the words "*departed*"—"*I now sat down to breakfast.*"[3]

THE DALZEL EPISODE

"Joanna had scarcely been below two minutes when she came running up again in a great hurry, saying that there was a gentleman below who wanted to speak to me. I observed that there was something peculiar in her countenance, but had not time to ask her any question, as the visitor followed close at her heels. 'Who can this be?' thought I. The figure

[1] P. 348, ed. 1845.

[2] *Memoir of Andrew Dalzel.* Edinburgh, 1861, 8vo, pp. iv., 280.

[3] *Bible in Spain*, iii., 352; sm. ed., p. 318. *Time:* Friday, August 9th, 1839.

which presented itself before me was that of a man of about forty, diminutive in stature, and of a gait which I must call shambling, as I know no other word that can describe it. Upon the face was much purple and blue, especially upon the point of the nose. The eyes were bloodshot, and their expression was much like that of a departed tunny fish or salmon. The apparel was European; the coat and pantaloons of pepper and salt.

"'Good morning,' said the figure in a strange accent.—'Good morning, Sir,' I replied.—'An English traveller, I presume.'—'At your service; pray be seated.'—'I am not come here to be seated,' replied the figure, taking a chair, however; 'I am come to get you out of this house. I have bespoken a much better lodging for you.'—'Exceedingly obliged to you, Sir; may I ask whom I have the honour of addressing? If I am not much mistaken you are a Swede.'—'I am no Swede,' said the figure; 'what do you mean by calling me a Swede? I am a Scotchman; my name is Dalzel, son of the celebrated Dalzel, the Greek man; what 's more, I am British vice-consul in Tangiers. Therefore, get up and leave this house as soon as you can.'—'Certainly,' said I, 'if Mr. Hay desires it; but I am rather surprised that only half an hour since he should have strongly recommended me to a place which he now desires me to quit; for I presume, of course, that you come from him.'—'Come from him, indeed!' replied the vice-consul; 'what do you take me for? I come from no man and least of all from the like of him. I came to do you a kindness. You are here with an alien, a foreigner, and I should not wish to see you spend your money upon vagabonds. Come with me and I will introduce you to two decent Scotchwomen, real British subjects, and not sham ones, in whose house you will be at home; not hear a word of Spanish or Moorish, which you understand, I dare say, no more than myself. I have spoken to them already, and they are willing to receive you on my recommendation; so you had better make haste and not keep them waiting to welcome you. What do you sit there staring at me for? A'n't you coming?'

"'No, Sir, I am not,' I replied after I had in some degree recovered from the astonishment which this strange address caused me, 'and I am surprised that a gentleman in your situation should expect such a thing. Mr. Hay, anticipating my arrival at Tangiers, procured me a lodging much better to all appearance than I had reason to expect, and now you who are a perfect stranger to me would have me leave and accompany you I know not whither. I beg leave to assure you that I am quite incapable of such conduct, and of returning Mr. Hay's kindness with deliberate insult, as I certainly should do were I to follow your advice.'

"'Oh, as to that matter,' said the vice-consul, 'you are perfectly at liberty to stay where you are; my only motive for calling upon you now was to guard a stranger and a traveller against imposition. Pray do not think I have any other motive. Indeed, at present I wish you to remain here. Perhaps, before a few days are over, you will have occasion to rue not attending to my advice. Be it so; I bear no malice and shall always be ready to introduce you to the house of my friends —very respectable females, I assure you, mantua-makers and Scotchwomen; know perfectly well why you refuse to go there now—deference to some people who are inferior in every point to others whom fortune has placed in a subordinate situation. However, I bear no malice. I am no arbitrary bashaw — Mr. What's-your-name — no, Sir, nor a Swede, though you thought proper to call me so. My name is Dalzel, the son of the celebrated Dalzel, the Greek man.'

"With these words he bounced downstairs followed by myself. As he went out of the door Joanna gave me a look. She had been present at a great part of our dialogue, and, though entirely ignorant of English, I have no doubt from her glance that she had perfectly understood the purport of what was said. There are many people who, whatever be the language spoken, require no interpreter, but are rather bewildered by them. They look you in the eyes, observe your mouth, and imbibe your meaning. I have heard of a Malay who knew not a word of any language but his own; yet he explained to his countrymen whatever was said, whether in

Chinese, Russian, or English, and very frequently communicated the sense and spirit of a conversation better than a person versed in the respective languages could have done; for your interpreter will render words by their equivalents, but seldom grasps ideas or appreciates feeling, so that, however useful in communicating matters of fact, it is dangerous to trust him when something higher is required."

Dalzel did not cease to call on Borrow and offer to conduct him to the curiosities of the place and its environs; nor could the latter well put him aside, though his language was often coarse and unbecoming an officer in the Queen's service. Finally, there seems to have been a denunciation at the Consulate; for, on the 25th of August, Mr. Drummond Hay took down a verbatim statement from Borrow concerning this troublesome man, apparently for the purpose of entering a complaint at the Foreign Office. The statement is in the handwriting of some clerk, but is scarcely worth the printing.

How long Borrow remained at Tangiers he himself reported to be six weeks[1]; but that would bring us to the 20th of September—far too long in view of other data in our possession. I should say the 15th would be nearer the truth. In the *Gypsies of Spain*, he simply records the fact that he landed at Tarifa, from the coast of Barbary, "in the *autumn* of the year 1839."[2] He seems to have missed Mrs. Clarke and Henrietta, who were at Gibraltar on the 13th, as we know by the draft for £100 which she cashed there on that day.[3]

Borrow was at Tarifa some five days, according to Chapter IV., Part II., of the last named work, and then went on to Cadiz in the same felucca. That would get

[1] *Bible in Spain*, p. 318, small ed.

[2] *Gypsies of Spain*, p. 157, small ed.

[3] "Mrs. Mary Clarke's bill for £100 at 2 months date 13 Sept. to order of Domingo Perez Arisoategui (?) on Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons, at 38¼*d.*, rs. 9,448.22."

him there on the 22nd; for, by a note written thence to the Society on the 19th, Mr. Brackenbury says: "From letters that I received yesterday from Tangiers, I am expecting to see Mr. Borrow again shortly on his return to Seville." Evidently on the 16th, when these letters must have been penned, the absentee had left the North African shore.

The Bible Society were puzzled about Borrow. They had written a decisive letter to him on the 29th of July, recalling him to England and closing the mission. That message would reach Seville, in due course, about the 14th of August. A *copy* of this official original was despatched under cover to Mr. Brackenbury, to be delivered to Don Jorge. That was dated August 2nd, would reach Cadiz the 19th or 20th, and the enclosure to Tangiers would arrive there about the 25th of August, *provided* the wind and weather were favourable for the feluccas to cross.

The Resolution of Recall reads as follows:—

"That, since it appears that the object of Mr. Borrow's present Mission to Spain is nearly attained, by the disposal of the larger part of the S.S. which he went out to distribute, he be requested to take measures for selling the remainder, or leaving them in safe custody, *and that he then do proceed to this country.*"

Mr. Brackenbury's Cadiz letter is very important as justifying all I have said in favour of Borrow in Spain. It must have been a severe trial for Mr. Brandram to read it in the "public Committee Room" where his own London ideas about a country like Spain had been ventilated to the disparagement of their Peninsular Agent.

John M. Brackenbury to Rev. A. Brandram

(Consulate Copy for Geo. Borrow)

"British Consulate, Cadiz, Sept. 19th, 1839.

"My dear Friend,—I have had great pleasure in making the acquaintance of Mr. George Borrow—very great. He did

me the kindness to dine here and spend the day with us, preceding his departure, and promised to revisit us on his return from Tangiers.

"I furnished Mr. Borrow with a Letter to my friend Mr. Drummond Hay, Her Majesty's Agent and Consul General for Morocco, from whom I have received the most agreeable accounts of Mr. Borrow.

"What a subject of sorrow is the order recently issued to prevent the further distribution in this country of the Holy Scriptures without note or comment! and how much is that sorrow augmented by the apprehension that this inhibition was assuredly accelerated, if not absolutely occasioned, by the indiscretion of some of those who entered Spain for the avowed object of circulating the Scriptures, and of others who, not being Agents of the British and Foreign Bible Society, were nevertheless considered to be connected with it, as they distributed your editions of the Old and New Testaments. Our objects were defeated and your interests injured, therefore, when the Spanish Government required the departure from this country of those who, by other acts and deeds wholly distinct from the distribution of Bibles and Testaments, had been infracting the Laws Civil and Ecclesiastical.

"Previously to these proceedings, the circulation of the Word of God was not only not an illegal act, but was one countenanced by the Government itself. All Authorities, therefore, Foreign and Domestic, might co-operate in furtherance of this blessed undertaking without fear, without reproach. But, how has the fine gold become changed! This Government which co-operated with us, is now arrayed against us. The Circulators of the New Testament (some of them) have been removed from the Kingdom; the copies which were printed by permission in Spain, to be circulated throughout its unhappy Provinces, have been collected and sent to England, and neither Spanish Authority nor Foreign Consul may now distribute the New Testament without knowingly violating the Law and incurring the penalties of the transgression. And as if it were to augment my personal mortification, I have been called upon officially to attest the transmission to England of

the remaining copies of those which were in Mr. Borrow's hands.

"This duty I discharged reluctantly. The Bills of Loading were enclosed to Mr. Jackson, from whom I must require the Certificate duly attested by the Spanish Consul General in London of the landing of the two boxes.

"I retained three copies of the New Testament and three copies of St. Luke's Gospel in the Gipsy Language, one of each for H.E. the Governor [Capt.-General], the Political Chief [Civil Governor], and myself.

"That our severe disappointments are derivable from the indiscretions of those who in the distribution of the Holy Scriptures in Spain have acted in opposition to the advice and judgment of others who knew the habits and propensities of the Spaniards better than themselves, and by whom they were warned of the consequences of entering into religious controversies founded on the Doctrine and Discipline of the Established Religion of this country,—*I have no doubt whatever*. The Agents of the B. and F. Bible Society in Spain should neither be Sectarian Ministers of the Gospel, who, by teaching and preaching, strive to make Proselytes, nor should they be distributors of Tracts, nor private individuals who consider it to be their duty to combat on Spanish ground the errors of Popery;—but the distributors should be wholly unconnected with the discharge of any other religious occupation, conforming themselves as strictly as possible to the letter and spirit of their instructions issued by their Principals; they should never be lured into controversy with the Papist, but endeavour by God's assistance to be as wise as serpents and harmless as doves towards the Roman Catholicks themselves.

"These opinions, so often heretofore expressed by me, are concurred in, I am happy to say, by Mr. Borrow, who has an intimate knowledge of the Spanish character, and whose zeal and judgment have gone hand in hand throughout this Province.—I am (etc.),

"J. M. Brackenbury."

CHAPTER XXXI

(1839–1840)

Zincali—Pourparlers on the Azotea—La Señá Biúda y el Brujo—New Conditions—Pro et Contra—Slack Water—Pobre España—Siriem Zkiez—Vengeance is Time—Congratulations—Norwich Tradition—Homeward Bound—Arrest—Prison—Madrid—Satisfaction—Don Luis—Spain and Africa—The Trimester—About Marriage—*Zincali*—"Where 's Borrow?"—Messrs. Jackson and Brackenbury.

BACK in Seville by the 25th of September, George Borrow bent all his energies to hastening on the composition and redaction of his first original book. Usóz and Gayangos (then librarian at the "National") had furnished him with an immense amount of material from little-known authors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and these he trimmed and digested so as to adapt them to his purpose, with random sketches of his own, culled from memories of Norwich, Eaton, and his old master Petulengro.

While all this was going on, and even before, certain *pourparlers*, as they say in Diplomacy, had been in progress between the *Señá Biúda*[1] and *Don Jorgito el Brujo*, —the Widow and the "Wizard"—touching the union of their estates at Oulton and Mattishall Burgh. Of course the *Señora* was to be thrown in as cash to balance. Mrs. Clarke was some years his senior, and had been two and twenty a widow; and she had been a faithful one all

[1] *La Señora Viúda*—language of Borrow's *gente de pañuelo y de bronce*, who say of their picturesque style: *E' mu chúlo-o, ma' no se puó remediár* = tain't Dictionary, but we hain't got no better.

those weary years. The Oulton vault, even after the lapse of eighty summers and winters, proves that; for it lies to-day invisible beneath the mass of ivy that covers it on all sides. My friend had no easy task to pierce the dense and matted growth that had accumulated since 1818, to enable him to peer through the chinks and read off the Inscription on the Capstone, which I noted down.[1] Thus she fulfilled the law of the "good wife," described in the Welsh Triad when Britain was young:—

"*Loving her husband, loving peace, and loving God!*"[2]

But that was in the past. New circumstances had arisen, and mere sentiment must be laid aside with the external badges of a sacred souvenir. Such is life, and such it must continue to be! The Estate demanded a living man of certain herculean proportions and a fierce countenance, to keep the foe at bay. Such a man was "six-foot-three." He was an athlete still. His Bible Society training had rendered him even more formidable. She had known him and helped him in the dark days of 1832, and since then she had kept a kindly eye on him. She had followed him to Gibraltar that she might be the first to welcome him back to Europe, or, lest he should fall into the sea, and become a derelict for ships passing the Straits between Calpe and Abyla.

It was all very kind, very kind; but Don Jorge was not a family man. He had allowed Isopel to depart for America, where there is room and bread for the active and the strong.[3] He came nearer to invading his principles then, than had ever been the case before or since. Indeed, he had but just renewed his vow of celibacy in a letter to Usóz, and confessed at the age of thirty-six that

[1] See p. 294, *last* epitaph.
[2] *Wild Wales*, small ed. p. 200.
[3] *Lavengro*, p. 282.

it was "better to suffer the halter than the yoke."[1] That seemed to be decisive. He could not bring his mind to forego his liberty to roam about the world as freely as he had done those seven years; or to wander over England without *impedimenta*, and to sit under hedges, drawing forth old words from future Ursulas, while the low scoundrelly crew railed and grinned after their fashion and nature. Who would be a Gorgio when he could be a Romany Rye, and repeat with Jasper again as aforetime: "There 's the wind on the heath, brother!"[2]

But of late there had arisen a condition of things which the sailor calls "slack water"—neither ebb nor flood. It was pretty clear that the alienation of Mr. Brandram was positive and final; that it would extend to other fields—even to China, *par mer*. Borrow was not to blame for the closing of Spain, and Graydon was. That was incontestable now. There was the Scriptural number of witnesses. Brackenbury's testimony was convincing. Mr. Brandram's "pet" was attainted; the Secretary's own arguments were proved to be specious, fallacious, *ex parte;* his pride, as the *Principal*, was humiliated; the dependent, the hobnail, should be more modest, as—ah—befitting his—ah—position. In fine, there must be a victim, a scapegoat, who must eat the "soul-cake" over the carcase of poor Spain—*Pobre España!*

Borrow saw it on his return from Tangiers, when he met Mr. Brackenbury at Cadiz, and hence the "slack water" at Seville, during September and October, while he pushed on his work. Mrs. Clarke saw it, too—she "the best woman of business in Eastern Anglia." After all, though he was no longer young—and "youth is the time to marry"—still, still, did he not also say that "mar-

[1] "Más vale ahorcarse que casarse," were his words.

[2] Mousehold Heath, Norwich—always *breezy*, even in the hottest day, as we have often observed.

riage is by far the best way of getting possession of an Estate?" So in November, 1839, he pronounced the irrevocable "*siriem zkiez*" in his choicest Armenian—without a grimace![1]

Good, Don Jorge! The die is cast; the Rubicon is crossed; "*Santiago y á ellos*"—St. James and at them—Trustees, Relations, Bible Societies, *et hoc omne pecus!* Now thou shalt have peace at last, and the God-given inspiration will come; and thou wilt thrill us with the great vibrations of thy unique soul, and shalt be no longer the victim of thy enemies, but shalt laugh them to scorn! For, "vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," which, being interpreted, means, *Vengeance is Time!*

Mrs. Borrow wrote her congratulations to Mrs. Clarke's announcement of the engagement in this wise:—

"I am not surprised, my dear Mrs. Clarke, at what you tell me, though I knew nothing of it. It put me in mind of the Revd. Flethers; you know they took time to consider. So far all is well. I shall now resign him to your care, and may you love and cherish him as much as I have done. I hope and trust each will try to make the other happy. You will always have my prayers and best wishes. Give my kind love to dear George and tell him he is never out of my thoughts. I have much to say, but I cannot write. I shall be glad to see you all safe and well. Give my love to Henrietta; tell her *I* can sing 'Gaily the Troubadour'; I only want the 'guitar.' God bless you all.

"Ann Borrow."

This reminds me of a passage in *Wild Wales* penned fifteen or twenty years afterwards:—

"Of my wife I will merely say that she is a perfect paragon of wives—can make puddings and sweets and treacle posset, and is the best woman of business in Eastern Anglia. Of my

[1] *Wild Wales*, pp. 3, 5; *Romany Rye*, pp. 49, 55.

step-daughter—for such she is, though I generally call her daughter, and with good reason, seeing that she has always shown herself one to me—that she has all kinds of good qualities and several accomplishments; playing remarkably well on the guitar—not the trumpery German thing so-called—but the real Spanish guitar."

Norwich, that never knew much about Borrow, although he walked in and out before them for sixty-six years,[1] had nevertheless its tradition. I find it couched in a Manuscript life, written about 1860 by one Arthur Dalrymple, a local solicitor. Concerning Mrs. Clarke and this retreat in Spain—of which he knew nothing—behold how Biography is written!

"At this time the widow of a merchant living at Mutford or Oulton near Lowestoft in Suffolk, found him out, having travelled over half Europe in search of him, and took possession of him, and upon her income of £300 or £400 per annum, with what his writings have produced, he has lived ever since."

That is enough; I will cite no more; it is the *myth* I seek, the myth that gathers about every man's name by the interpretations and accretions of irresponsible gossip —more dangerous than open calumny.

The engagement took place about the middle of November, and preparations to return to England began at once to be made. On the 24th, Borrow despatched Felipe, their servant, to the Alcalde de Bárrio (mayor of the ward or district in which he lived, with whom his passport was deposited while a resident of Seville) to apply for that instrument. That functionary, who is always a man of the people and usually inflated with his own dignity, refused to deliver the document, alleging that it was because the Alcalde's signature was not on

[1] 1814 to 1880.

the "ticket of residence," or *cédula*, that the foreigner carries about with him in lieu of his passport.[1]

Borrow knew that this was only an excuse to give him annoyance, since the office stamps were there in place of signatures, and hence the paper was *fehaciente* or valid. He therefore sent Felipe back with money and orders to pay "any fees, *lawful or unlawful*, which might be demanded," as he wished to avoid further trouble. This second application turned out as unsuccessful as the first. Some time after, Borrow went himself to the *alcaldía*, but was greeted with abuse and threats, and finally marched off to prison for the third time in Spain. It was November 29, 1839.

Here is a copy of his autograph note from the prison:—

"My dear Mrs. Clarke,—Do not be alarmed, but I am at present in the prison, to which place the Alcalde de Bárrio conducted me when I asked him to sign the Passport. If Phelipe is not already gone to the Consul, let Henrietta go now and show him this letter. When I asked the fellow his motives for not signing the Passport, he said if I did not go away he would carry me to prison. I dared him to do so, as I had done nothing; whereupon he led me here.—Yours truly,

"George Borrow."

The Foreign Office account says: "On reaching the prison he sent a message to Mr. Julian Williams, the British Consul at Seville, who immediately took steps to obtain redress." This message must be the one I have given above, according to the original among my papers. Evidently the words of Colonel Napier were authentic, when he declares that Borrow was under the surveillance

[1] In my time, although not required, I always obtained the personal *cédula* (L. *schedŭla*) from the Home Office (*Gobernacion*) at Madrid, finding it very convenient for travelling in the country, because written in Spanish, and thus disarming the suspicion that always attaches to a large foreign document which the rural authorities cannot understand. The *cédula* is only a slip of paper, carried in the pocket-book.

of the police; for, the next morning, the Alcalde proceeded to his house in the Plazuela de la Pila Seca and searched it, "but found nothing compromising." Late on the second night of his imprisonment, November 30th, Mr. Williams obtained Mr. Borrow's release, after he had been in durance for thirty hours.

On the next morning, Sunday, December 1st, he wrote a full account of the affair to the British Legation at Madrid, demanding redress. The Hon. George S. S. Jerningham of Costessey (pronounced *Cossey*), four miles from Norwich, was then Secretary of Legation. The application was duly made to the Spanish Government and full satisfaction obtained. But the delay was long, occupying the whole of December. In the mean time Borrow repaired to Madrid, as we learn by his letter thence to Mr. (afterwards Sir) George Jerningham, Consul Brackenbury's letter, and finally the official answer of the Legation January 3rd, 1840.

The only passage I have noted in Borrow's works alluding to this incarceration, occurs in the *Bible in Spain* (iii., 57; 237). It runs thus:—

"A celebrated robber, with whom I was subsequently imprisoned at Seville, spoke his eulogy in the following manner: 'Balseiro was a very good subject, and an honest man. He was the head of our family, Don Jorge; we shall never see his like again. Pity that he did not sack the *parné* (money) and escape to the camp of the Moor, Don Jorge!'"

Mr. Usóz heard of the outrage through his brother, Santiago, and wrote his friend a long and beautiful letter from Florence on the 7th of January. I should be glad to give the translation of it entire. He begins:—

"My brother writes me that they have been doing you another bad turn, this time in Seville; and about the same moment I read in the *Correo Nacional* the Prospectus of a

Religious Society! This put me in a worse humour than the letter had done. For you, who for years past have been bringing light and blessing to my distracted country, surely do not deserve to be dragged from prison to prison, and from insult to insult, by Spaniards; much less by those very Spaniards who plume themselves on their love of liberty and intelligence. But I will refrain from all comment on these things: first, because you understand your ground; and second, because it would carry me too far. . . .

"In Spain, so unlike your own country and some others, the most narrow-minded and intolerant seem to be those of us who wear frock-coats (*jente de frac y levita*), and there is a larger number of the vicious and the bigoted among the nobility, the clergy, proprietors, physicians, jurists, officers, etc., than among those who live by the sweat of their brow—mechanics, labourers, fishermen, and so on. For example, you have never met with ill-treatment, or been subjected to insult, from the so-called common people in the villages where you have gone to scatter light and blessing; while those who have set themselves in your path to oppose and to destroy, have alone been of that class that live on superstition, and who by their profession ought to know better.

"This appears to me to be one of the essential points of contrast between my country and some others. In Spain reason and common sense seem to be freer and less blunted in the uncultivated classes than in the various degrees of a bigoted aristocracy. And now come these humbugs of the *Religious Society*, declaring their attachment to light and learning in a land where there is nought but hatred for light and learning; and set themselves to preach intolerance on the soil that is as steeped with intolerance as Africa is with fetichism," etc., etc.

By the 9th of January Mr. Borrow was once more in Seville hard at work on his *Gypsies of Spain*.[1] This work seems to have occupied its author during the next three

[1] Date alluded to in Roberts's *Gypsies*, London, 1842, p. xxiii.; and in the *Zincali* of 1843, i., 351.

months of his strange tarry in Seville. It should, however, be understood that from the correspondence in my possession, it is clear that Mr. Brackenbury was taken into Mr. Borrow's confidence, and he much regretted the impossibility of "*Protestant Marriages*" being solemnised in Spain. All that we need to know, it seems to me, is that the Cadiz Consul was satisfied with the situation.[1]

Mr. Brackenbury's last letter (March 16th) describes the Bible Society's anxiety about Borrow. They had not heard from him since he wrote from Madrid, January 2nd: "To-morrow I depart in order to return to Seville, and I hope in a very short time I shall be able to bid adieu to the shores of Spain." Naturally from this intimation they were led to expect his return without delay; but steamer after steamer arrived in London, and no agent from Spain presented himself at the Earl Street headquarters. Hence Mr. Jackson addressed notes of inquiry to the consuls at Cadiz and Seville to learn whether they knew anything of the whereabouts of George Borrow.

Mr. Brackenbury wrote the Bible Society that he had been requested some time before to bespeak places for Mr. Borrow and his party by the first steamer from Cadiz after the 1st of April, and that he had accordingly done so. Mr. Borrow would, therefore, leave for London by the one appointed to sail on the 3rd of April, 1840.

[1] Letters of February 18th and March 16th, 1840.

CHAPTER XXXII

(1840)

The Departure—The *Royal Adelaide*—The Cid Takes a "Sling"—"*No jase nâ*"—The Incident at Lisbon—General Córdova—The Story of a Gibraltar Cigar—"*Calla, Bribón!* Fill your Hat"—Life a "Puff of Smoke"—London—The "Spread Eagle"—The Marriage—Bible Work over—The Last Report—"That Land of Distraction and Woe"—A Clean Portfolio.

MR. BRACKENBURY had spoken the truth in his letter to the Assistant Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society. On Friday the 3rd of April, 1840, the Peninsular Steam Navigation Company's Packet *Royal Adelaide* from Gibraltar, rounded the point of La Cruz, slowed up, and came to a stop at a safe distance from the landing at Cadiz. George Borrow was there, with Mrs. Clarke and Henrietta, Hayim Ben Attar, the "Jew of Fez," and Sidi Habismilk, the "Arabian of high caste." The procession moved to the boats and were becomingly transferred to the ship; but the poor *Cid* had to submit to the indignity of being "slung" on board from Medina's *falucho*. Medina was not a city, as the etymon might suggest, but only the Consul's man. The animal displayed some uneasiness; flourished his *patas* most vigorously against the air, but as nothing "came to be in their way," Medina declared in the speech of his Province *que no jiso nâ, no jiso dengun daño* —which means in the vernacular, "that he did n't kick worth a cent, and slunk into his cage like a wise horse."[1]

[1] In Castilian: *que no hizo nada, no hizo ningun daño.* The Andalusians aspirate the *h*, but only when it proceeds from a Latin *f*—fecit, *hizo* (*jiso*); formica, *hormíga* (*jormiga*).

The *Royal Adelaide* steamed out to sea past the Lady-Swine—*Las Puercas*—a group of naughty rocks with suggestive backs just peeping from the waves to lure the men-of-war and other barques whose business lies athwart the treacherous brine. On the 5th she entered the Tagus, and anchored off the well-known quay of Lisbon. During the twenty-four hours she lingered there, a curious incident is recorded by our hero in 1845, which I give in his own words.

"About five years ago, we were lying off Lisbon in a steamer, on our way to England. The morning was fine, and I was on deck staring vacantly about me, with my hands in my pockets, as is my custom, when a large barge with an awning, manned by many rowers, came dashing through the water until it touched the vessel's side. Some people came on board, of whom, however, I took but little notice, continuing with my hands in my pockets, staring sometimes at the river and sometimes at the Castle of St. George, the most remarkable object connected with the white city which strikes the eye from the Tagus. In a minute or two the steward came running up to me from the cabin, and said: 'There are two or three strange people below who seem to want something; but what it is we can't make out, for we don't understand them. Now, I heard you talking *Moors* the other day to the black cook, so pray have the kindness to come and say two or three words to the people below.' Whereupon, without any hesitation, I followed the steward into the cabin. 'Here 's one who can jabber with you,' bawled he, bustling up to the new comers. On observing the strangers, however, who sat on one of the sofas, instead of addressing them in 'Moors,' I took my hands out of my pockets, drew myself up, and making a most ceremonious bow, exclaimed: '*Beso á ustédes las manos, caballéros:* What may it please you to command?'

"The strangers, who had looked somewhat blank at the first appearance of my figure, no sooner heard me address them in this manner than they uttered a simultaneous '*Ola!*'

and, springing up, advanced towards me with countenances radiant with smiles. They were three in number, to say nothing of a tall loutish fellow, with something of the look of a domestic, who stood at some distance. All three were evidently gentlemen—one was a lad about twenty, another might be some ten years older—but the one who stood between the two and who immediately confronted me, was clearly the principal. He might be about forty, and was tall and rather thin. His hair was of the darkest brown; his face strongly marked and exceedingly expressive; his nose was fine, so was his forehead, and his eyes sparkled like diamonds beneath a pair of burly brows slightly grizzled. He had one disagreeable feature—his mouth—which was wide and sensual-looking to a high degree. He was dressed with elegance; his brown surtout was faultless, shirt of the finest Holland, frill to correspond, and ruby pin. In a very delicate white hand he held a handkerchief perfumed with the best *attar de nuar* of Abderrahman.[1]

"'In what can I oblige you, cavalier?' said I, as I looked him in the face; and then he took my hand, my brown hand, in his delicate white one, and whispered something in my ear; whereupon, turning round to the steward, I whispered something in his ear. 'I know nothing about it,' said the steward in a surly tone, 'we have nothing of the kind on board, no such article or packet is come; and I tell you what, I don't half like these fellows; I believe them to be custom-house spies; it was the custom-house barge they came in, so tell them in *Moors* to get about their business.'

"'The man is a barbarian, sir,' said I to the cavalier; 'but what you expected is certainly not come.' A deep shade of melancholy came over the gentleman's countenance. He looked me wistfully in the face and sighed; then, turning to his companions, said: 'We are disappointed, but there is no remedy; *vamos, amigos.*' Then, making me a low bow, he left the cabin, followed by his friends. The boat was ready, and the cavalier was about to descend the side of the vessel. Sud-

[1] Attar of Roses. His vocabulary says, p. 25, "*reah de noor*, otto of roses." The pure Arabic is *'attar al-werd*, the Persian *'attar gûl*.

denly our eyes met (I had also come on deck), 'Pardon a stranger, cavalier, if he takes the liberty of asking your illustrious name.' 'General Córdova,' said the cavalier in an under voice.[1] I made my lowest bow, pressed my hand to my heart, he did the same, and in another minute was on his way to the shore.

"'Do you know who that was?' said I to the steward; 'that was the great General Córdova.' 'Córdova, Córdova!' said the steward; 'well, I really believe I have something for that name. A general, do you say? What a fool I have been! I suppose you could n't call him back?' The next moment I was at the ship's side shouting. The boat had by this time nearly reached the Caes do Sodré (landing).[2] Thrice did I lift up my voice. At the second shout the boat rested on its oars, and when I added '*Vuélvanse ustédes, Caballéros,*' its head was turned round in a jiffy, and back it came bounding over the waters with twice its former velocity.

"We were again in the cabin—the three Spaniards, the domestic, myself and the steward. The latter stood with his back against the door, for the purpose of keeping out intruders. There was a small chest on the table, on which all eyes were fixed. At a sign from Córdova the domestic advanced, in his hand a chisel, which he inserted beneath the lid of the chest, and, exerting all the strength of his wrist, the lid flew open and disclosed—some hundreds of genuine Havannah cigars!—'What obligations am I not under to you!' said the General, again taking me by the hand; 'the very sight of them gives me new life. Long have I been expecting them. A trusty friend in Gibraltar promised to send them, but they tarried many weeks. But now to dispose of this treasure.'

"In a moment he and his friends were busily employed in filling their pockets. Yes, Córdova, the renowned General, and the two secretaries of a certain Legation at Lisbon, engaged in stowing away Havannah cigars with all the eagerness of *contrabandistas!* 'Rascal!' exclaimed the General, sud-

[1] Don Luis Fernandez de Córdova, the brother of D. Fernando, more prominent during the latter half of this century.

[2] Text gives *Caesodrea* as in the 1st ed. of the *Bible in Spain.*

denly turning to his domestic with a furious air, 'You are doing nothing; why don't you take more?'—'I can't hold any more, your worship,' replied the latter in a piteous tone; 'my pockets are already full; and see how full I am here,' he continued, pointing to his bosom.—'Peace, *bribón*,' said his master; 'if your bosom is full, fill your hat, and put it on your head.'

"'We owe you more than we can express,' said he, turning round and addressing me in the blandest tones.—'But why all this mystery?' I demanded.—'O, tobacco is a royal monopoly here, you know; so we are obliged to be cautious.'—'But you came in the custom-house barge.'—'Yes, the superintendent of the customs lent it to us, in order that we might be put to as little inconvenience as possible. Between ourselves, he knows all about it; he is only solicitous to avoid any scandal. Really the Portuguese have some slight tincture of gentility in them, though they are neither Castilians, nor—English,' he continued, making me a low bow. On taking his departure, the General gave the steward an ounce of gold,[1] and having embraced me and kissed me on the cheek, said: 'In a few weeks I shall be in England; pray come and see me there.' This we promised faithfully to do, but never had the opportunity. He went on shore with his cigars, gave a champagne supper to his friends, and the next morning was a corpse. What a puff of smoke is the breath of man!"[2]

The *Royal Adelaide* left Lisbon that same day (the 6th) and, touching at Oporto, Vigo, and Falmouth, arrived at London Maundy Thursday the 16th of April. Our party proceeded to the Spread Eagle Inn, Gracechurch Street, where they remained while in town.

Steps were immediately taken to secure a Licence for Marriage, that the ceremony might be performed according to the rites of the Church of England at the expira-

[1] Spanish *onza* (£3 4*s*., $16).

[2] Córdova did not die on the 7th of April as here stated (by some mistake?), but on the 29th—that is, twenty-three days after the above recorded interview. Perhaps I am too fearfully literal, but these are the facts.

tion of seven days. Mr. Pilgrim of Norwich, their friend and solicitor, was sent for to witness the act. The marriage took place at St. Peter's Church, Cornhill, on a Thursday, the 23rd of April, 1840. The clergyman who officiated was the curate of the parish, Rev. Thomas Grose, M.A. The pair signed their names on the Register as—

> George Henry Borrow—of full age—bachelor—gentleman—of the City of Norwich—son of Thomas Borrow—Captain in the Army;

and

> Mary Clarke—of full age—widow—of Spread Eagle Inn, Gracechurch Street—daughter of Edmund Skepper—Esquire.

The witnesses were John Pilgrim and Henrietta Mary Clarke.

This marriage was announced, without date, in the *Norfolk Chronicle* of May 2nd.

Two days before, Mr. Brandram had written Borrow in this wise:—

Mr. Brandram to Mr. Borrow

"No. 10, Earl Street, April 21st, 1840.

"My dear Friend,—Your later communications have been referred to our Sub-Committee for General Purposes. After what you said yesterday in the Committee, I am hardly aware that anything can arise out of them. The door seems shut. The Sub-Committee meet on Friday [the 24th]. Will you wish to make any communications to them as to any ulterior views that may have occurred to yourself? I do not myself at present see any sphere open to which your services in connexion with our Society can be transferred. . . . With best wishes—Believe me—Yours truly—

"A. Brandram."

Thus closes the seven years' connection of George Borrow with the British and Foreign Bible Society. Their personal relations, however, always remained externally cordial. His travelling expenses had averaged £134 per year, which is not extravagant when we consider the great cost of all journeys previous to the introduction of railway locomotion. His fare from Madrid to Seville by diligence was £7, the same that it now costs to go from Madrid to Paris, first class, by ordinary trains.

The last remarks on Borrow in Spain which were published in the annual "Reports," are found on page xliv. of the volume for 1840—the XXXVIth.

"SPAIN. This unhappy country, bleeding at every pore, under the unnatural struggle in which it has been so long engaged, has added to its other calamities, and to its responsibility, the almost total suppression of the efforts to circulate within its borders the precious Word of God.

"G. Borrow, Esq., one of the gentlemen referred to in former Reports as having so zealously exerted themselves in behalf of Spain, has just returned home, hopeless of further attempts at present to distribute the Scriptures in that country. Mr. B. has succeeded, by almost incredible pains, and at no small cost and hazard, in selling during his last visit a few hundred copies of the Bible, and most that remained of the edition of the New Testament printed at Madrid, and some Bibles and Testaments have been disposed of in other quarters; nor does there seem wanting among the people a ready disposition to purchase and read the sacred book, but the interdict is so strong and so rigorously enforced that nothing remains for your Committee but to await the opportunity of renewed exertions; and in the mean time, to seek a blessing on the seed already scattered in the plains and in the valleys, and along the shores of that land of distraction and woe. Nearly 14,000 copies of the Scriptures have been brought into circulation in Spain within the last five years."

I have concealed nothing in George Borrow's history

thus far; I shall conceal nothing in what follows. There is, in fact, nothing in it to be suppressed or condoned—no scandals, either direct or implied, in his letters and documents, printed or manuscript. No man ever had a cleaner portfolio than Borrow, from cradle to grave, from Dereham to Brompton. If scandal-mongers—those vultures and jackals of Society, who turn human foibles into carrion by their pestiferous breath—infer anything from these pages derogatory to his honour, I abandon them to their banquet. I leave that *aceldama* to the "undertakers" of other people's lives, with which trash the world is overstocked. There is One that judgeth; I judge no man!

CHAPTER XXXIII

(1840)

Souvenirs, Reviews, and Rehabilitation—"George Borrow in Spain"—The Marqués de Santa Coloma—Borrow *not* a Foreign Correspondent—An Old Story Misplaced.

BEFORE I proceed to the new life that discloses itself to our hero in his own land, I must review the period we have traversed, furnish some souvenirs of his life in Spain, correct some errors, and discuss some criticisms. And first, I am minded to reproduce portions of an article written by myself many years ago on—

GEORGE BORROW IN SPAIN

Since reading the interesting papers on Borrow to which his death in 1881 gave rise, I have been no little surprised to observe the resumption of the subject in *Macmillan's Magazine* and in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.[1] I interpret this as an instinctive clinging on the part of the public to the manly and independent author who has left such deep impressions on his time, and who will, I venture to prophesy, long continue to stir the hearts of his readers, as for forty years he has stirred my own.

"This conviction prompts me to record some of my observations in the Peninsula, in which the traces of the campaigns of 1835–40 often drew my attention to the man and his work. The period of Borrow's activity there was during the reign of the Queen Regent, Doña Cristina, and not of Isabel Segunda,

[1] 1886: Macmillan for January and Vol. v. of the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

as some of the articles have stated ; for the latter was not declared to be Queen till 1844, at the age of thirteen. His appearance on the scene was at a most critical and difficult juncture. The political situation was one of high excitation. The partisans of Carlism filled the land with all the horrors of Civil War, and the attention of the Madrid government was distracted from its legitimate cares by the sudden raids of Carlist chieftains, threatening at times the very capital.

"Only those who know Old Spain can comprehend why Borrow, under these circumstances, began his mission *ex infimo*—with the lower orders. What would one of your sleek, solemn, black-coated weaklings have wrought among the traditional *majos*, *manolos*, and *chulos*-boys of the ring—the first to conciliate, because they were and are the skirmishers of a foe that lurks in high places? What would kind words and Christian smiles have achieved among such men as you find crowded between the Lavapiés and the Calle de Toledo? We met them first in 1867, tamed by thirty years of modern civilisation, with its whiz and whir of steam and electricity. What must they have been in '37, with their red sashes bristling with knives, their cloaks concealing an arsenal of sinister tools, over the mufflers of which peeped coal-black eyes, and in whose breasts pity never lodged?

"Borrow's mission lay through the midst of these. The old words and the ancient strategy that had put him at the head of gypsydom in England, were appealed to now for personal insulation in the maze of hidden dangers in the Peninsula. With such '*pals*' he could defy the *jefes políticos*, the night-prowling *alguacíles*, and even the lowest factotums of unscrupulous power. He set himself at work and became the *Inglesito*, the *Lacró e Béngui*, the 'Master of the Seven Jargons,' *el Brujo*, the friend of Móntes, Sevilla, Candélas, 'Poquito Pan,' and all the guild of bull-bating heroes once famous in the '*plazas*' of Madrid and Seville.[1]

"After long searching I at last found a copy of the Gypsy Gospel—'*El Embéo e Majaró Lúcas*'—which Barrow trans-

[1] *Plaza* in the bull-fighter's Latin means of course the "Ring."

lated in 1836 at Badajóz, '*opré a mixa de Laloró*' (on the frontier of Portugal), and printed at Madrid in 1837—a remarkable work, and one which, with the *Gypsies of Spain*, whose vocabulary and facts were soon reproduced in Spanish, has had no small influence on the popular language and even on the literature. The native Vocabularies of Campuzano, Mayo, Trujillo, and others, which appeared from 1844, are simply Borrow's of 1841, concealed by false *caló* additions from the slang Dictionary of Hidalgo. The celebrated dramatic author, Bretón de los Herréros, has several prose plays interlarded with Borrow's Gypsy words, a fact that is especially patent in the school editions by Germans, who knew not what explanation to give them.[1] The vulgar speech of the lowly at Madrid cannot be understood to-day without a knowledge of Mayo's, that is, Borrow's, vocabulary. At every turn you hear *chavó* for 'chummy'; *Chachipé*, 'that 's so'; *parné* and *parnéses*, money (literally 'white pieces'); *diquelar*, to see; *camelar*, to love, like, flatter; *araquerar* and *penar*, to say, to speak, to call. Once it was the fashion in Spain to learn the Germanía or cant language; Cervantes wrote a novel in it,[2] and Quevedo several poems.[3] Now *caló* has replaced it, and an Englishman introduced the fancy! Borrow probably never knew it, but the statement can be proven by a volume of extracts, none of which will ante-date the year '42.

"In his *Bible* and *Gypsies* our author has suffered at the public bar all those insinuations which a writer must suffer who thoroughly knows the country he describes—'*la tierra que pisa*.' Most men who have attacked the subject have been prudent enough to limit their observations to what their eyes could compass, carefully abstaining from a knowledge of the language whereby they might get at enough truth to jostle the prejudices of their readers, who want only to hear what they have been wont to believe. No scrupulous author likes to be included in a charge of exaggeration, and that apprehension often tones down his expressions till they reach untruth by the

[1] See Booch-Arkossy's ed. of *La Independencia* for ludicrous examples.

[2] *Rinconete y Cortadillo.*

[3] Hidalgo: *Romances de Germanía.* Madrid, 1779.

opposite extreme. The fact is, Borrow had an intimate knowledge of the Spanish character, and he gives us the most exact delineation of the plain Castilian to be found in literature.

"The *Bible* and *Gypsies* are two extraordinary publications, worthy the adjectives 'valuable and extremely interesting' which Mr. Longfellow applied to them. I have travelled with them all over the land, as in the XVIth century Diego de Mendoza did with the *Celestina* and the *Amadís de Gáula*. Everywhere that I met Gitanos, they all knew of the 'Englishman,' and the words he left in his Books were everywhere current coin. I visited them in the Triana and the Macarena, famous suburbs of Seville, and in the Albaïcín of Granada on the slope where their *cuevas*, dug out of the solid earth, form the queerest of homes under the towers of the Alhambra. I once received a visit from the *conde*, or Gypsy chief there, a tall, perfectly-formed man of middle age, who gave me his address written on a card in a fair round hand : '*Señor Antonio, Maestro Herréro enel Salón*' (Mr. Anthony, Master Blacksmith on the Promenade)—a pure Jasper Petulengro of Spain.

"Besides these Egyptian gentry, I met Borrow's blind girl of Manzanáres. His girl of nineteen was now a woman of fifty-five, I should judge ; though age-telling is one of the mysteries of that country. I was returning from Portugal ; and while the train stopped at the station to meet the through-line from Madrid to Cadiz, I heard a strong, but cheerful, pleasant voice ring out on the midnight air : '*Bonsoir, messieurs, quelque chose pour la pauvre aveugle de Mançanarès !*' I saw the point at once and rushed out on the platform to see her. She was decently dressed in the ordinary *percalina* of the country. Her hair was now grey, but her form proud and erect, proper to the grave bearing of the peasant class to which she by birth belonged. She spoke to me in Spanish, Latin, and French, the latter quite correct. She remembered the '*Inglés rubio*,' the blonde Englishman, she said, and recognized that to him she owed much of her celebrity, and not a few of the pesetas she received. No one stopped at the station without remembering the *pobre ciega*—the poor blind woman —who speaks the tongue of the stranger.

"What influence did Borrow's distribution of the Bible exert on Spain? The effect that the wind has at harvest on a Spanish threshing floor. The farmer drives his cattle round and round over the grain, then casts up the straw into the air, while the breeze carries away the chaff, leaving the pure wheat on the floor. Many a thoughtful man read the Englishman's book, gave up the chaff of life, and fed ever after on the golden grain. Who knows how many? We have met a few of them in Galicia, at San Sebastian, at Madrid, Valencia, Seville, Malaga. The well-known gentlemen, Luís de Usóz y Rio, Fermin Caballero, Brunet of Guipúzcoa, Andrés Borrego; the printers José Martin Alegria, José Cruzado (through Usóz) and many others, are the fruit of George Borrow's Bible in Spain. Of those whose names we cannot mention, two have surviving families living on government pensions, and to cite them would be, if not to deprive them of their sole support, at least to subject them to certain social ostracism. I met the venerable heads of these lovely families in 1872, who for thirty-five years had held service at home, ignorant of collect; prayer, or Protestant form of worship. They gave me a copy of the printed service they had contrived to draw up, containing the prayers they daily read and extracts from the sacred book. When liberty of worship came in '68, they took no overt part, well knowing that freedom in Spain was but nominal, or for the irresponsible poor. Mr. Usóz lived a retired life in the Calle de Atocha editing the twenty volumes of the *Ancient Spanish Reformers*, secretly printed in the cellar of Alegria's house, during the dark days of Isabel's reign. Fermin Caballero, once a minister of the crown, devoted himself to books and learning, and was the author of the *Conquenses Ilustres*, or Illustrious Men of Cuenca, in four volumes, a set of which he gave me with his trembling autograph a month before he died. I followed his body to the grave one summer's day in 1876.

"Why did not these distinguished gentlemen stand forth when liberty of conscience was secured by the Constitution of '69? Because liberty of conscience in Spain still means ruin to those who embrace it, unless they be too poor to have social bonds or too lowly to attract official persecution."

SANTA COLOMA

There are traditions that breed and attach themselves to some men's lives, like barnacles to a wreck in mid-ocean. A number of writers, both English and Continental, have circulated in newspapers and magazines, whence it has passed on to the permanent pages of Dictionaries of Biography and Encyclopædias, the statement that George Borrow in 1837 to 1839, while employed by the B. and F. Bible Society in Spain, acted also as Foreign Correspondent to the *Morning Herald*, and as such was imprisoned by General Quesada in the Citadel of Pamplona. That assertion we know to be utterly wrong, after having spent more than four years of correspondence and research to investigate it. While Borrow was with the Bible Society in Spain, I have every reason to believe that he devoted himself unreservedly to their interests, even as he had done for the preceding years in Russia and Portugal.

I regret that it becomes necessary to spare time and space for refuting those hasty assertions made by men who disregard the juxtaposition of dates—the great safeguard of civil and personal history.

The source and origin of the erroneous statement which we have given above, was a certain Marqués de Santa Coloma. This gentleman was a Carlist agent plying between Spain and England during the old Civil wars, and knew Borrow in 1836 to 1839. The Rev. Wentworth Webster of St. Jean de Luz met Santa Coloma when he was old, about 1880, and had several interviews with him concerning Borrow, which he carefully recorded. Unfortunately Mr. Webster, knowing nothing of the sequence of Borrow's life in Spain, was unable to verify the dates, and it is probable that the Marquis himself could not have furnished them after so long a lapse of time.

Soon after Mr. Borrow's death in 1881, Mr. Webster

wrote a few important paragraphs which were published in the *Academy* for November 26th of that year, and which I summarise as follows, supplying the absent dates in brackets:—

1. "George Borrow certainly had his wife and daughter (or *ladies whom he called such*) living with him in Seville" [1839].

2. "He was also the first man to play the *rôle* of modern foreign Correspondent in 1837–39, for the *Morning Herald*."

3. "He had a relay of Basque runners to the frontier [Béhobie], and of post-horses to Bayonne, whence his letters were despatched to England, and often anticipated the Government correspondence."

4. "His imprisonment in Pamplona had *nothing whatever to do with religious matters*, but was an arbitrary act of General Quesada [killed in 1836 !], in revenge for Borrow having told the *truth* about his military exploits" (in the other world !).[1]

This is sufficient for our purposes. The rest is about horses, and the school escapade of 1818, singularly coloured up into a piece of Gypsy kidnapping.

No. 1 needs no explanation; my book gives the facts clearly. No one in his senses will believe that Borrow was *fool* enough to call Mrs. Clarke and her child his wife and daughter in 1839, even to explain the situation to Spaniards.

Nos. 2, 3, and 4, or the Correspondent business, is all wrong. It arose from a confusion of our Bible Society agent with a genuine war correspondent of the *Morning Post*. A Mr. Grüneisen of that Journal was returning to England in October, 1837, from the Head Quarters of Don Cárlos, where he had been war correspondent for some time. At Munilla he fell into the hands of the Cristinos and was imprisoned at Pamplona. Col. Wylde of the Auxiliary Legion notified Lord Palmerston, and on the 6th of November that Minister demanded Grün-

[1] Italics of the exultant *Academy*—(*Quel sacripant que ce Borrow !*)

eisen's release. On the 27th Col. Wylde wrote Lord Palmerston that Count Luchana (*i.e.* Espartero) agreed to release the prisoner "on condition that he embark immediately at Santander."[1] Santa Coloma, though a Carlist agent and spy, seems to have roamed over Spain for years with perfect impunity. Strange country!

That disposes of George Borrow as the "first of the Correspondents." Mr. Webster concedes this in one of his letters to me that of July 31, 1897—where he says:—"I am rather inclined to think that Santa Coloma may have really mistaken the correspondent for Borrow, and thought that he was helping the latter." God save us from our friends!

But George Borrow was in all probability imprisoned at Pamplona in 1826–27, long before he ever knew of the Bible Society, and when he became acquainted with Santa Coloma, ten years subsequently, would tell him of it. Now in March, 1839, Borrow wrote Mrs. Clarke that he had been incarcerated *three* times in Spain. We know of two up to that date: An arrest at Finisterre and Corcuvion in 1837, and the affair at Madrid in 1838; therefore he must have reckoned the Pamplona incident of 1826–27, which certainly "had nothing whatever to do with religious matters," and I may add, with correspondents either. Telling this, which would have occurred under Quesada, Santa Coloma confused the story with Grüneisen's case. "Something as black, sir, as a crow!"

For how could Quesada have imprisoned George Borrow in the Citadel of Pamplona in 1837–39, when he was assassinated at Hortaleza by a Madrid rabble on the 15th of August, 1836? If Quesada ever arrested George Borrow and threw him into the Citadel of Pamplona (and we believe he did), it would have been when Borrow was in Pamplona and General Quesada was in command there

[1] *State Papers*, vol. xxix., pp. 1221, *et seq.*

—indispensable conditions, and which could only have existed together in the year 1826–7 (July to July), six years before the Bible Society ever heard of Borrow—and never after.

Mr. Webster subsequently developed his items into an article of the deepest interest, but without regard to the sequence of dates. In fact, if placed in the margin against the parargraphs, they would run thus: 1832, 1836, 1839, 1836, 1838, 1839, 1838, 1835, 1836, 1837–39! One sees what can be made out of a man's life by this process. I regret that the paper is in a Journal that was issued to subscribers only, and is not at present to be had.[1]

[1] *Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society*, vol. i., 1889, pp. 150–153.

CHAPTER XXXIV

(1840)

Reviews Concluded—Menéndez Pelayo—Dissenting Pixies—The Folk-Lore of Nonconformity—Travels of George Borrow—The Hoity-Toity Quaker—Sadly Gulled—Don Luís de Usóz y Rio, the Friend of Borrow—His Life—Correspondence—Works—The Originator, Collector, Editor, and Publisher of the *Reformistas Antiguos Españoles*—A Statement and a Vindication.

DON MARCELINO MENÉNDEZ PELAYO

ANOTHER Spaniard of a different type published not many years ago a very extraordinary work in three large volumes, entitled the *History of Religious Dissent in Spain*, which must have made all the blue-bloods, blue-stockings, *marisabidillas* and *eruditos á la violeta* of that land of *Tertúlias* dance with hilarity, as their contemporary of the same hue was wont to do in Bracondale on similar occasions.[1] For, in his book he makes a *lío*, that is, a "wad," of each and every man, woman, banshee, pixey, sorguiña, nuveiro, wizard and witch, that ever had the reputation of discussing, or that ever did discuss, with an inquiring mind, the tenets and doctrines of Holy Mother the Church of Rome, or that ever tormented those who did *not* so discuss them. It is a capital source of the demonology, witchcraft, and Celtic folk-lore of the Peninsula; although what those delectable mountains of superstition have to do with Nonconformists, Jews, and Moriscos, would be no easy task to explain.

[1] *Historia de los Heterodoxos Españoles.* Por D. Marcelino Menéndez Pelayo. Madrid, 1880–82, 3 vols. roy. 8vo. See Tomo III., pp. 660–664.

This gentleman, then, placed on the pages of his *Bibliotheca Facetiarum Selectissima*, among other side-splitting *drôleries*, certain modern names which he travestied in the most flippant and frivolous manner. One of these bears the inscription of "The Travels of George Borrow in Time of the Civil War." He opens his batteries after this sort:—

"Taking advantage of the political disturbances of the times, and the consequent religious toleration that prevailed in Spain from 1834 to 1839, the Bible Societies expended much energy and more money in getting up cheap editions of the sacred Scriptures, without note or comment, and in scattering them broadcast over the land, even to the remotest corners of the Peninsula.

"The first emissary of these Societies was a Quaker by the name of George Borrow, a hoity-toity individual of little learning and less wit, and with a large amount of gullibility. Borrow wrote a most absurdly grotesque book on his travels in Spain, of which we might say as of *Tirante el Blanco*, that it is 'a storehouse of amusement and a mine of diversion'—a book, in fine, capable of exciting roars of laughter in the most ascetic of readers."

We cannot follow Don Marcelino de *Tal* in his long review of the "Travels" from Lisbon to Tangiers, with which we are familiar—all done in his best vein, affecting indifference by the glosses of his ridicule. He closes in this wise:—

"All this and much more may be read in Borrow's most extravagant volume, together with numerous adventures and extraordinary statements about our ways and customs; the which show forth the author's silly credulity and scant cultivation, accepting as genuine truth the most transparent nonsense. In the common speech of the Gypsies he became exceedingly profficient, and wrote curious things of their habits, but without any scientific purpose or spirit."

DON LUIS DE USÓZ Y RIO (1806–1865)

It does not often happen that a scholar who devotes a life of valuable service to the investigation and illustration of history and religion, has the ill fortune to have the rewards of his toil and the expenditure of his wealth so completely appropriated by others as in the case of him whose name heads this article. The country to which Mr. Usóz belonged, after having ignored his labours for more than thirty years, save to insult his memory,[1] is not likely, even now when liberty of conscience is only nominal, to take up the tardy vindication of one whose works, issued from 1841 to 1865, form the chief storehouse of information for the obscure period in Spain of religious controversy, *i.e.* the sixteenth century. Foreigners, it appears, through ignorance of the facts, will continue to cite the results that Luis de Usóz has left us, by other names than the true and legitimate one.

Don Luis, the friend of Borrow, was the son of wealthy and most respectably connected parents of Basque origin. He was born at Madrid in 1806, and was therefore three years younger than Borrow. A junior brother, Santiago, whom María Díaz always called "Santiaguito," lived in Toledo. Luis studied in the university of Valladolid till 1829, and then went to Italy, where he entered the old Spanish College of San Clemente di Bologna founded by the famous Archbishop of Toledo, Gil de Albornóz, in the second half of the fourteenth century. At Bologna he remained some five years and took his Doctor's degree. Returning to Madrid, he was wasting his life in social inactivity and unproductive reading, when he met Borrow in January, 1837. He entered with enthusiasm into the work of printing and distributing the Bible among his

[1] See the work of the late D. Antonio Cánovas del Castillo: "*El Solitaro*" *y su tiempo. Biografía de D. Serafin Estébanez Calderon, y crítica de sus Obras.* Madrid, 1883, 2 vols. Portrait.—Also Menendez Pelayo, *l.c.*, vol., iii. end.

countrymen, for which he received their contempt. His convictions, however, were more political than religious, at this time, but he was a great help to the cause and always proved its uniform and enlightened friend.[1] He was desirous of constituting an auxiliary Bible Society in Spain, but the parent Society in London did not favour it, and time soon displayed their wisdom.[2] Usóz took charge of all the Bible interests during the five months' absence of Borrow in the North-West, publishing for him the advertising-posters, the announcements in the various newspapers, receiving the accounts from the booksellers of Madrid, and superintending the sales at the Fairs in September and October.

In the year 1838 he married Doña María Sandália del Acebal y Arratia, and went to Italy, spending most of the next two years at Rome and Florence. In his letter of Nov. 2nd, 1838, writing from his house at No. 47 Piazza di Spagna, Rome, he speaks of taking a rapid journey to Athens and Constantinople. It is not recorded whether he did so or not.[3]

I have already given a part of the letter of January 7, 1840, on Borrow's arrest at Seville, and I might as well place here some of the remaining portions, because of

[1] See Preface to the *Bible in Spain*, and *Zincali*, i., 202, *n.*, ed. of 1843.

[2] Letter of March 22nd, 1837.

[3] The Correspondence between Borrow and Usóz, as known to me, is as follows—all in Spanish :—

1837, Nov. 2 : Report of Usóz to Borrow, Madrid.
1838, Sept. : Borrow, Madrid, to Usóz, Rome.
" Nov. 2 : Usóz, Rome, to Borrow, London.
1839, Feb. 22 : Borrow, Madrid, to Usóz, Rome.
" June 17 : Usóz, Rome, to Borrow, Seville.
" July 28 : Borrow, Seville, to Usóz, Rome.
1840, Jan. 7 : Usóz, Florence, to Borrow, Seville.
" Feb. 18 : Borrow, Seville, to Usóz, Paris.
" May 7 : Usóz, London, to Borrow, Oulton.
" " 9 : Borrow, Oulton, to Usóz, London.
" Aug. 25 : Usóz, London, to Borrow, Oulton.

their interest to the History of the Reformers he afterwards edited and printed. He says:—

"I am expecting to leave Italy in February and go to Paris, and thence cross over to London. I wish you would write me at Paris and send me letters of introduction, if you can and will, to some friend of yours in London, who, aside from English, can speak Italian, French, or Spanish; for otherwise, I am afraid we should not be able to get on. Don't let him be an aristocrat, but a plain frank man, as accessible as a yeoman of Castile, but learned (*instruido*). I should like, too, to become acquainted with your Society. . . . What I want is to acquire information that may be useful to my country; for hitherto my life has been frittered away in a wretched inactivity like that of too many of my fellow Spaniards, and in a listless unproductive reading. I desire to see if only for a month or a year, I can emerge from this vicious habit of indolence and yield some fruit, leave some trace behind me of having been a student—a scholar."

Then he speaks of his brother, Santiago, whose style and language he eulogises as one who handles Spanish "better than any of those who speak rather French than Castilian."

Discoursing of Italy, he says:—

"This beautiful country is superior to Spain in everything—in art, in literature, in almost every department—the country, I mean, not the people. The Italians are not equal to the Spaniards by any means; and yet their country, in culture, in knowledge,—in everything, is superior to ours. Wherein consists this contradiction, this paradox? For my part, I do not believe that it is education, knowledge, culture, civilisation, that make men better. The only thing that *can* make them better, is to follow the pure maxims of the book you have been scattering in Spain."

And finally, recurring to his appeal for a line of intro-

duction, he closes, recalling the experience of the early summer of 1838:—

"If you give me letters for London, pray do not commend me to any *santón*, to any Pharisee. I would rather he should be a Unitarian than a ——. I consider these last to be on a par with our friars. Religious liberty, personal liberty, liberty of the Press, I like better than a friar, better than a ——. Now you understand. I am glad to have Mr. Rule, *e.g.*, work on and secure what he can, and I should be glad if the Quakers, the Unitarians, and the whole body of the Nonconformists had their representatives in every part of the globe; for, in that case, religious liberty would put an end once for all to that nest of book-hating, bigoted, persecuting friars. But for private *trato* (intercourse) I prefer men like yourself, rather than to gaze on the '*collo torto*,' or listen to the *bacchettoneria* of a Jesuit, alias a ——."

Borrow sent him a letter for the famous "Friend," Josiah Forster. The two reached London about the same time in April, 1840. Borrow was furious with his Spanish experience and inveighed bitterly against the fellow countrymen of Mr. Usóz, declaring to him on the first occasion that "the Spaniard has no conception that other springs of action exist than interest or villainy;"[1] that of the people he met in Spain there were "only *three* who were not scoundrels, thieves, or assassins;" and that it would be a matter of indifference to the world whether Spain existed or not. This was at an interview early in May. In the mean time they had each missed the other's parting call, and on the 7th of May Usóz wrote Borrow one of his fine-spirited letters, of which I cannot forbear to translate a few lines, which will be the last from the friend of 1837–40. The letter was torn asunder with rage, but I recovered the fragments in time.

[1] *Zincali*, i., 360; sm. ed., 200. See the *Mendigo* of Espronceda.

"Amigo Borrow,—As you did not find me at home the evening before your departure, and as I did not find you in at the 'Spread Eagle,' I had neither the pleasure of taking leave of you by word of mouth, nor 'of indulging in private discourse' (*de departir en puridad*), as my forefathers used to say, on the subject we inaugurated the day before.

"Do not imagine that this desire of mine arises from a mere capricious inclination to stir up a debate which can lead to no good results; but you have written a book about Spain, and I, who am a great friend of yours, and at the same time, love, first the truth and next my country, desire to ask you to believe me in one thing, and that is: 'That not *all but three persons* whom you met in Spain were *pícaros*' (knaves), as you say; and furthermore: 'That not all in England are probably upright honest men.' [1]

"I concede—and unhappily it is quite true—that my country is in a very demoralised state, and I might even point out the causes of this demoralisation; but to believe, of a certainty, that out of some hundreds of persons with whom you have had dealings in Spain, you met with only three fair cases, that were not thieves or assassins, you must allow me to say that in this there is an error of such a nature that it is not only very far from the truth, but will be incredible to all who indulge in a little reflection. I am not like those whom you met at the foot of the Pyrenees who were always abusing their country. Whether in Spain, in France, in Italy, or in England, I shall always lament the frightful state of demoralisation that afflicts Spain, and I shall frankly confess it.

"I have always acknowledged and do acknowledge the superior advantages of England, both before, when I knew it only by its books or by an occasional Englishman I met, and now that I am living under the protection of its laws, and enjoying the admirable things that render it superior to all other nations in what is comprised in the Latin word *virtus*; yet I will never believe, my dear friend, that in Spain everybody with whom I have dealings is a thief or an assassin, and

[1] The three persons were: Usóz, Andrés Borrego, and María Díaz.

that in England I am not liable to be robbed or cheated," etc., etc.

I have presented enough of Mr. Usóz's mode of thinking to show the gentleman that he was and what a good friend Borrow had in his "coadjutor" of 1837–38. After a little, their paths began to diverge, and they never corresponded or met any more.

Mr. Usóz, however, had received a stimulating thrill from his association with Borrow, and he will never be idle again. His first book gained him a host of enemies and lost him many friends.[1] But its preparation was in harmony with his plan—namely, to show up the moral state of the Spanish clergy at about the time of the Reformation. He selected a fearful example, prefixed forty-two pages of introduction in his piquant style, signing his name and the date on one copy only, which I have seen.[2]

Usóz took a long holiday, and when he began again it was "for good and all." From 1847 till his death he published the following, all of which I gathered. The places and often the dates I copied from his *papeletas*, or MS. slips:—

1. *Cancionero de Burlas.* London, Pickering, 1841.
2. *Biblia del Siglo XV.* Madrid, Alegría, 1847.
3. *Dos Oraciones.* Madrid, Alegría, 1849.
4. *Cervántes Vindicado* (edited). Madrid, Alegría, 1854.
5. *Vida de D. Juan Calderon.* Madrid, Alegría, 1855.

[1] *Cancionero de Obras de Burlas provocantes á Risa. Cum Privilegio. En Madrid, por Luis Sanchez* [London; Wm. Pickering, 1841], 8vo, pp. xlii., 255. Sanchez is an anachronism; he printed at Madrid 1595–1612, in so far as I know his books, and not in 1519 when the above first appeared.

[2] As I was called upon by the librarian of the *Biblioteca Nacional* to look over Mr. Usóz's papers and books at the death of Madame, my information is at first hand. The library (10,000 vols.) went to the "National," and the remaining copies of the *Reformers* were handed to Mr. Corfield to distribute to Spaniards. I thus completed my collection in 1876.

6. *Diálogo de la Lengua* (edited). Madrid, Alegría, 1860.

7. *Traduccion del Profeta Isaías.* Madrid, Alegría, 1863.

8–28. *Reformistas Antiguos Españoles* [or, Ancient Spanish Reformers, being a Collection of the Works of the Spanish Protestants of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, reprinted, annotated, and published in a small number of copies, by Don Luis de Usóz y Rio, at Madrid (all save three) in the Printing House of José Martin Alegría], 1847–1865, 20 vols. in 8vo, 4to, and 16mo.

This now extraordinarily rare Collection is erroneously and very unjustly attributed to Mr. Wiffen, especially since the appearance of Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature*, Bohn's Supplement to *Lowndes' Catalogue*, Brunet's *Manuel*, 1863 (art. *Juan Perez*), and Professor Ed. Bœhmer's *Bibliotheca Wiffeniana*, written in the interests of that family.[1]

The simple facts are these: The origin and execution of the series, *i.e.* the editing, notes (save vols. ii. and xv. done in company with Wiffen), and entire expense of originals and manufacture, are all due to Don Luis de Usóz y Rio, and all the volumes (except ii., xv., xviii.) were secretly and anonymously printed, on account of Spanish despotism, in the cellar of José Martin Alegría's *Imprenta*, situated first in the Calle Ancha de San Bernardo, Madrid, and later at No. 2, Paseo del Obelisco, Chamberi, one of the suburbs of that town. The volumes were set up by, or under the direction of, José Cruzado, the well-known and most worthy Protestant printer, late of the Calle del Peñon, who died in 1891.

I was acquainted with Cruzado many years, from 1869 (when his presses were in the Calle de Dos Amigos) to 1877, and I often talked with him of the dangers attend-

[1] Mr. Quaritch always quoted this great work correctly, I believe.

ing the impression of the *Ancient Spanish Reformers;* the night visits of the alguaciles, and the connivance of the government ministers who were well aware of what Usóz was doing, but did not interfere so long as he kept quiet. The printer Alegría, whose name means *Joy*—Latin *lætitia*—is referred to in two of the volumes, to wit: (xiii.)—"*In Ædibus Lætitiæ Opus Mæstissimum Excusum*" (A sad, sad Book printed in the house of "Joy"), and (xix., last page): "*Ossibus Ereptis Revocat Lætitia Medullas*" ("Joy" restores the marrow to [Constantine's] bones once cruelly snatched away [from the tomb and burned]). Usóz himself says in vol. xx., p. 156, that he printed the twenty volumes of the *Reformistas* at his sole cost and by his own initiative, adding in volume xii. (p. 19, sign. 32) "without suggestion from any one." All of which is confirmed by Señor Cruzado in his letter to me at New Haven, dated Madrid, June 13, 1883.

SVVM CVIQVE

SECTION V

RESIDENCE AT OULTON

(1840–1853)

CHAPTER XXXV

(1840–1841)

Oulton Cottage, Lowestoft—The *Gypsies of Spain*, 1841—Origin, Composition, and Reception of the Book.

THE little family left London for Oulton about the Fifth of May, 1840. For the next twenty years this charming spot was to be the wanderer's head-quarters, if not his constant home. He was now, at the age of thirty-seven, "in tolerably easy circumstances, and willing to take some rest after a life of labour." So he himself tells us in the later notes to his Autobiography.[1] Having nothing to distract his mind and everything in his surroundings to promote reminiscence, it was a time to create, to evolve, something that should interest his fellow-men, and be a more lasting monument than marble or bronze.

The Hall with the farm had been leased to Mr. Samuel Utting for a term of years, and the Malt-house on the Broad to Mr. Henry G. Dowson, the well-known Brewer of Geldeston; so that Mrs. Borrow's modest income of £450 was assured, with something over for the estate. The family took up their own residence in the Cottage that fell to her by the provisions of her father's will. It was situate among trees and thick foliage, and was accessible only by a circuitous footpath which connected it with the parish road. In front of the house a lovely lawn descended to the Broad. Hidden among the tall reeds skirting the shore was a boat-house from which

[1] *Romany Rye*, 1857, ii., 365. Small ed., p. 232.

protruded a craft for oars or sail. On the right border of the lawn stood (and still stands) a summer-house furnished with books and chairs, a table and a lounge. This was the Cottage library. The books consisted mostly of old grammars and dictionaries, with quaint travels and tales of the eighteenth century. Near by was the little tenement of farmer Adams, with its garden and fruit-trees, surrounded by a rustic wall. Beside it runs the path leading to the Hall, beyond which is the Parish Church and cemetery flanked by a few isolated dwellings that constitute Oulton village.

On the Hill to the left there is an old mansion built by the Hobarts in 1550, which is denominated the "High House." It enjoyed in the community the enviable reputation of being haunted. A wild huntsman and his hounds, accompanied by a lady clad in white, carrying in her hand a poisonous cup, are occasionally seen issuing from the mansion at the midnight hour.

> "There oft is heard, about the dead of night,
> Beginning faint, but rising still more loud
> And nearer, voice of hunter and of hounds,
> And horns, hoarse-winded, blowing far and keen."[1]

Oulton Cottage stood three-quarters of a mile from Mutford Bridge or Lock, now known as the village of Oulton Broad. Thence the road continues east for two miles till it reaches Lowestoft and the Sea. About halfway it branches to the north-east leading past St. Margaret's Church, which stands quite alone in the country, more than half a mile from the upper end of High Street, Lowestoft. The Vicar of St. Margaret's was the Rev. Francis Cunningham, of whom we have already heard so much.

Amid these delightful surroundings Geo. Borrow settled down to his work on the *Gypsies*, his first original book.

[1] *The Perlustration of Great Yarmouth.* By Charles John Palmer. 1875, vol. iii., 148, 149.

OULTON COTTAGE IN 1840.

It had been mostly composed in Spain, "under very peculiar circumstances," as he himself relates, "chiefly in *ventas* and *posadas*, while wandering through the country in the arduous and unthankful task of distributing the Gospel among its children." However, it had yet to be subjected to a thorough revision, and last of all copied for the printers. The latter task is rather ungallantly alluded to in a note to Mr. Murray: "About the manuscript I wish to observe that it was written by a *country amanuensis*, and probably contains many ridiculous errata." The country amanuensis was Mrs. Borrow.

The *Zincali* (or rather *Zincalé*[1]) in its final form was the gradual development of three distinct works, subsequently consolidated into one.

The first consisted of specimens of caló rhymes, supplemented by an appendix of *rokrapens*, or sayings, in prose. The whole were translated so freely and loosely that they are utterly useless as guides to the dialect, or to the literal meaning of the original text. An instance or two will suffice to illustrate this. The Spanish words are in italics:—

Mango *me* chalo *á mi* quer	I am going to my house
Y te mequelo *un* cotór;	And I leave thee a piece of gold;
Si abillelas *con* mangue	If thou wilt come with me
Te diñelo *mi* carló.	I will give thee my heart.

Borrow's version runs thus:—

"I hasten home, but leave with thee
A portion of my heart;
But if thou home wilt come with me
The whole I will impart."

[1] So the title should stand, as it does in the version of St. Luke; for, if there ever was such a word as *Zincalí*, which I doubt, never having heard it used in Spain, it would signify a Gypsy female. They always employ the term *caló* (black) for a Gypsy man; *calí*, a Gypsy woman; *calé* or *calés* for the plural. *Chipe calí*, Gypsy language—*Romaní jib*, in England; *Romaní chip*, in Turkey.

Here the true meaning is entirely lost.

Again:

"*Tchorori panda sonsi novel a matcha*"

(should read

Chorori sos panda sonsi n'avela macha.

To the poor man who shuts his mouth comes not a fly.

Behold he translates:—

"He who, cast in simple mould,
Still and mute shall stand,
Though he live till grey and old
Ne'er shall wealth command."[1]

And in prose, where we might expect a plain translation, he gives the passage (*Zincali*, p. 42):—"The poor *fool* who closes his mouth never winneth a dollar."

It is bad enough to be poor, without being called a fool for it.

This collection was begun at Badajoz and Merida in January, 1836, with the Hundred *Coplas*, taken down from oral sources by Borrow himself, and continued at Seville in 1839 by the aid of Juan Antonio Bailly, the French courier, who gathered the remainder from the Rinconetes and Cortadillos of the Triana, the Macarena, and other slums of that picturesque town.[2] As a necessary consequence, coming from the class who write and pronounce *yebo*, *güeno*, *gorver*, *bareté*, *goné*, for *llevo*, *bueno*, *volver*, *baretel*, *goneles*, the specimens exhibited in the *Zincalé* are often pure Gypsy concealed beneath a coating of low ignorance.

[1] For further specimens, see *Athenæum*, April 25th, 1874, p. 557.

[2] "Part of the time that I have been in Spain I have been living amongst the Gypsies of the Province of Estremadura. They were very kind to me because I spoke their language, and I learnt a great deal amongst them. I have written down one hundred of their songs, which are very pretty and which I intend to translate. Poor people! they are terribly used and are hunted like wolves."—*Letter to his mother*—Madrid, Feb. 24th, 1836—and Bailly's letters to Borrow, 1839.

OULTON BROAD IN 1834 (TAKEN FROM THE COTTAGE).

This part or volume bears in the Manuscript the following title:—

CANCIONCITAS DE LOS GITANOS.

SONGS OF THE SPANISH GYPSIES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH DIALECT OF THE ROMANEE

BY

GEORGE BORROW.

With the Originals.

Bailly furnished him with the whole collection exactly translated into Spanish, with a great deal more that was not used. Here is one of the inedited pieces, with Bailly's Spanish turned into English:—

ENIGMA.

On Gavin purelé menda;	In France I was born;
On Sersén nu binelaron;	In Spain they sold me;
Men curriel sin sinastrar,	My office is to fasten,
Y unga nu petro nu najabo.	And if I fall I am lost.
Or chingabár.	A pin (*el alfiler*).

Next, we find our author busy with a Caló-English *Vocabulary*, to be published alone; for in February, 1839, he wrote to Usóz, then in Rome: "I hope by the end of summer to give to the world my Caló Dictionary as spoken in Spain." It was, however, to be only an imperfect glossary of such words as occur in his *Cancioncitas* and *rokrapens*, and nothing more. These words are, as I have said, very much corrupted in passing through the

hands of the illiterate classes who gathered them and wrote them down; and I am forced to infer, from the fact that Borrow neglected to correct them, that he possessed no considerable scientific knowledge of the Romany "as spoken in Spain."

At last, the wiser idea prevailed of reserving his Chrestomathy and its explanatory Glossary for the second part of his work on Gypsies in general and those of Spain in particular, which he had been writing for the past three years, and so form a kind of philologico-literary *gazpacho* that Mr. Murray would be willing to print. These wayside articles consisted of a long introduction in which he described his experiences with members of the race as he had met them in England, in Russia, and other parts where he had been in body or in spirit. Then he proceeded to trace the history, character, and customs of those of Spain, weaving in certain little known references to them found in rare old Spanish authors, suggested by Usóz and that other willing friend, Gayangos, at that period librarian of the Royal, now National, Library at Madrid.

The list of the authors from whom Borrow drew his extracts is as follows:—

1. Gerónimo de Alcalá: *Alonso, mozo de muchos amos.*
2. Cervántes: *Novelas—Rinconete y Cortadillo; La Gitanilla.*
3. Francisco Fernández de Córdoba: *Didascalia.* Lugduni, 1615.
4. Lorenzo Hervás: *Catálogo de las Lenguas.* Madrid, 1800–1805, 6 vols.
5. Juan Hidalgo: *Romances and Vocabulario de Germanía.* Barcelona, 1609, and Madrid, 1779.
6. J. M.: *Historia de los Gitanos.* Barcelona, 1832. Plate.
7. Lorenzo Palmireno: *El Estudioso Cortesano.* Alcalá, 1587.

8. Juan de Quiñones: *Discurso contra los Gitanos.* Madrid, 1631.

9. Martin del Rio: *Disqvisitionvm Magicarvm Libri VI.* 1599.

10. Pedro Salazar de Mendoza: *Memorial contra los Gitanos.* 1619. *MS.*

11. Sancho de Moncada: *Espulsion de los Gitanos.* Madrid, 1619 and 1779.

12. Francisco de Torreblanca: *De Magia.* 1678.

13. Philip II.: *Nueva Recopilacion.* Alcalá, 1567 to 1598.

14. Philip III.: *Cortes de Madrid,* 1619.

15. Carlos IV.'s Revised Statutes. Madrid, 1805 and following years.

Of the three hundred distinct works relating to the Gypsies in all countries, in so far as they were gathered and catalogued by me up to 1892, I find but fifty-three which were accessible to Borrow at the date of his publication. Of these he certainly knew very few, scarcely above half a dozen. We have proof that he had more or less acquaintance with Adelung, Borde, Grellmann, Marsden, Richardson, and Samuel Roberts' edition of 1830.[1] In the second Preface to the *Zincali* dated March, 1843, the author assures us that he knew "very little of what has been written concerning these people."[2] Still, that he had read Grellmann, either in the original German or in Raper's translation, there can be no question at all.

Of course in 1841 the *Gypsies of Spain* created some sensation, but in so far as its information is concerned about the race in general, it has long been superseded by the more thorough works of Ješina, Leland, Miklosich, Paspati, Pott, Simson, Smart and Crofton, etc.

The book, it must be confessed, is badly put together,

[1] See Borrow's letter in the 5th ed. of Roberts' *Gypsies*, 1842. Borrow saw the edition of 1830 at the Bible Society's Rooms, December, 1832.

[2] Page xxii., *note.*

and the poetic and prose specimens badly copied and accented. I have all the originals in Bailly's handwriting, and a few traced by other pens which I do not recognise. Most of them seem to be garbled from older copies; indeed, Predari affirms that they are of the sixteenth century, translated from the Spanish of Don Juan de Cárcamo y Cava, a great rhymester for "le belle Gitane," whom Cervántes introduced into his Novel entitled *la Gitanilla*, as Andrés Caballero.[1] That may or may not be so; I have never met with the said Cárcamo's poetical works, during the forty-eight years of my Spanish studies.

Dr. Smiles relates very pleasantly the first interview that took place between the author of the *Gypsies* and the Albemarle Street publisher, "glorious John."

"In November, 1840, a tall athletic gentleman in black called upon Mr. Murray offering a MS. for perusal and publication. Mr. Murray could not fail to be taken at first sight with this extraordinary man. He had a splendid physique, standing six feet two in his stockings, and he had brains as well as muscles, as his works sufficiently show. The book now submitted was of a very uncommon character, and neither the author nor the publisher were very sanguine about its success. Mr. Murray agreed, after perusal, to print and publish 750 copies of *The Gypsies of Spain*, and to divide the profits with the author. But this was only the beginning, and Borrow reaped much better remuneration from future editions of the volumes. Indeed, the book was exceedingly well received, and met with a considerable sale."[2]

The printer's copy of the *Zincali* was handed for perusal and criticism to a gentleman living at Heavitree, a suburb of Exeter, by the name of Richard Ford. From that

[1] *Origine e Vicende dei Zingari.* Milano, 1841, pp. 251, 252.

[2] *Memoir and Correspondence of the late John Murray.* By Samuel Smiles, LL.D. London, 1891, ii., 484. This was John Murray II., who died in 1843. He was sixty-two years of age in 1840, and his son, J. M. III., was thirty-two; the latter died in 1892.

moment the twain became very intimate friends for six or seven years, during which their correspondence was almost continuous. Mr. Ford was just at this time engaged on the first volume of his subsequently famous *Hand-Book for Travellers in Spain and Readers at Home.*[1] As a preparation, he had spent three years in the saddle wandering over the Peninsula (1829–30–31), and on his return to England he had shut himself up in his library for ten years more, until he had digested the hundreds of old vellum tomes of Spain's wordy, but excellent, local histories. Then he began to write his wondrous book, which will never become obsolete, because it is the only scholar's Hand-book, giving as it does the *roads* of the country, long since superseded by the unromantic railway. The latest Guides of the Baedeker type are designed for "trippers," whose chief wants are easily satisfied therein. Ford — that is, the original Ford of '45 — is still unique for the traveller, the antiquarian, the scholar, who will continue to place it in his portmanteau with Livy, Strabo, and Edrîsî.

Mr. Ford was of the greatest service to Borrow in giving the hints that produced the *Bible in Spain.* As for the *Zincali,* it was already written, and therefore could not partake of the wisdom of the master-hand. Still, "the nun's pinch"—the gentle reminder—is not spared even now:—

"How I wish you had given us more about yourself, instead of the extracts from those blunder-headed old Spaniards, who knew nothing about Gypsies! I shall give you a *rap* on that, and a hint to publish your whole adventures for the last twenty years.

"I am glad to see that you are accustomed to a little bantering on the company you have kept and the small spiritual

[1] London, Murray, 1845, 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 1082. The later editions (1847, 1855, 1869, etc.) are either abridged or based on the *railway* system. The true "Ford" never reappeared.

success. I have been much entertained with your book and hope to make a review like it—that is, entertaining and instructive. How much better you might have made it, if you had thrown all those twaddling Spaniards and their books into the *Brijindopé!* I intend to administer the rack to Messrs. Quiñones, Fajardo and Co., and possibly to give you a twist, if only a *pellizco de monja, como señal de mi cariño.*"[1]

The *Gypsies* went to press in November, 1840, and seven hundred and fifty copies were published April 17th, 1841, in two handsome volumes, 8vo.

The work was well reviewed in April and May by the *Athenæum*, the *Literary Gazette*, the *Monthly*, and *Westminster;* the others took the matter more leisurely, and the *Quarterly* said nothing at all. Mr. Ford's notable paper did not appear for more than a twelvemonth. In the mean time the sales were small. Mr. Murray wrote in June[2]:—

"Your book is doing fairly, though not quite three hundred copies have yet taken their departure, in spite of the favourable notices. But for the last month the state of politics has shed a blight over literature. No book is selling, and yours only shares the fate of the rest. . . . I hope soon to have better accounts to communicate. The book is still alive, and I by no means despair of it."

Again, a year later[3]:—

"The sale of the book has not amounted to much since the first publication; but in recompense for this the Yankees have printed two editions, one for twenty pence, *complete.* No thanks to them."

Never mind, the next work will lend a helping hand and will sell it for the author's sake.

[1] (A nun's pinch, as a mark of my esteem).—Ford's *Letters*, 1841.
[2] June 3rd, 1841.
[3] March 18th, 1842.

The leading Reviews on the *Zincali* were as follows:—

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

Athenæum: April 24, May 1 and 8, 1841.
Blackwood: September, 1841.
British and Foreign Review: June, 1842.—*Richd. Ford.*
Dublin University Magazine: February, 1843.
Edinburgh Review: October, 1841.
Literary Gazette: April 17 and May 1, 1841.
Monthly Review: May, 1841.
New Monthly Magazine: Vol. lxi., 1841.
Westminster Review: May, 1841.—*Dr. John Bowring.*

FRENCH

Revue Britannique: June, July, September, 1841.
Revue des Deux Mondes: August 1, 1841.—*Philarète Chasles.*

GERMAN

Allgemeine Literatur-Zeitung: August, 1842.
Ausland, das: 1841.
Berliner Jahrbuch für Wissenschaftliche Kritik: March, 1842.—*Dr. Lorenz Diefenbach.*
Branns Miscellen: 1842.
Göttingen Anzeiger: June 22, 1844.

RUSSIAN

Siévérnaïa Ptcheld: July 31, August 1, September 15 and 16, 1841.—*Alexius Gretch.*

See also works on Gypsies by Paspati, 1861, in *Journ. A. O. S.*, vol. vi., p. 144, and Sundt, Christiania, 1850, p. 23, *note.*

CHAPTER XXXVI

(1841–1843)

The *Bible in Spain*, its Composition and Publication.

THE *Bible in Spain*, like its predecessor, the *Gypsies*, was mostly written in the Peninsula, and not in the summer-house at Oulton. Here it was simply transcribed from Borrow's letters to the Bible Society, beginning with the huge Lisbon packet of November, 1835, and ending abruptly with that of May, 1839. Those letters were couched in literary form, and entered into every detail of his journeys, and of his intercourse with the strange people he met. It was on this account that he received so many rebukes from Mr. Brandram for his rather un-biblical expressions—his allusions to being somewhat "superstitious," his description of the "Prophetess" of Manzanáres—all of which, however, reappear unabridged and unchanged in the *Bible in Spain*. "'Luck,'" wrote the Foreign Secretary, wearied with the flood of secular levity in his incorrigible lay-brother, "'LUCK' *is a scandal to Englishmen.*" But the correspondence so carefully and amply penned was intended for other eyes and ears than those of the Rev. Andrew Brandram and Josiah Forster the Quaker. It electrified the English-speaking world and scandalised nobody.

It is rather amusing to contemplate the Secretary as he stood in those days on the platform of the public auditorium in Earl Street, with Lord Bexley, or the distinguished "Friend" above named, in the chair, reading

aloud chapter after chapter of the *Bible in Spain*. For so it was that the text of the letters tallied with that of the book, save here and there a slight emendation suggested by a later perusal, and the stereotyped heading of "*Revd. and Dear Sir*," to conceal the epistolary genesis of the whole.

I will present the opening lines of one of these original reports, the ink of which is now faded and brown, just as George Borrow wrote it sixty-one years ago—in July, 1837—either at some way-side *venta* beyond Villafranca del Vierzo, or in some *posada* built against the old Roman walls of Lugo[1]:

"Revd. and Dear Sir,—It was four o'clock of a beautiful morning that we quitted Astorga or rather its suburbs in which we had been lodged. We directed our course to the north in the direction of Galicia. Leaving the mountain Telleno at our left, we passed along the eastern skirts of the land of the Maragatos, over broken uneven ground enlivened here and there with small green vallies and runs of water. Several of the Maragatan women, mounted on donkeys, passed us on the way to Astorga, whither they were carrying vegetables"—and so on to the end of the chapter.

Borrow began putting his new book into form while the *Zincali* was in the press. Even in February, 1841, Ford wrote: "I am delighted to hear that you meditate giving us your travels in Spain. The more odd personal adventures, the better, and still more so if *dramatic;* that is, giving the exact conversations." But it was not till the end of June that he received his original letters from the archives of the Bible Society. The good brethren hesitated to deliver up their secrets touching the Graydon controversy and the imprisonment at Madrid to so queer an agent as George Borrow. Nevertheless, on the assurance of his loyalty and prudence, the coveted documents

[1] Vol. ii., chap. vi. (xxiv. of small ed.). MS. 14½ pages in 4to.

were surrendered. Mr. Brandram's words were: "Our Committee, *after the explanations you have given*, cheerfully forward your letters to you."[1] From July 1st the work went briskly on. The correspondence was copied by Mrs. Borrow, easily turned into an unbroken narrative, connected here and there by a few strokes of the pen, with the fresh composition of an episode or two not contained in the letters, such as Life in the *Cárcel de Corte*, and the Journey to Tangiers.

The Manuscript was in Mr. Murray's hands by the early part of January, 1842. This, however, was only for the inspection of the official reader and critic. His Report is so important in its bearing on the history of the famous book, that I cannot forbear presenting it entire.

"MR. GEORGE BORROW'S WORK ON SPAIN

"There are numerous faults in spelling and some in grammar. I have corrected the latter where I have noticed them; but some may have escaped me. These points should be very carefully attended to by the author in carrying the work through the press. The work is written in short sentences; but the copyist has in a vast number of instances run them together. There are also a good many words left blank; these the author must supply. I should recommend also that he should, after all Portuguese, Spanish, and Gypsy words, insert the English of them in Italics, and between brackets.[2]

"But the more important points which I would recommend to Mr. Borrow's consideration are the following:—

"1st. In the narrative there are at present two breaks—one from about March 1836 to June 1837,—and the other from November 1837 to July 1839. These blank periods should be filled up. It is not at all necessary that this should be done in detail, as the MS. is, I conceive, at present, as long as the nature of the subject will well bear. All that is wanting is a

[1] June 28, 1841.

[2] This was done in the second, and all subsequent, editions.

rapid sketch of where the author was and what he was doing during the two intervals.

"2nd. The work is not finished—the last Section (No. 9) terminating abruptly with the second day of his residence in Tangiers in August 1839; from which place he again proceeds to Spain, and returns to England in April 1840. Some part of this period must be given to terminate the volumes—the more briefly, perhaps, the better.

"3rd. At page 56 of Section 3rd and at page 59 of Section 4th, passages are left unfinished, in order to produce an air of mystery. This is taking an unwarrantable liberty with the reader. A Novel writer, or even a writer of Travels, may pretend to be ignorant of things in order to keep them back; but they have no right to conceal what they admit they know. I would recommend that these gaps be filled up.

"4th. In the Letter of the 16th August 1837, there is an interesting story of a man stung to death by vipers. I think Mr. Borrow should introduce it into his narrative—and indeed I would recommend him to go carefully over the whole of his Letters, as it is very probable that other points of interest which they contain may have been omitted in the narrative. Some of the most interesting Letters relate to journeys not given in the MS.

"5th. The Dialogues are amongst the best parts of the book; but in several of them the tone of the speakers, of those especially who are in humble life, is too correct and elevated, and therefore out of character. This takes away from their effect. I think it would be very advisable that Mr. Borrow should go over them with reference to this point, simplifying a few of the turns of expression and introducing a few contractions—*don'ts*, *can'ts*, etc. This would improve them greatly (!).

"6th. This is just one of those books the interest of which would be augmented by the readers knowing something about the writer. I would strongly recommend, therefore, that Mr. Borrow should prefix to his narrative a few pages of preface, telling us very concisely his birth, parentage, and education, and the leading features of his life, especially his connection

with the Bible Society, and the engagement under which he proceeded. If he does this in the easy, frank, and lively style in which his narrative is written, I feel convinced that it will tend greatly to the effectiveness and success of his volumes.

"7th. I think that a small Map of Spain, showing only its Provinces and principal Towns, with the author's route laid down upon it, would be a judicious addition to the work. It should take in Tangiers.

"8th. I do not conceive it necessary or advisable to insert any of the Letters, either in the body of the work or as an Appendix. Some of them are embodied in the narrative. Nor are they requisite as a verification of the facts stated in it. Unlike the *History of the Gypsies*, this MS. in all the more important points, completely authenticates itself."

This instructive document proves that certain portions of the MS. were withheld (1st). And yet those omissions which could be supplied by a "rapid sketch," embraced just one third—and perhaps the best third—of the book, *i.e.* the history of 1836 from March, that of 1837 up to the Bible journey, the whole of 1838, and one half of the year following.[1] The MS. presented for inspection contained, therefore, the Portuguese and Spanish campaigns up to the interview with Mendizábal, the Bible tour from June to November, 1837, and the journey from Seville to Tangiers in 1839.

The final delivery of the completed MS. took place on the 23rd of February, 1842. The work was published, at last, in one thousand copies on the 10th of December, but was dated on the title-page 1843. Many of the reviews of the book appeared in the middle of December. Mr. Borrow's first copies reached him at Oulton a few days after publication, and I find written with his own hand on the fly-leaf of the one he gave to his mother this inscription:—

[1] That is, 389 pages out of the 1159 in the first printed edition.

Anne Borrow
With her sons best love
13 *Dec.r* 1842.

The *Bible in Spain* was prepared, as we have already seen, from the beginning of July to the close of December, 1841, that is, in six months; but the fact that it was largely a mosaic of letters will explain the rapidity of its composition. It was expected that it would be ready by October, 1842, but the printing was delayed for reasons quite independent of the author's will.[1]

In the retouching of the Spanish Correspondence with the Bible Society and in the composition of the fresh additions made at Oulton, much is no doubt due to the suggestions of Richard Ford furnished in 1841, while the work was in progress. A few extracts will make my meaning clear.

In his letter of June 7th (I have already quoted that of February 19th), Ford says:—

"My advice again and again is to avoid all fine writing, all descriptions of mere scenery and trivial events. What the world wants are racy, real, genuine scenes, and the more out of the way the better. Poetry is utterly to be avoided. If Apollo were to come down from heaven, John Murray would not take his best manuscript as a gift. Stick to yourself, to what you have seen, and the people you have mixed with. The more you give us of odd Jewish people the better. . . . Avoid *words*, stick to *deeds*. Never think of how you express yourself; for good matter *must* tell, and no fine writing will make bad matter good. Don't be afraid that what *you* may not think good will not be thought so by others. It often happens just the reverse. . . . New facts seen in new and strange countries will please everybody; but old scenery, even Cintra, will not. We know all about that, and want something that we do not know. . . . The grand thing is to be

[1] Correspondence of George Borrow with Mr. Murray and Mr. Woodfall the printer.

bold and to avoid the common track of the silver paper, silver fork, blue-stocking. Give us adventure, wild adventure, journals, thirty language book, sorcery, Jews, Gentiles, rambles, and the *interior* of Spanish prisons—the way you got in, and the way you got out. No author has yet given us a Spanish prison. Enter into the iniquities, the fees, the slang, etc. It will be a little *à la Thurtell*, but you see the people like to have it so. Avoid rant and cant. Dialogues always tell; they are dramatic and give an air of reality."

Sept. 3rd.—"I hear from Murray that you have a *Bible in Spain* on hand. Enrich it with personal scenes and adventures. Give us a peep into Spanish prisons. Sprinkle it with anecdotes of your own rambles in out of the way lands."

Sept. 12th.—"Avoid mere descriptions—*palabras*. Stick to facts—your own biography, languages—how you learnt them, what you know, where you have been. Everything about prisons *must* take. People like to know about things which *excite*, and which they never have seen themselves and never would wish to see. Throw the Spanish treatises overboard. They are always twaddlers, did not dare write the truth, wrote for an ignorant prejudiced people who only wanted to have their own mistaken notions confirmed."

The text of the *Bible in Spain* is generally correct, with the exception of the proper names of places and certain local terms recorded without examination—just as they struck his ear. I present a list of such as I have observed, for the use of future editors of that work. The pages refer to the edition of 1844, the first of the Murray issues in one volume, as Borrow's definitive text.

Text	PAGE	*Read*
Alcarria (the villages of)	265	The Alcárrias (Arab. *villages*).
Alonzo Guzman the faithful	293	the good (Guzman el *bueno*).
Antigola	257	Ontígola (L. *fonticŭla*).
Arganza	266	Daganzo (possibly Arganda).
Arrevalo	259	Arévalo.

Text	PAGE	*Read*
Arroyolos	35	Arrayólos (Ar. *al* + L. *radiolus*).
Asturia (in)	iv.	Astúrias (in the).
Atalaias	295	Ataláyas.
Azveto (from *sound*)	11	Azevédo.
Bacallao (in some edd.)	iv.	Bacaláo.
Batuschca	v. *et passim*	Bátyushca ("Father Tsar").
Bonanza (for origin)	284–5	(see Ford, 1845, p. 229).
Casodrea and Caesodré (1843–4)	2	Caes do Sodré (Lisbon quay).
Caldas de los Reyes	163	Caldas de Reyes.
Capitaz	299, etc.	Capatáz.
Caramanchel	265	Carabanchél.
Carascales	62	Carrascáles.
Carcel de la Corte	227	Cárcel de Corte.
Cobenna (and Cobeña)	264	Alcobéndas.
Columbus (with Alcuin !)	262	Columba (St.).
Constitution of 1823	83	C. of 1812.
Cortez	177	Cortés (*cor-tacé*).
Coveja	255	Cobéja.
crucified	293	stabbed.
Don (Portuguese)	11	Dom (Gerónimo, Pedro, etc.).
ellegren	19	Arab. *al-êklîl* (Dozy).
Giyon	195	Gijón (*'he-'hon'*) [river].
Guadarama	258 *et pas.*	Guadarráma (Ar. *wad-al-raml*, sandy
Io (and throughout)	43	yo.
Leganez	249	Leganés.
Levroz (river)	163	Lérez.
Lib, Judah	302	Lœb or Löb.
Minho (in Galicia)	133	Miño (no *nh* in Gallego).
Montaneda	210	Ontanéda (L. *fontaneta*).
Monte Moro	12, etc.	Montemôr (= Montemayor).[1]
Muños	83	Muñóz (duke of Riánsares).
Navias	194	Návia.
Neuen Stein Steg	300	Neue Steinweg (the).
Niveria (Calle de la)	90	Nevería.
Noyo	174	Noya.
Oñas	211	Oña (*own'-ya*).
Orensee	168	Orénse.
Pajaria	261	Pajarería (*bird* mart).
Peña Cerrada	258	Návacerráda (Pass).
Phillipi (Consul)	286	Philippe (Charles).
Priberjensky	299	Préobrazhenski.

[1] Montemôr *o Novo*—the full form, to distinguish it from Montemôr *o Velho* situated between Coimbra and Mondego Bay.

Text	PAGE	*Read*
Reyna Posada	277	Posáda de la Réina.
Ribida de Sella	206	Ribadesella (and so in *MS.*).
Rock lizard	296	Rock scorpion.
San Cilorio	207	San Salvadór de Celório.
San Vincente	115 and 207	San Vicente.
Santa Petra	292	Santi Petri.
Santo Colombo	207	Colómbres (without *Santo*).
Santo Ponce	91	Santiponce (*Sanctus Hippontius*).
Schophon (German Jews)	257	Shâphân.
Senhor (in Galicia)	145	Señor (see *Minho*).
Serra Dorso	14	Serra d'Ossa (*she-bear*).
Sierra de San Selvan	54	S. de Montánches.
Silla (Ria de)	178	Jállas (Ria de).
Simeonsky	299	Simeonofski.
Sotea	280	Azotéa (flat roof).
Soto Luino	196	Soto de Rudinia, or, S. Luiño.
Valdez	203	Valdés.
Velez	190	Avilés.
Villallos	259, 260	Veláyos (*Belayos* = Pelagius).
Xeres	259	Jeréz (*hair-aith'*).

At this point, allow me to make an observation or two. In a recent issue of the *Bible*, the text has been corrected in a few cases, to the complete demolition of the *popular* language originally employed. Think of poor Lopez, whether Juan or "Bitoriano," shouting in his enthusiasm for Don Jorge: "*Viva Inglaterra,*" instead of the genuine reading: "*Viva Ingălăterra,*" common to-day to the peasant class, as it was to their betters three hundred and fifty years ago![1] For, when the young noblemen accompanied Philip the Second to Hampton Court (which they wrote *Anton Cur*) on the occasion of his marriage with Queen Mary in 1554, they scrupled not to sing:—

Que no quiero amores	Oh! I don't care
En *Ingălăterra*,	For the maids of England,
Pues otros mejores	Prettier far
Tengo yo en mi tierra.	Are those of Spain.

[1] I., p. x; ii., pp. 195, 199, 207—ed. 1896, in two vols.

And again, invoking their *Jupiter indiges*:—

Ay, Dios de mi tierra !	Take me hence,
Saquèisme de aquí,	Good St. James !
Ay, que *Ingălăterra*	England, alas !
Ya no es para mi !	Is not my joy.[1]

Did Durán or Ochóa, or the latest editor of the Spanish Ballads, ever venture to change a word of this precious deposit, handed down to posterity by the home-sick *pollos* of 1555 ? I trow not; for there they stand as intact, in their isolated quaintness, in the last reprint of 1882, as they did in the primitive copy that Nutius printed off at Antwerp in 1557.

And the half sarcastic, half menacing, but always malicious, "*No tenga usté cuidáo,*" behold, in this edition, it has utterly lost its point, its edge, its *saboréo*, by promotion to the literary status of "*cuidado,*" which nobody ever used in the class held up by Borrow, at least in the phrase cited.[2] If he did, in the earliest editions, misrepresent his characters in this regard, Ford soon cured him of his timidity, and so we find from that of 1844, his Spaniards speak as they spoke to him. Mr. Usóz, writing to his friend in 1840 to persuade him to exclude from his book (the *Gypsies*) certain vehement statements against Spaniards, adds: "So, then, show up Parra, if you will, and all the scoundrels you knew in Spain of that class who used to say to you: '*Don Jorgito, no tenga ud. cuidao, el cajoncito se hará*' (Never you mind, Don Jorge, the box shall be got ready) . . .; but do not put into your book things that only a Frenchman would admit in a volume entitled '*Deux Jours en Espagne.*'"

The importance of the *Bible in Spain*, as, perhaps, the best and certainly the most widely circulated of Mr. Borrow's works, seems to call for some account of the MSS. that are extant. There never was a complete original of

[1] *Cancionero General.* Anvers, Martin Nucio, 1557, 8vo.

[2] II., pp. 2, 5, 7—ed. 1896.

the whole book—only the printer's copy written by Mrs. Borrow. As long as the letters to the Society were available, their contents were transcribed directly by his "amanuensis." During the tension of the relations that existed between the office and the agent in 1839, few letters of a literary intention were despatched by Borrow; therefore the original of the last eight chapters is *complete* to the 9th of August, 1839, at which date the work comes to an abrupt close. The following list embraces such autograph portions as I possess. The pages refer to the first edition in three volumes, dated 1843.

AUTOGRAPH MSS. OF THE "BIBLE IN SPAIN"

I.—p. 142; pp. 164–173; 181–185; 190–194; 212–220; 228–235; 240–243; 248–250; 257–259; 262–264; 270–271; 276–279; 309–316; 318–320; 335–344; 362–370.—*end.*

II.—pp. 1–20; 24–26; 31–34; 36–68 (chap. iii. entire); 94–124 (chap. vi. entire); 220–240 (most of chap. xi.); 311–323; 341–360 (chap. xvi. entire); 367–373; 376–383; 384–387.

III.—pp. 1–2; p. 3; pp. 9–12; 16–30; 73–83; 137–139; 180–182; 195–199; 201–202; 205–213; 224–304 (bd. vol. containing chaps. xiii., xiv., xv.); 276–391 (chaps. xv., xvi., xvii., xviii., xix., xx.).—*end.*

Of these, the last two embrace the whole narrative from Seville to Tangiers (pp. 224–391). The bound MS. has a history of its own, which I may be excused for presenting here. In the month of January, 1844, Mr. Borrow sent the volume to Dawson Turner, Esq., of Gt. Yarmouth, with a very interesting letter. In 1859 the MS. was purchased by Mr. Borrow at Puttick and Simpson's sale of Dawson Turner's Manuscript Library. Borrow was almost frantic to get possession of the book, if we may judge by his urgent messages to Mr. Murray who secured it for him. The letters bound in with the precious autograph will be given in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXXVII

(1841–1843)

The *Bible in Spain*, Continued—Letter to Dawson Turner and his Reply—Public and Private Reception of the Book.

George Borrow to Dawson Turner

"Oulton, Lowestoft, January 15, 1844.

"My Dear Sir,—I send you, according to promise, a part of the manuscript of the *Bible in Spain*. It is the only consecutive portion which I can find. The rest is written higgledy piggledy in account books, etc., containing much extraneous matter connected with the Bible Society and my own private affairs—Mrs. Borrow, who is my amanuensis, transcribing as I wrote. Part of the work was founded on my letters to the Bible Society, which they were kind enough to return for a season. These documents which, after making use of them, I restored, are at present in the archives of Earl Street.

"When I next visit Yarmouth, which I hope will be in company with Mrs. Borrow, I shall be most happy to show you all my Manuscripts as far as I can collect them. I am glad that you called my attention to the subject, as I begin to see the necessity of such a collection. My poor works have caused a much greater sensation than I ever anticipated, or, indeed, desired. They at present belong to the public, and the public will some day or other be anxious to know how I composed.

"In sending you the manuscript of my expedition to Barbary, permit me to say that I hope it is with the understanding that it will be restored whenever called for. I have some

thought of bequeathing all my books and papers to the library of the Dean and Chapter of Norwich. To tell you the truth I wish to be buried in one of the aisles of the old Cathedral of my native town.[1]

"On pages 40–41–42, there is a passage which I did not insert in the published work.[2] I thought it rather strong, and I suppressed it from a desire not to wound the feelings of the Spaniards. Perhaps I was wrong. The Spaniards are a stupid ungrateful set of ruffians, and are utterly incapable of appreciating generosity or forbearance. No one has a greater right to say so than myself.[3]

"I cannot get out of my old habits. I find I am writing the work on which I am at present engaged,[4] in precisely the same manner as the *Bible in Spain*, viz. on blank sheets of old account books, backs of letters, etc. In slovenliness of manuscript I almost rival Mahomet, who, it is said, wrote his Coran on mutton spade bones. This work is a kind of biography in the Robinson Crusoe style.—I remain—dear Sir—yours—

"George Borrow."

Dawson Turner to George Borrow

"Yarmouth, 16 January, 1844.

"Accept, my dear Sir, the very best thanks I have to offer for the Manuscript which I received from you this morning, and which I assure you I value highly and shall treasure with care; though, at the same time, I shall hold it at your disposal if ever you think proper to call for it—a thing I certainly hope you will never do while I live. I have, as you are aware, a couple of similar Manuscripts of Walter Scott, and one—very brief—of Lord Byron's; but neither the one nor the

[1] Mr. Turner in his reply very properly corrects this word *town* into *county*.

[2] A most violent denunciation of Spain in her history, suggested by the author's contemplation of the Rock of Gibraltar. But see 1845 on Ford, where it reappears.

[3] I regret to have to print this, for ten years' personal experience of Spain does not confirm it.

[4] *Lavengro*.

other is written with anything like your precision and certainty. The more I look at it, the more I am astonished. As my daughter this moment observed, you must have had in your mind a perfect picture.

"You were right, decidedly right, in omitting the pages of invective against Spain; but are you equally so in harbouring any idea of bequeathing your MSS. to the Dean and Chapter's library at Norwich? My own feelings would be very opposite to such a bequest; they would be lost there to the world, and would not be valued by their possessors. The British Museum would be the only proper depository for your papers, when Mrs. Borrow and Miss Clarke shall, with yourself, be no more.

"As to your very natural wish to be interred in the Metropolitan Church of your native county, it would in no wise be forwarded by such munificence. George Borrow, or Edwin Denniss, or Samuel Utting,[1] would, with a like facility, obtain the permission upon paying for it. It was not Napoleon alone who has said: '*Il faut de l'argent, beaucoup d'argent.*' I remember Hooker[2] being much struck with an Epitaph he stumbled upon in Cornwall some forty years ago, and sending it to me.[3] It is a little to the point:—

> 'Here lie I at the Chancel door,
> Here lie I because I am poor;
> The farther you 're in the more you pay;
> Here lie I as *warm* as they.'

"We shall be most happy to see Mrs. Borrow and Miss Clarke here with you, and we hope that it may be soon. I need not say I shall be glad if you can in the meantime collect your MSS. and bring them. If there be any one thing for which I have a talent, I consider it to be the putting of papers in order, and this talent I shall be most glad to exercise on your behalf. I am proud of what Heber said, that he had no

[1] Rev. Edwin Proctor Denniss, rector of Oulton from 1836 to 1845; Samuel Utting, tenant of the Oulton Hall and farm.

[2] The botanist Sir Wm. J. Hooker (1785-1865).

[3] In the Abbey Church at Stoke St. Necton, Hartland, *Devon*. See Murray's *Devon*, ed. 1850, p. 104, and Bombaugh's *Gleanings*, p. 404.

idea of the value of juxtaposition till he came into this house. So much am I impressed with this value myself, that I consider the worth of what a man leaves to depend greatly upon the state in which it is left. Instances are rare when the λείψανα of any man are not estimated by his successors according to the degree of estimation in which they see that he himself held them.—I am . . .

"Dawson Turner."

The success of the *Bible in Spain* was instantaneous and overwhelming.

The *Examiner* declared:—

"This is a most remarkable book. Highly as we praised the *Gypsies of Spain*, much as we had reason to expect from any subsequent effort of the writer, we were certainly not prepared for anything so striking as this. Apart from its adventurous interest, its literary merit is extraordinary. Never was book more legibly impressed with the unmistakable mark of genius."

The *Athenæum*:—

"There is no taking leave of a book like this. Better Christmas fare we have never had it in our power to offer our readers. . . . We are taking leave of a genuine book, and not one of those starved pieces of modern manufacture, in which the smallest possible quantity of thought and incident is spread over the largest possible surface."

The *Dublin University Magazine*:—

"We have had nothing like these books before. . . . The *Zincali* was the prize book of the last season, and the *Bible in Spain* is likely to be the favourite of the present one. We look to Mr. Borrow with a longing expectation for a book on Russia. His style of narrative would make the fortune of a book of travels, and in the fast spreading popularity of his present works, we trust he will find some reward for his great labours, and good encouragement to publish more."

The article by Ford in the *Edinburgh Review* cannot be quoted. It is a *Carmen Sæculare*—a Hymn of the Ages—attuned to the Spanish guitar—in the same style, now so rare, of the Hand-Book of '45, built up on fifteen years of patient toil, never, alas! to be enjoyed again in these days of machine composition.

"Mr. Borrow," he says at the close, "lingers among the Moors; he masters their character and language; he sketches their fanaticism, pride, boasting, and ignorance; their false cruel government, founded on bad faith and ingratitude, for which there is no remedy but force. They are Spaniards in turbans. Such is the *feuille de route* of our author—the outline of his pilgrimage. . . . How much has Mr. Borrow yet to remember—yet to tell! Let him not delay. His has been a life, one day of which is more crowded than is the four-score-year vegetation of a squire or alderman. Hitherto not even the rapid succession of events which usually obliterate each other, has dimmed the vivid recollections of our author; everything seems sealed on a memory that is wax to receive and marble to retain."

The *Quarterly Review* apologised for its indifference toward the *Gypsies*, but justified its course by a stupid attempt at criticism. However, Mr. Lockhart was at last forced to concede that Borrow, in the *Bible in Spain*, had "come out as an English author of high mark," and added this tardy encomium: "Considering the book merely as one of adventures, it seems to us about the most extraordinary one that has appeared in our own, or indeed in any other, language, for a very long time past."

We must now touch upon the proofs of the phenomenal success which attended the publication of the *Bible in Spain* not only in Great Britain and in the United States, but also on the Continent of Europe; and therefore it behoves us to lay before our readers a few extracts from *private letters*, to bring this subject to a close.

Nothing is truer than the trite phrase that Borrow woke up one morning and found himself suddenly grown famous.

In one of his letters to his wife he wrote:—

"To-day I breakfasted at the Prussian Ambassador's with Princes and members of Parliament.[1] I was the star of the morning. I thought to myself 'what a difference!'"

And in another:—

"On Saturday night I went to a grand *soirée*, and the people came in throngs to be introduced to me. To-night I am going to the Bishop of Norwich, to-morrow to another place, and so on."

Ford wrote in July:—

"*Macte novâ virtute, puer!* The *Bible* was a hit indeed; yet, strange to say, the Bibliopoles did not see it at first, which they ought to have done with half an eye over half a page."

Again, October 3rd:—

"Batushca Borrow! Your name will fill the trump of fame and be extended to the far antipodes. Murray (no longer *Hijo*, alas![2]) has sent me a cheap and popular edition of the *Bible*. He has at last found out what a trump you turned up for the Albemarle game of commerce. I hope the pool fills."

January, 1844:—

"Murray is in high bone about the *Bible in Spain*. He sold 1500 copies on Saturday of the cheap edition, of which the whole sale [from September, 1843] now exceeds 10,000. So I hope you touch *muchas talegas*."[3]

[1] This was the Chevalier Bunsen.

[2] Mr. Murray senior died June 27, 1843.

[3] (I hope you bag the ducats.) A *taléga* is a bag containing one thousand Spanish dollars in silver (£200). *Un hombre de muchas talegas*, a man of many purses, is "a millionaire," according to the exaggerated ideas of the picturesque classes of Spain.—Ford, ii., 704.

Borrow to Mr. Murray, August 14, 1843:—

"I received a letter from Woodfall[1] on Sunday in which he tells me that business is flat. As far as you and myself are concerned, I do not think he can complain—six editions in seven months ! !"

Again, October 25th:—

"I wonder what the poor Jesuits of the *Dublin* say to the enormous demand for 'Borrow' both in England and America —some ten thousand copies in the one [country] and something like one hundred thousand in the other! I wonder when Father Wiseman, poor creature, alias Oswald, will write anything, which, in less than four months after the publication in London, will have gone through eight editions at Philadelphia. It is easier to call names and misquote passages in a dirty Review than to write the *Bible in Spain.* By the way, was not that article written by O'Connell? I should n't wonder."[2]

Mrs. Borrow to Mrs. G. B.:—

"Tell dear George I had an old friend call on me the other day—I had not seen him for twenty-eight years—Capt. Girling of Dereham. He seemed glad to see me. He said: 'You have had many trials since we last met (1817), but now you have a great comfort in your youngest son, as his fame is spread far and wide. I remember he was born at Dereham, and we ought to be proud—the most remarkable man that Dereham ever produced.' Capt. Girling is a man of few

[1] Mr. Murray's printer.

[2] See the denunciatory article in the *Dublin Review* of May, 1843 (pp. 443–480), the character of which may be judged by an extract:—

"Mr. Borrow, then, is a missionary sent out by a gang of conspirators against Christianity, who denominate themselves the Bible Society; who carry on their operations at the expense of some thousands of persons who are dupes or knaves enough to spend their money in supporting a swarm of vagabonds trampers, incendiaries, and hypocrites, in every quarter of the globe."

words, but when he *do* speak it is to some purpose. I asked him if he had read the *Bible in Spain*. He said he had, and the Reviews upon it also. He said he had heard that his head was white, but he thought he should know him, meet him where he might."

Hasfeldt, 1843:—

"I have had the pleasure of receiving the *Bible in Spain*. I have read this wonderful work, certainly with greater enjoyment than the general public; for at every turn I saw my friend 'tall George' wandering over the mountains till I ached in every joint with the vividness of his descriptions."

Again:—

"Day before yesterday your *Bible in Spain* was reviewed here as one of the most original works that has appeared in a long time. The article is found in the *Northern Bee*, and is, I think, condensed from the *Revue Britannique*. Last year, too, an article on *Zincali* went through several numbers. Gretsch is always happy to talk about you. Some days ago he requested me to write a summary of your biography, but I replied that I had never questioned you about your life prior to the date of our acquaintance, and that consequently I could write nothing complete on the subject. As for writing any nonsense, I considered both you and me are too good for that. However, I promised to communicate with you; so that if you are willing to draw up a short article yourself, he would be much pleased to use it. I do not suppose you have time to write for any one but Murray, and perhaps for me, poor wight!"

Later:—

"Some time since the elder Gretsch (who is still in Paris) inquired of me if we had seen each other in 1843 when I was in Copenhagen. He wanted this information because they were about to write an article on you in Paris to advertise a

translation of the *Bible in Spain.*[1] If I had not known your great love of truthfulness, I should have answered 'yes,' and let the good people of Paris print some nonsense about you, which won't be the first time. Alexis asked me to give some account of you. You understand he offered mountains of gold, and—I—I wrote nothing at all. I am well aware how it amuses you that no one can clearly make out whether you really exist or not; or, if you do, how you live. In case I write your wonderful life in St. Petersburg, people will be astonished and yet will not credit the truth," etc.

Aside from the fact that three editions of the *Gypsies* and six of the *Bible* had appeared in London before the end of the year 1843, the two works were printed in tens of thousands on the other side of the Atlantic—in New York and Philadelphia—by three rival houses. Mr. Borrow derived nothing from these issues, of which he complained justly.

In a letter to his wife (May 29th) he says: "A letter appeared last Saturday in the *Athenæum* which states that an edition of *thirty thousand copies* has been brought out in America.[2] I really never heard of anything so infamous." His Danish friend in St. Petersburg is still more bitter: "Could one write like you, there would be some glory to be gained, although he should not get a hundredth part of the profit—*that* is swallowed up by publishers like B. in Paris, W. in New York, and T. in Leipzig. Even here in St. Petersburg we have the American editions. I bought a copy of the 11th edition of the *Bible* for 95 copecks silver (3*s.*); and yet you want to live among such people. You must read Dickens' *American Notes;* they will cure you of your malady."

The *Bible in Spain* was translated into French and German during the following year, and an abridged version was made into Russian, as set forth in our Chrono-

[1] *La Bible en Espagne.* Paris, Amyot, 1845, 2 vols., 8vo.

[2] *Athenæum*, May 27, 1843, p. 511. See also our p. 354.

logical Bibliography. It was likewise reviewed in the leading serials of the Continent.

From this date Borrow's name and Life (such as it was manufactured) entered into all the new Biographical Dictionaries and Encyclopædias of Europe and America. His books were in every Library and his literary reputation was assured.

SELECT REVIEWS OF THE "BIBLE IN SPAIN"

Athenæum: December 17, 24, 31, 1842.—*Mr. Dilke.*
Dublin Review: May, 1843.
Dublin University Magazine: February, 1843.
Edinburgh Review: February, 1843.—*Richard Ford.*
Evangelical Magazine: April, 1844.
Examiner: December 17, 1842.
Literary Gazette: December 17, 1842.
Monthly Review: clx., p. 104.
New Monthly Magazine: lx., p. 140.
Quarterly Review: December, 1842.—*Mr. Lockhart.*
Revue Britannique: May, 1844.
Spectator: December, 1842.
Tait's Edinburgh Magazine: February and March, 1843.

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